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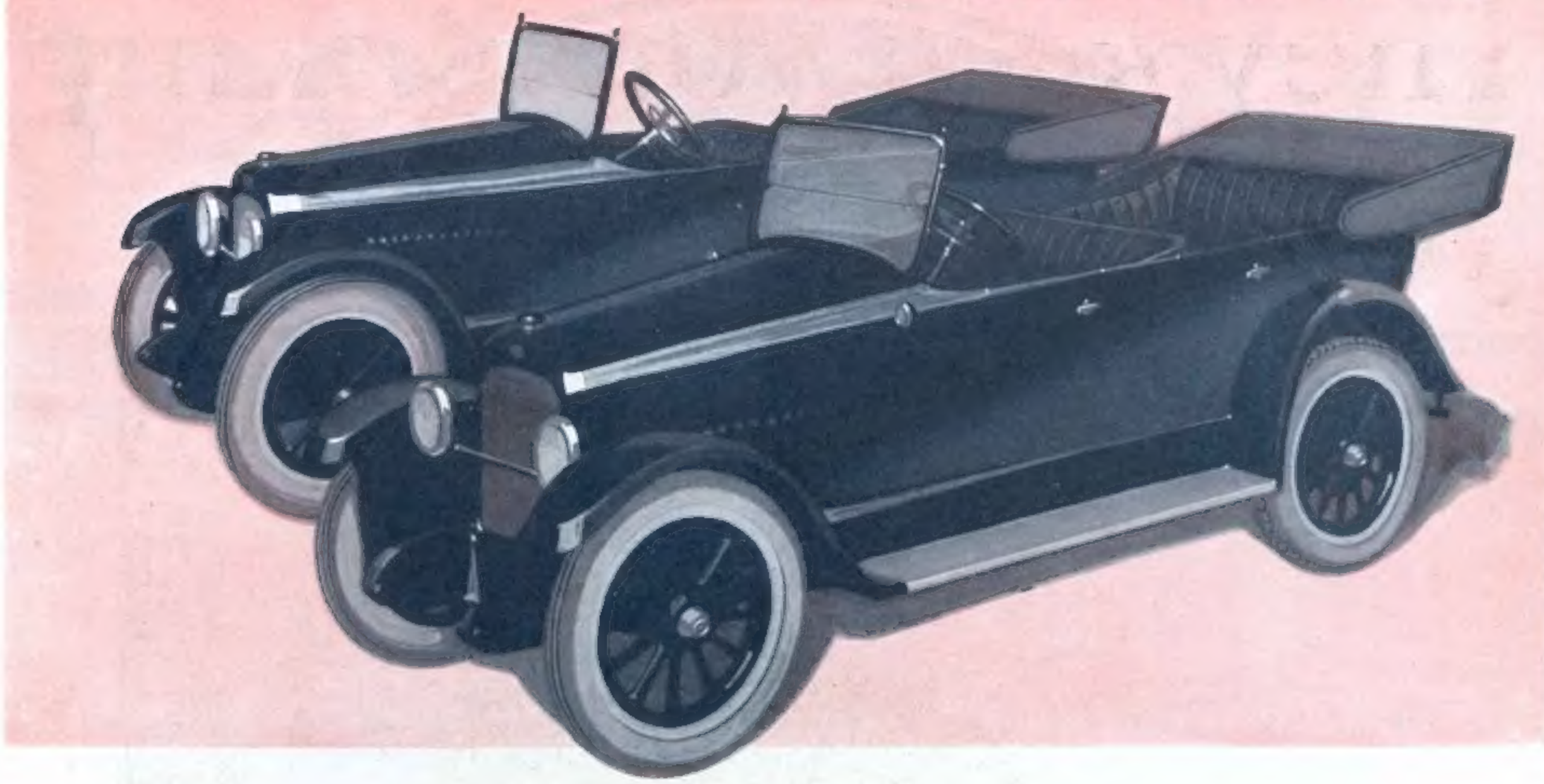

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THE PRODIGAL FATHER

By EARL DERR BIGGERS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

JULIE KERR sat before the dressing table in the bedroom of her shabby little hotel apartment on West Forty-eighth Street, preparing herself for conquest. It was an old story to Julie, but rather a bitter one of late, as it is likely to be when one has passed the age of forty-two. Forty-two! It seems brutal to set the figures down in cold print. Julie Kerr would never have owned to them, would never have recognized them as appertaining to herself. And viewing her in the dim rose-colored light at her dressing table she would have been foolish had she done so. A bit plump, perhaps, a bit mature, but charming none the less.

The bottles and the jars and the curling iron had served her well, as they had been serving her for more than twenty years in theatrical dressing rooms from Boston to San Diego, from Vancouver to Jacksonville. Her face was now somewhat hard and worried, but once let her light it with the famous Julie Kerr smile ——

She caught a glimpse in the mirror of Lilla's anxious face as the girl stood behind her with the curling iron in her hand. It had been Lilla's fingers that applied the cold cream and rouge, that plucked and penciled the eyebrows, that wrought magic with the cunningly dyed hair. She did these things well. For five years, ever since she left boarding school, she had done little else. For five years her own personality had been submerged by the compelling personality of Julie Kerr; her life had been to fetch and carry for the older woman, whose motto had ever been "Take all, give nothing!"

"Well, Lilla, will I do?"

"Julie, you look wonderful!"

"I hope so, I'm sure."

She swung round from the dressing table and stared at the girl. To-night more than ever she resented Lilla's lovely throat, her slim girlishness. Always she had kept Lilla in the background, hidden her as she hid her age. But Lilla was blooming now. People were beginning to notice her—she was twenty! Twenty, and Julie Kerr, her mother, was not yet finished playing with the idea that she herself was twenty-one!

"God knows, I never thought the day would come when I'd be begging Dan Graff for a part," said Julie. "Ten years ago he wanted me for a piece, and I was very saucy to him. I hope he doesn't remember.

"You should be nice to all sorts of people, Lilla—even the lowest. You never know when you'll need them."

"Yes, Julie. But Graff isn't so bad, is he?"

"Oh, he's better than nobody. Lilla, honey, do I really look like—like Julie Kerr? This dress—you did wonders with it, of course—still, it's not quite ——"

"Only a woman would know. Graff never will. Remember, Julie, he's to furnish the costumes!"

"Yes, all the costumes—if he gives me the part. I'll have an understanding—if he gives me the part! He's got to. I must have it. Do you realize that it's three years since I've been on Broadway? They'll forget me. All the time I was traveling through Canada last winter with that awful troupe I kept saying to myself, 'You're not finished! You'll come back!'"

"Don't worry, Julie. Graff will be glad to get you. Why shouldn't he be?"

"There! You've said it! Why shouldn't he be? Who is he, anyhow? An upstart, doing business on a shoe string. Why, he's the dirt beneath my feet!" She was out of the slough of despond now, the haughty star of old. "I'll make him realize it too. I'll put him in his place. On his knees, pleading with me to listen ——"

"No, Julie, no!" cried Lilla, alarmed. "Please don't take that tone. Be nice to him."

"Nice to him? Me? Oh, well, I suppose I must. It's not as though I were free, not as though I didn't have you to look after. I'll be polite to him, at any rate. I'll hear his proposition. I may even condescend to read the part."

Lilla sighed.

"Don't stop to read it—grab it," she advised. "Remember, it's three years since you've been on Broadway."

"That's right," said Julie, tears in her voice. She began a frantic search of her dressing table—evidently it was a handkerchief she required. "Throw it in my face! Reproach me with it! I give my life to you. I'm father and mother and meal ticket, and when luck turns against me you're the first ——"

Lilla laughed and handed her the handkerchief.

"Here you are—but if you work up a weepy scene and spoil all that make-up I'll just naturally have to spank you. And here's fifty cents—for the waiter, you know."

"Oh, yes, the waiter." She was scornful now. "Isn't it just like Graff to invite himself here to dinner? Cheap, cheap, cheap—grafting a meal where he can. Lilla, honey, I shall be scared stiff when I sign the check. Suppose Fred Remington should make a scene. I haven't liked the way he's looked at me lately. We're over three weeks behind with the rent. If he raised a row when I signed to-night I'd die, simply die." Her tone became wheedling. "Dearie, after I'm in the dining room, if you could just slip down and have a little talk with Fred—tell him I expect an engagement soon ——"

"Oh, no," cried the girl, "Julie, I can't!"

"No, I suppose not. It's up to me, as usual. And I do enjoy it so much! I enjoy being forever broke and explaining to people that we can't pay but have hopes. I enjoy washing our clothes in the bathroom and keeping a flatiron locked in my trunk."

"But it's I who do that," Lilla reminded her.

"Well, I have to watch you, don't I? It's on my mind constantly. And cooking in the bathroom too. By the way, I couldn't tip that awful chambermaid this week, and she'll peach on us as sure as you live."

She Was Hooking the Girl Into Her First-Act Gown. It Reminded Her of Her Own First Night on Broadway

"Forget all that to-night, Julie."

"Forget it? How can I? Oh, to think that I should come to this—Julie Kerr—and it's all his fault! If your father had been anything but a quitter. Runs away and leaves me to look after you! Here I am, dodging the landlord, living a dog's life, and where is he?"

"I read in the Stage he's playing in London."

"Exactly! Got a good engagement, living in the lap of luxury, probably spending like a drunken sailor, and not a penny of alimony has he sent me in fourteen years. But it's like him. Came of a good family, he did—never failed to mention it—looked down on my poor father because he was only a dentist in Utica. But it was the girl from Utica who came through when the English gentleman quit cold."

"Please, Julie, let's save father for some other time."

"All right. Where's that fifty cents? For the waiter! Owns real estate, that waiter does, while you and I——"

The telephone rang; Mr. Dan Graff was below.

"Give me my cloak," Julie cried. "If he sees me in it he may invite me to go out. It's a slim chance, but I'll try it." Lilla wrapped the cloak about her shoulders. "Well, Lilla, honey, wish me luck."

She stood in the center of the sitting room, anxious, afraid. It was her zero hour. A knock came suddenly and sharply on the outer door. Lilla opened it and admitted Fred Remington, the hotel manager. A lean, bald, genial man, for a moment he stood in admiration before Julie Kerr's radiance. "By gad, Julie," he said, "you look like a million dollars!"

"If it's money you've come to talk about, Fred, my dear," she answered, with her best smile, "some other time, if you please. There's a manager downstairs with a contract ——"

"Good!" he said. "I know things haven't been going any too well with you, and I hope this is the turn. I've been running a hotel for the profession too long to be hard on you, especially as we've been friends so many years. No, I'm not here to press you, although, of course, I'm not running my business as a charity. But there's one other matter—this cooking in the rooms ——"

"So the chambermaid told you!"

"It doesn't matter who told. I can't have it, Julie. If I let one do it I must let everybody."

"Oh, well, forget it, Fred. I'll likely have a contract to-morrow. That is, if Dan Graff lives through one of your table d'hôte dinners. I must say, Fred Remington, that considering the prices you charge, I think the food ——"

"Julie!" cried Lilla.

"I don't care. I must say what I think."

Remington laughed.

"All right, we'll discuss my food some time later—after you've paid your bill, say. As I told you, I don't want to be hard on you, but as for the cooking in the rooms, that's out. And about your bill—I hope you land this engagement. Something's got to be done—soon." He turned and went out. Julie stood staring after him.

"You heard what he said," she remarked. "Something's got to be done! Of course, it's up to me. It always has been up to me."

She stared at her daughter meaningly. A cool, hard look came into the girl's eyes.

"If you're thinking of Benny Leroy," she said, "I won't marry him. I've made up my mind to that."

"Who said anything about Benny Leroy?" Julie wanted to know. "Have I ever tried to influence you one way or the other—no, I have not! Though what it is you've got against him, God only knows. He's a pleasant man, and you'd have your own limousine and never a thought about a dollar again. However, if you won't you won't, which reminds me that I'd better be on my way and do my best, though with all this worry on my mind —— Oh, Lilla," she broke off suddenly, "I am looking well—aren't I?"

"Darling, you're wonderful," the girl once more assured her.

She kissed her mother pityingly and stood looking after her as she went tripping down the hall, as after a child she was sending off to kindergarten. When she turned back into the room to prepare her own dinner of crackers and milk she wondered if she was being mean and selfish. Ought she to take the sleek, middle-aged Mr. Leroy and put an end for all time to this frightful worry over money, money, money? She shuddered. And yet, as Fred Remington had said, something must be done, and soon.

In the elevator going down Julie Kerr was giving her face its final rest of the evening preparatory to summoning the much-photographed smile. In other days she had been able to charm merely by being herself, but now it required an effort, the exercise of every trick in the category. However, she was ready.

Her intended victim sat in an overstuffed chair opposite the elevator shaft in the lobby. He was an overstuffed bit of furniture himself, not quite five feet tall, but with a vast equator. It was eloquent of the pathos of Julie Kerr's position that she, whose services had once been sought by the most able and solvent of managers, had now sunk to the level of Dan Graff.

There are all sorts of theatrical producers, and many of them are little credit to their parents; but the amiable Mr. Graff stood lowest in the scale. In matters of money he was the playboy of the Western world, a master of shoe-string finance, a reluctant pal of bailiffs and process servers, a celebrated defendant in the courts. It was his firm belief that you cannot draw blood from a stone, and on this proposition his career was based.

When Dan Graff put a musical comedy or a play into rehearsal his contribution to date was the amount of the author's advance royalty, which he had borrowed somewhere. As the rehearsal proceeded Mr. Graff went forth into the highways and byways, seeking investors to whom he might sell what is known as a piece of the show. Hat-check boys,

"You Should be Nice to All Sorts of People, Lilla—Even the Lowest. You Never Know When You'll Need Them"

ticket speculators, barbers, florists, bootblacks, head ushers, one after another would succumb to Mr. Graff's rosy eloquence and invest a thousand or two in the production, for which he received a paper with the bold signature of the manager designating him as part owner and in line for untold wealth. By the time the curtain was rung up on the first night, though the legend "Dan Graff presents" was prominent on the program, that pleasant soul had no financial interest whatever in the outcome, aside from the generous weekly salary he had been allotting himself. "Why worry?" was his motto. He left that to the would-be capitalists who were biting their nails and trying to remember how to pray in various corners of the auditorium.

Success came so rarely it bewildered him when it came; failure was his habit and custom. He greeted catastrophe with a winning smile, reached for a new manuscript and cast an eye once more over the endless field of dupes anxious to get into the theatrical game.

Such was the brilliant exponent of show business who greeted Julie Kerr when she emerged from the elevator as gay and vivacious as though she expected to encounter the Prince of Wales. As he advanced to meet her he was followed by a sour-looking man in black clothes.

"Hullo, dearie," said Mr. Graff. "Wantchu to meet Mr. Feldmann."

Julie shook hands with the gloomy one.

"Oh, you're one of the authors, perhaps," she ventured.

"Author—hell, no!" said Graff. "He's got a piece of the show. Well, what do you say—do we eat?"

The cloak had failed in its purpose, and Julie, leaving it with the girl at the door, led the way into the dining room. She was wondering if fifty cents would be sufficient tip for three people.

She saw Fred Remington regarding her from his table by the door. She smiled and waved. Without being told, she knew what Fred would think of her manager.

During dinner Mr. Graff spoke in the highest terms of himself and his career, with particular reference to the musical piece upon which he was now engaged. It was a knock-out, sure-fire—"Needs a little fixin', but I'm the boy can do that." He whistled tunes, acted scenes, meanwhile giving his best to the food before him. The cast was to be all-star, the costumes would represent a fortune, the scenery alone would put the thing over. The production of the ages!

Regarding the part for which he was considering Julie—only considering, mind you—it was a whale. The ingénue, the heroine about whom everything revolved, a maiden sweet and twenty—four musical numbers—big scenes ——

"Now that I see you again, I dunno," he said. "You ain't so young as you was."

Julie had played this game of old. Whenever she could get a word in she reminded him of her big successes in the past, quoted from her scrapbook of criticisms, intimated that she was only considering this part, not at all sure it was worthy of her. Managers haunted her doorstep, it seemed. If she did condescend to appear for Mr. Graff there were numerous matters to be settled. Mr. Graff broke in to blow his horn, Julie replied with a loud toot on hers. Mr. Feldmann said nothing, but ate heartily and maintained the manner of one who had just come along in case there should be need of a mortician.

Had Dan Graff been engaged in any other business he would have settled the matter at the close of the meal. But in the theatrical game it is customary to keep people dangling, to buoy their hearts with hope and then wring them with despair, to talk and boast and reminisce, to lead them to the portals of decision—and then ask them to come back tomorrow. The tortures of the Spanish Inquisition were devised by a theatrical manager who had not yet found himself.

Mr. Graff did not suggest waiting till the morrow; he wanted to keep the sufferer where he could enjoy her distress. After dinner he announced that he had a box for a show. Would Julie care to accompany him and Mr. Feldmann? At the door he got himself a taxi and graciously permitted the others to ride with him. Poor Julie sat through a play that meant nothing to her—all she knew was that Graff and Mr. Feldmann were whispering hoarsely together.

The play over, they stood on the sidewalk before the theater, and Julie's fate was still undecided. She was boiling now, though she tried to conceal it. She wanted to walk off into the night and leave these two fools standing there. But stronger than her anger—stronger than any emotion possible to her now or ever—was the desire to get a part again on Broadway, to come smiling out before the lights on another first night. She waited patiently.

"Well, folks," drawled Dan Graff, "my office is right across the street. We better go up there and talk things over."

Talk things over! Good Lord, thought Julie, what else had they been doing since seven o'clock? Remembering her as once the haughty darling of the town, it was rather pathetic to see her follow the two men across the street, ignored by them, dodging the limousines of the carriage trade. They entered the building where her final humiliation was to be staged. A sleepy watchman took them up in an elevator that rose in a cloud of dust. Dan Graff unlocked his door and switched on a light. They all sat down.

"Well, Feldmann, what do you think?" asked Graff, chewing the end from a cigar.

"I gotta speak plain," said Mr. Feldmann. "I got eight thousand dollars sunk in this production, and it ain't no time for politeness. If you ask me, the lady's too old. Yes, sir, too damned old."

Julie Kerr got up.

"I'll be going," she said wearily.

"Now wait a minute, dearie," Graff pleaded. "Don't get sore. Feldmann's a business man. He don't know this game like I do. I been in it twenty-two years, and I guess what I don't know ain't known. Of course, you ain't twenty, not by a few years, but make-up could fix that all right. And I believe you got just the pep, the personality we want. As far as I'm concerned—and I guess my word goes—I've made up my mind to give you this part."

Julie's heart leaped.

"Thank you so much ——" she began.

"On one condition."

Her heart sank.

"Yes?" she inquired.

"It's like this," Mr. Graff explained, mistaking a radiator for a cuspidor: "Feldmann's got a third of the piece, I got a third, and I'm looking for somebody to take the other slice. Times ain't so good, money's tight. I ain't had any luck. What I say is, you come to me with eight thousand dollars for a third interest in Happy Days—I got to change that title—and the part's yours. What say?"

"What should I say?" Julie sighed. "Where would I get eight thousand dollars?"

"Well, you made good money once. And if you ain't got it saved, ain't there some John—some old boy who was crazy about you ——"

"Good night," said Julie.

Her hand was on the knob of the door, her spirit broken, her heart heavy. She had wasted her time, squandered the price of three dinners. Fred Remington would look her up in the morning; things were desperate. Life was too hard. Eight thousand dollars! It was a joke. A solution flashed into her mind. Her tired face hardened with determination. She paused.

"There's just a chance I might get it," she said. "Give me till to-morrow noon for an answer."

"Sure," agreed Graff. "Rehearsals start day after to-morrow. If you get the money lined up I can give you till the week before the opening to pay it."

"I'll—I'll see," said Julie Kerr. "Good night."

She went alone into the dark hall and rang for the elevator. Mr. Feldmann looked pained.

"I tell you she's too old for that part," he complained.

"Old, hell!" said Dan Graff. "If she can dig up eight thousand she's young enough for me."

Eight thousand! Julie Kerr, tramping down Broadway in dinner gown and white satin slippers because she lacked taxi fare, was turning the sum over and over in her mind. Three months of unkind rebuffs in managers' offices had taught her that here was her one chance, her one hope. She would not lose it! She could not! She'd die first! Her rouged lips were set, a cold light gleamed in her eyes. All her life she had got what she wanted, at whatever cost—to others.

Lilla, lying awake in her bed, heard Julie at the door of their sitting room with eager dread in her heart. If only she could put off knowing a little longer! Julie came in, threw off her cloak and sat on the edge of the bed for Lilla to unhook her.

"Left me to walk home," said Julie. "The cheap four-flusher!"

Lilla couldn't wait.

"Julie, what happened? Did you ——"

"He gave me the part ——"

"Oh, Julie!" cried Lilla.

"—— provided I buy in on the show."

"Buy in? But how? What with?"

"Oh, it's impossible, of course! I know that. My one chance—and I can't take it. Graff thought I might have money saved—me! But then he didn't realize the expense I've been to—your school, the cost of keeping two people all these years. Eight thousand he wants. Where would I get eight thousand?"

It was a question, and Lilla knew the answer. Her pretty face grew pale.

"You want me to marry Benny Leroy," she said.

"I'm not advising you one way or the other. I'm not even recalling all I've done for you—the things I've given up. Oh, I'm used to it now. I can give this up too—go out with a road company—though with business the way it is now, I probably shan't find even that. Well, I can starve, I suppose. Though what I've ever done to deserve it ——"

"Julie, it isn't as bad as that."

"Why not? How long do you think we can go on this way?"

"But Benny Leroy—I don't like him—I couldn't ——"

"Benny's all right. I've known him for years. He's not a piker. He's got the cash—rolling in it. It would be a relief to see you taken care of, to have the burden off my shoulders at last."

"Benny's been married twice. His second wife divorced him—you know why."

"Yes, but he's ready to settle down now. He swore he was. 'As God is my judge,' he said to me, 'if that little girl will have me ——'"

"I won't have him, Julie. That's final."

"All right." Julie was again in search of a handkerchief. "I just thought that after all I've done for you ——"

Lilla lay down and stared at the wall. When the lights were out and Julie had crept into bed, "Good night, Julie," said the girl softly.

Her tone was apologetic, a poor little plea for forgiveness. But the only answer from the other bed was a strangled sob. And as Lilla lay staring into the blackness she knew that her fight was lost before it began. She thought back—when had Julie ever failed to enforce her will on her daughter? Never! By tears and silence, by pouting, by unspoken rebukes, by playing the innocent victim, Julie Kerr had gone through life wringing from others her heart's desires. Lilla thought of the heavy, stolid Mr. Leroy, of the rolls of fat resting on his collar, his naked head, his brown eyes that looked at one wistfully like a faithful dog's. She continued to stare into the blackness, seeking a ray of light—in vain.

When Lilla awoke in the morning her mother was seated at the dressing table with her cheap little jewel box open before her. Julie Kerr was no longer the radiant creature of the night before, but a middle-aged woman with all the sparkle gone. Her expression of the moment was that of an early Christian martyr who had made up her mind to be polite to the lions.

"I'm looking over the few poor things I've got left," she said as she heard Lilla stirring behind her. "We've got to raise a few dollars somewhere. There's that pin your father gave me—diamonds, he said—the liar. But I can get five dollars on it. Stella Faye was telling me about a place on Sixth Avenue. I'll go over there this morning ——"

"You needn't do that, Julie," said Lilla wearily. "I've thought things over. I'll marry Benny Leroy—if you want me to."

Julie was silent for a moment, stunned by this sudden victory.

"Why, dearie," she said finally, beaming, "now that's real sensible of you! Benny's no Adonis, I know, and I'm just as sorry as you are something like that didn't happen along—with the money, too, I mean. But you can take my word for it, honey, that a year after you're married it won't matter at all. Heaven knows I'm no cynic, but look at me—married for love, I did—dazzled by your father's good looks and his talent. Talent—my dear, it was

(Continued on Page 39)

The Cast of Girlie Girl Welcomed Lilla With Enthusiasm. Here and There an Eyebrow Was Lifted at Her Lack of Experience

HIS OWN TERRITORY

By Wilbur Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

THE undersheriff, sitting on the edge of the porch at the girl's feet, drew his quirt lash slowly back and forth on the ground, eying the snake's trail it made in the fine dust. He could not look at her for fear of making her angrier; he was in an agony of embarrassment, yet determined that she should understand.

"It ain't the people around the Falls, Lydia," he repeated patiently. "It's nobody but the plain law—and the district attorney."

"Oh, Nestor's in it, is he?" she inquired. "Why didn't you say so before?"

"Didn't think to mention it."

"But nobody would pay any attention to that smart-Aleck!"

"They have to. The grand jury, and Clarke, and all of us. Maybe he's a smart-Aleck, but he's district attorney."

"What if he is? He don't run the county!"

"No." He spoke slowly, doubtful that he was making headway. "The law runs the county. And the law is that if an indicted man comes back into the state, even if it's fifty years later, he can be arrested."

"But Uncle Hep!" she cried indignantly. "It was twenty years ago, wasn't it? And he's been straight all that time, and there isn't a better-liked man in the mountains. What's more, everybody said it would be all right for him to come back. Isn't that so? Didn't the sheriff say so?"

"I guess maybe. But Clarke thought ——"

"Didn't Judge Gardy say so?"

"He said he wasn't the district attorney—as far as he was concerned the old charge was dead."

"And that it wouldn't be brought before the grand jury through him?"

"I guess he said that. And that's the point. If Riley had lived nothing would ever have been done, I figure. But Riley died. And this man Nestor was appointed. He decided to make the grand jury dig up the old case against your uncle. Well, that's all. I've got to arrest Mr. Tutwiler on sight."

The girl rose suddenly and backed away from the officer. As she stood with her back to the wall of the shambling old farm house, looking down at him, she was like a woman at bay, but without fear.

"I haven't been here long enough to know how things are in the country, Fisk Swain," she cried passionately, "but in the city I know that things sometimes happen to indictments and warrants—and they aren't served. Dick Stoermer never gets arrested, because the sheriff and the chief of police are friends of his and his crowd. You pretend to be a friend of Uncle Hep's—you pretend to be a friend of mine. You! A friend of mine!" She laughed shrilly.

"Yes, Lydie," the undersheriff said slowly, standing up to face her. "I am a friend of your uncle's. I've been counting on being a friend of yours. But when the sheriff gives me a warrant to serve ——"

"Friendship doesn't count!" she interrupted fiercely. "Well, now I know what kind of a friend you are—I'd rather have Dick Stoermer!"

The man winced.

"Tutwiler thinks you've forgotten those city fellows," he said. "He brought you out here—back to his own country—to get you clear of them."

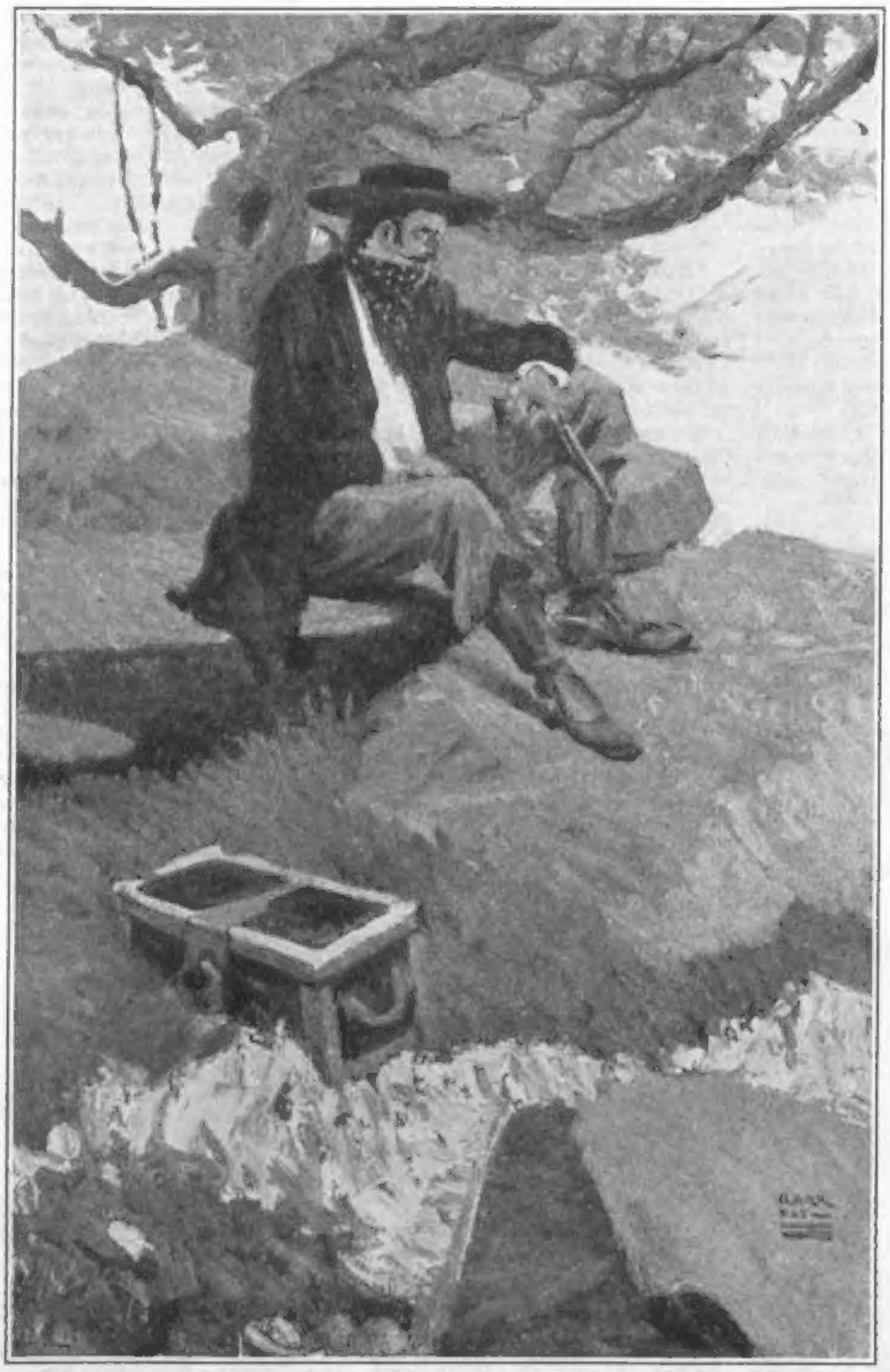
"And if you're the kind of friend that grows in his country I wish I'd died before I came with him!"

She turned, her head high and her cheeks flaming, and went into the house. The door slammed behind her and the undersheriff heard the key turn in the lock. He sat down again on the porch edge—began again to draw his quirt lash back and forth through the dust at his feet.

As a boy he had known the name of Tutwiler, the train robber, as well as he had known his own. He could have passed a better examination in the biography and exploits of the bandit than in the lessons he conned, never with conspicuous success, in the union school. One of the boys at the school had been caught by Tutwiler and forced to go to the house for food for him. The desperado had given the boy a dollar and a pat on the head.

"Tell your folks they've fed Hep Tutwiler, son," the boy had reported him as saying; and for weeks he had been the hero of the school; they had made him show them the exact spot on his head; and they had fingered that dollar until it might have been worn smooth.

Swain could remember seeing his father ride away towards the county seat with several of the neighbors, later to join Sheriff Burr's posse that had finally camped on Tutwiler's trail so closely that he had been forced over the mountains into the adjoining state. Thereafter he had been, in his expatriation, the county's most famous man for years. Travelers from the bordering state reported hearing vaguely of him now and again, but he had reformed and was working, they said. His renown was dimmed gradually; it was understood that he had gone finally to the city. Years passed and his glory passed with them. The dust accumulated on the files in his home county that held his record; railroad officials who had been thirsty for his blood when he was robbing their trains with his unparalleled impudence were promoted to higher places and forgot him; county officials who had sat up or ridden hard through more than one night to effect his capture were replaced by others or died; probably the bandit's memory was greenest in the hearts of some of the young men of the county, boys during the height of his glory, like Fisk Swain, now undersheriff of the county. Then with a certain amount of drama he had suddenly returned, after twenty years' absence, to the county of his birth and rearing—to the stage of his outlawry.



This Place Commanded a View of Every Possible Approach and Had Enabled Him for Four Years to Plunder the Railroad at His Pleasure

Clarke Smith, the sheriff, was the man with whom he first communicated; in fact Tutwiler came directly to Smith with his story. He had a particular need to return to the eighty acres lying unkempt and neglected under the shadow of the mountain, where his father before him had settled in the '50's and where he was born. The need was not strictly his own, he had explained with a good deal of awkwardness and in real perplexity. In the city, it seemed, Tutwiler had become acquainted with a hardened old rascal in hiding from the police, and with the daughter, a girl then nine or ten years old, for whom the father had a love and to whom he gave a devotion and care that were his only redeeming qualities. Suddenly death had arrested this renegade and haled him before a high court, and Tutwiler had been left the child, Lydia.

For the first time, Tutwiler had told the sheriff, he had become acquainted then with some of the cronies of the dead man. They were a bad lot, aside from being professional criminals. The old man had specified details that had given even the sheriff a start. And in the bad lot, most worthless and dangerous and vicious of them all, had been several young men. They were making it impossible for him to keep the girl where she was. It was their city—they were at home—and he was alien and foreign there. For her sake he was fleeing from them. In his own county and on his own land he could cope with them. The sheriff had described, and his deputy had imagined, how the old bandit's jaws had set at this. Well, could he come back?

"I told him I didn't know anything about a warrant for him," Sheriff Smith had said in relating the incident. "I wasn't going out looking for one either, with all the facts before me. And he'll ride straight—Tutwiler will. We just won't say much. I wanted you to know how it was."

As he sat on the reformed road agent's steps, recalling all this, the undersheriff shifted uncomfortably and swore under his breath. He ran the hand loop of his quirt through his belt and fastened it there; then he took out tobacco and papers. He glanced up at the windows of the house and listened intently. There was no movement within; no sound. A slow red tinged the young man's tanned face.

Hep Tutwiler had been back on his homestead for a year now; he had lived quietly and decently. Apparently he had regained his forfeited citizenship with everyone. Lydia Brand had helped him materially without, perhaps, being conscious of it; her personality and winsomeness and beauty had fought for him. No one knew better to what extent she had been the old outlaw's hostage to the people of the county than did the undersheriff. For he was himself one of her victims. He loved her. He loved her with such a love as more fluent and articulate men could not know; he loved her so much that his love tied his tongue and made him dumb and pitiful in her presence. That was how it was with him. And it was he who had been assigned to break to Tutwiler and his adopted daughter the news that Harris Nestor, the new district attorney, had gone before the county grand jury and revived the twenty-year-old indictment for train robbery.

With some effort the undersheriff wrenched himself away from his angry thoughts against the upstart official; that way—in a district much more respectful towards the

majesty of the law and the dignity of its sworn officers than most—lay madness. He glanced up at the sun. It was past noon. He rose and went to the corrals, where he unsaddled his sorrel and fed her with grain carried in his saddlebags. His own lunch tasted dry and unsavory; but even if he had been invited he could not have eaten, under his code, as a guest of Tutwiler's until the old man had been arrested. He was not, however, invited. When he returned to the house presently it was still quiet. Lydia did not appear. With his remarkable patience he continued his vigil on the steps commanding a view of the road, scarcely changing position and showing no restlessness or weariness, until five o'clock. Then, after some consideration, he took from his pocketbook a slip of paper and wrote on it this note:

Miss Lydia: I did not have orders to camp on Mr. Tutwiler's trail exactly. So I'm riding into town again. I will be back to-morrow long about ten, say. Please tell Tutwiler this and I am
Your obedient servant, FISK SWAIN.

His pencil hand rested on a knee for a moment while he tried to twist into phrases the thoughts that were hurting him inside cruelly—into such phrases, from him as a man, not as a peace officer, as would convey enough to her but not too much. He could not compass it. With a sigh he replaced his pocketbook and pencil, rose, slipped the note under the door and walked to the corrals. Once, after he had saddled and mounted, he turned to look back at the house. It was still silent—there was no sign from within. Swain pressed his horse slightly with his knees; the animal lifted into a rolling lope, cocking his ears forward sharply, knowing that his home stall was only forty miles away.

II

WHERE the highway lifts to the summit above the railroad snowsheds Hep Tutwiler turned his little herd of fourteen calves and yearlings south, heading them onto the narrow cow path that skirts the ridge and eventually leads down into the meadows and so to his own eighty and the home corrals. When they were strung out on the trail, which they could not leave, and had gone irritated and bawling along their way, the old man reined in Blaze Away, his big white, and sat looking off over the panorama that swept around him on every side.

This was the place, screened from the road itself by a granite outcropping and from distant points by two scrub oaks, gnarled and wind-bent, where he had sat many times in his days of outlawry, for it commanded a view of every possible approach and gave to him the invaluable advantage over pursuers that had enabled him for four years to plunder the railroad at his pleasure and to get away scathless. Not until John Burr happened to make camp here when he was sheriff, and so cut Tutwiler off from the use of the spot, did his posses close in on the bandit; that time he had been compelled to keep moving rapidly eastward until, in the end, he had jumped the state line.

Now, as he gazed out over this homeland of his that after twenty years had repatriated him, his eyes gleamed under his low-pulled white hat and a contented smile appeared on his face. He hadn't been so happy since he was a boy, he thought. His past had slipped away from him; after a year of hard work the eighty was coming into prime condition again; beef was bringing six cents; almost two carloads of hogs were rolling with the fat of upland corn on the alfalfa piece; the rambling old house had been made not only habitable but homelike. And he had Lydia! He choked a little. Lydia was behind and under every thought and action of his now. And she was coming to be a mountain girl, as though bred to the mountains.

Everything he had learned of city ways and men had sickened and frightened him; he could not calculate them, could not cope with them. Here—and the peace and quietude and the wide spaces of this country of his own had never so completely contrasted themselves as they did now with all that he had experienced in the city—he knew what to do. He could rely on himself. If they were rash enough to follow him here —— Well, he had left word for them. If they did not sense the different man they would find him on his own land, in his own territory, one sharp and final lesson would teach them! Meantime Lydia seemed happy; she liked the mountain people and they her. Presently she might marry one of these highland boys; then her roots would strike deep and her life become an ordered and a settled growth into contentment and beauty and peace.

Somewhat confusedly this is what the one-time renegade thought as he turned homeward. His heart was light, his mind at ease. When Blaze Away came up with the yearlings again the broad, straight backs of them added to his contentment. They were well-bred stock from Hathaway's prize herd; in about two years they would form the nucleus from which his dairy string would grow up; and he began to figure again how he would deliver his cream at Snudden's platform every morning by nine—plenty of time for the big truck to pick it up. The cream checks would mean so much more money—for Lydia. He tried to hum an old cowboy tune, but his voice cracked and made him laugh at himself. Laughing, he continued to ride homeward in the gathering dusk.

He circled the calves at the home gate before dark, and even as he kicked the gate ajar and swung Blaze Away back to pick up the milling stock he speculated as to what strange hand had knotted the rope tie since his departure in the morning.

Lydia came running out to join him as the bars in the barn corral went home. She was even more bubbling and gay than usual.

"Spent all your money, didn't you, bad boy?" she cried accusingly, and climbed on a lower rail to eye his purchases. "Well, they are pretty, that's a fact! And look at the runty one. Did Hathaway throw that one in?"

Hep swung over and put an arm across her shoulders.

"That's a spring heifer—ain't six months yet. Cost as much as any three of the others. She was dropped by Hathaway's Helga of Saxony, and her sire ——"

"If you are thinking any of eating you'll let calves' family trees go and take your arm away from my waist and scamper, old moony!" Lydia interrupted. "If you aren't hungry I am."

"Ain't you et?"

"Of course not! I waited for you."

He gave her a great bear hug and slid from his horse. He could not yet get over a certain choking and smothered feeling and a rush of warmth that tingled through his body whenever she showed her affection for him. Affection from anyone was new in his life; from a young and beautiful girl, who was always impulsive and whose love of loving and of caresses sometimes frightened him, it was overwhelming to him. As he reached for the horn of the loosed saddle, "Somebody been here to-day?" he asked offhandedly.

"Yes. How'd you know?"

"I noticed. Who was it?"

"A man."

"Knowed that too."

"How, smarty?"

"Since I brought you up here the place has been overrun with 'em. And they don't come to see me either."

"This one did."

"Proba'ly he said he did."

"Let it go at that, then," she said hurriedly. "Come on and eat—and then I'll tell you about it."

He fed, then fastened the barn doors and took a last loving look at the new calves, already crowding one another at the dry-feed rack. Presently he and Lydia were in the big warm kitchen, newly whitewashed and lightened with the glow of a red-shaded lamp and the shine and gleam of scoured pots hanging in a row behind the stove. Forgetting the visitor Hep told the girl of his adventures of the day. But she was only half listening. After a while he laid down his fork and knife and looked at her closely.

"What's the matter, honey?" he demanded. "You ain't hungry and you ain't int'rested. Tired?"

"No. I hate to tell you, Uncle Hep."

"Rats! Go on, child. Butter wouldn't come? Or did you break a tumbler? Or what?"

"Fisk Swain was here."

"Oh, is that all? Well, listen; maybe you've got a' idea I'm sort of crowdin' him on to you. It ain't ——"

"I know. To-day he—came for you."

The old man had resumed his meal; now he stopped with a forkful suspended, his mouth half open.

"Came for me?" he repeated slowly.

"He has a warrant for you."

Tutwiler sat motionless, still holding the fork in air, still with his knife poised to cut his meat. His eyes wandered from the girl's face to the homely comfort of the kitchen. He swallowed.

"The old charge?" he asked quietly.

"Yes. That little beast of a Harris Nestor dug it up, Swain says. I hate him!"

"Fisk Swain?"

"Well, I didn't mean him then."

The old man slowly relaxed. He went on with his eating. In all this score of years he had not forgotten altogether how peace officers operate, how their minds move, what motives impel them. Harris Nestor had been chosen county attorney to fill the dead Riley's shoes because the city men who operated the big power plants in the mountains wanted him there. He had two good reasons for reviving the pigeonholed charge against Tutwiler: One, the old man's frank and vigorous protest against his appointment; two, the fact

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He Could Not Look at Her for Fear of Making Her Angrier; He Was in an Agony of Embarrassment

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

SPEAKING of trying to get thin, I wonder if you realize that no matter how hard you make a fish swim you can't make it sweat? This proclivity of friend fish I maintain to be equally true of women. You can make us swim, but that's about all. To begin with, everybody knows that ladies merely glow. Then, to go on with, we do not wish to glow, even ever so gently, if we can possibly reduce in any other way, because overheating ruins the make-up and takes the two-dollar wave right out of the hair. And besides all that, mere perspiration unaided and alone doesn't do the trick.

Some years ago I overstepped the line between cuteness and corpulency to a point where I had achieved all the lissom sprightliness of a healthy young hippopotamus. And I stayed that way for quite a long while before anybody was rude enough to say something penetrating about it. Then a girl friend made a remark which percolated. Never mind what she said. Suffice that it made me see myself as my best friends saw me behind my back, and at once I determined to do something about it. I did. I removed fifty pounds in seven months, and this without exercising anything except my intelligence.

However, like most novices, I started with a fool idea that a lot of hard, hateful athletics was what I needed. So I tried golf—naturally anybody would—but all golf took off for me was a few divots. More personally speaking, it removed nothing at all. After which I took a whack at every other known brand of exercise from horseback riding to ping-pong, all very much in vain. Persisting in my illusion that what went into my mouth could be worked off through my pores, I even mowed our grass, dolled up the while in a snappy rubber costume which I wore beneath the surface, as it were. The experiment reduced the life of our lawn mower, according to George, my husband. But as for me, when I came in and took off that confounded dental-rubber lingerie, feeling at least six pounds lighter, I stepped upon the scales, and, merciful heavens, I had gained four ounces! Feverishly I flung aside the Turkish towel which I had garnered about me. Yes, the towel weighed just four ounces.

Reducing by Mail

"NOTHING gained, nothing lost" is no motto for a lady who is trying to get thin. Then and there I abandoned exercise except as a mild accessory to reducing, for apparently it would not reduce anything but my faith in the joy of living.

I next made a vigorous effort to grow thin by mail. I replied to every fat-eliminator ad on the market, and held the world's championship in stamp licking. Varied as were the patent remedies offered me, and ranging all the way down to the thyroid gland of the Mexican hairless dog, they inevitably had one thing in common; one small, unobtrusive, carelessly slipped-in line which nestled down among the how-to-use instructions in the most modest manner. It was worded something like this:

"While wearing Doctor Goofnah's Medicated Belt it is absolutely necessary to observe the following rules of diet, or else the Secret Formula to which he has given a lifetime of scientific study will not have the opportunity to function properly."

And there would follow a list of what not to eat.

To my shame I must admit it took a number of these pamphlets to teach me that the fat reducers were selling me nothing in the world but my own strength of mind, and that all the wonderful medicated belt, pill or pomade actually offered was a visualization of the courage necessary to diet carefully for a given period.

About the same time it also occurred to me that nobody need be obliged to pay out money for Banting. I was right. A few paragraphs farther on I am going to tell you exactly how to do the trick, and all it will cost you is the five cents which you have already paid for this number of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

But first I would like to tip you off to a couple of institutions which will help the good work along, and one of these is the Turkish bath.

A Long, Cruel, Truthful Mirror Showed Me in Time Just How Much Too Broad I Was for My Length

Now I have no idea how men feel about Turkish baths. I have no means of knowing the truth about their reaction to the use of a Turkish bath any more than I know what they actually think about love, the financial readjustment of the country, satin knickerbockers with dress suits, or whether they really object to a woman using a little make-up. Because men talk for quotation on every subject except the monthly household bills.

Perhaps men like Turkish baths. At any rate they use 'em a whole lot more than we girls do, even since prohibition. Be the male's sophistication on the subject what it may, and his reasons, other than alcoholic, what they are, it is a fact that five days out of every seven the Turkish bath belongs exclusively to men, and that only two days at most are at the disposal of ladies who wish to get thin. But these occasions are well attended.

Of course there may be ladies who merely wish to get clean, or ladies who consider Turkish bathing a form of indoor sport, but I am not of these, although I'll admit that a Turkish bath is a wonderful place in which to find out the truth about your best friend, for, believe me, the only false thing she won't have to check is her teeth.

As for the reductive qualities of steam, pounding and plunging, they are—they are indeed! I have known cases where four pounds have been dropped somewhere between the dressing room and the tank. Dropped, but usually recovered by the owner during the following week. Quite aside from its æsthetic drawbacks, however, there are two serious practical objections to reducing by means of steaming it off in public. First, most people cannot spend enough time at such an establishment to achieve the desired end, and, second, a Turkish bath is one of the grandest appetizers in the world. The usual net result of regular attendance is that for every four pounds you sweat off, you eat on six brand-new pounds. Not to mention what you lap up in liquid form—an even more fattening process.

Two Questions

IN OTHER words, old friend diet must walk hand in hand with your Turkish delight, or the more you take off the more you will put on. If, after perspiring madly for hours, and then, under the very personal supervision of a large Swedish person, being put through the same morning exercises which have made the famous beaten biscuit of the South so light in weight, you can lay off the eats and the drinks, this article is not for you. A person of your strength of character would never have permitted yourself to grow stout in the first place. Or in any other place, for that matter. Well, as we were saying, the Turkish bath will do it, provided you call the calories and protest the proteins with sufficient vigor the while you bathe with regularity. But continuous Turkish bathing is a weakening process, and it takes up a lot of your time, there is no denying that.

On this one point I am in complete agreement with those eminent doctors—Cobb, Blythe and Thompson: there is no escape from dieting if you want to get thin. And if you, though fat, are not in this proper and desirable state of mind, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Some day the law will make excess avoirdupois a misdemeanor, if not a high crime, punishable by compulsory shoe shining, tight corsets or some other suitable form of discomfort. For to stay fat is to throw away one's youth; it is an offense against oneself, and against one's neighbors' sense of the beautiful. In fact, there is every reason against fatness and nothing to be said in its favor. Therefore, assuming you want to get thin, let us now seriously and quite without kidding consider weighs and means.

Now when a person is really fat, and feeling pretty fit if a trifle ungainly, two questions flash to mind simultaneously with the idea of reducing. If the party doing the thinking is a woman, the first of these two anxious queries will be, "But won't it leave me haggard and wrinkled, to take off very much?" Whereas the he-question will invariably be, "Will I lose my pep by reducing?"

Let us take up one question at a time. And ladies first, you know. Yes, Little Buttercup, if you take off too much flesh too quickly you are very apt to find a few folds where the flesh used to be. Your skin is in moderate, but only moderate, danger of growing a trifle loose. But it is a danger which, so far as your face goes, can easily be avoided.

Massage. There you have it in a word. I'd say in a nutshell if I wasn't afraid of being misunderstood. From the very first week of your dieting, Little Buttercup, start facial massage and you will grow younger and slimmer simultaneously. That kitten line of yours can be pulled again not only with impunity but with success. However, massage. And don't, in heaven's name, I implore you, allow any masseuse lady, however firm and persuasive she be, to put a hot towel on your face under any pretext whatsoever. Make her use ice. Ice. Lots of it. But no steam,

no hot cloths. And this goes for the gents too.

Now a good facial massage, which ought to be had not more and not less than twice a week during the period of your reduction, runs to money. Also it runs to time, trouble and inconvenience. Furthermore, there are those among us who seriously object to anyone monkeying with our map, who resent the pinching, the slapping, the general kneading which a face gets under those circumstances. Of course we may understand it is being done in a perfectly friendly spirit and all that; but there are moments during the operation when our gorge arises even if we cannot. Say when Nellie the Beautiful Face Molder leans heavily with one elbow in our right eye as she merrily calls across the room to know did Mae's daddy show after all, last night.

Yes, there are objections to the professional facial masseuse, but in spite of the suffering she inflicts, her greatest drawback is the financial one. For Nellie usually does a good job, and her charge, plus the tax, is the hurt which most of us cannot endure. Of course it might be argued that since we have removed the essential element, the diet, from expensive courses and treatments for reducing, and got it out practically free, we might spend part of the difference on facials. But this is unnecessary. The following paragraph may be performed in the privacy of the home and in full confidence as to its reliability. Also at a minimum expense. The only doubtful point about massaging your own face is the uncertain strength of your own will power, of your capacity for fidelity to the noble task which you have undertaken. Will you do it? More, will you do it regularly?

There Have Been Times When the Sight of a Potato Nuz Brought Tears of Longing to My Eyes!

Every Girl Her Own Masseuse

FACIAL-MASSAGE Lesson Number One begins with the statement that I am against the use of water on the face. In the face, yes, by all means. I am a strong prohibitionist. But on the female face, no! No soap, and no warm water. A dash of ice water is excellent at any time. But as a cleansing agent, water is distinctly out, for, strangely enough, water dries the skin, and dry skin wrinkles very easily.

Buy three kinds of standard-make cold cream—a thin cleansing cream, a heavy skin food and a vanishing cream. Also an astringent lotion. This is all you need except a full ice chest. Once a day rub the cleansing cream very lightly upon your face. Never rub hard; always rub upwards. Wipe clean with a soft rag. Pat, don't rub, but pat on the skin food. Pat it on your throat as well as on your face. Pat so hard that it stings. A ten-cent rubber fly-swatter is a big help in patting in cream. No kidding, it really is. When you are through patting, wipe off all the skin food you haven't succeeded in patting in. Wipe with astringent lotion to remove all grease. Pat on a very thin layer of vanishing cream. When it has dried take a lump of ice as big as your fist, hold it in a towel because your hand can't endure as much cold as your face can, and rub the exposed part of the ice over your face and throat. Keep it up until you gasp, until you can't endure it another moment, and then endure it several moments more. Punish that soft part of your throat right under the chin where the bag wants to be, and the places around the eyes where crow's-feet are trying to stamp out the chicken look. Freeze your face nearly off. Do this daily. And then you can starve yourself to a skeleton without becoming haggard. This dope is straight, girls, and I'll stick to it if the soap manufacturers kill me for my religious convictions on the subject.

All you are doing in following this recommendation is to feed a necessary small portion of fat into the face, and to stimulate the muscles and the circulation. You can't go wrong if you read the directions carefully. And, as the Reverse English say, that's that!

And now let us take up this pep-losing question. On the whole I admit, though myself a woman, that it is the most serious of the two propositions. For pep is undoubtedly the most valuable commodity in the country to-day. It is the one asset no one should be without; that none can indeed afford to ignore. No business was ever inaugurated without pep, no automobile sold in a pepless fashion; the débutante without pep is not a bud but a dud; the man who lacks it is looked upon with suspicion. In orchestra leaders, taxi drivers, real-estate agents, motion-picture stars and reformers it is an essential without which no jazz can be obtained. The loss of it would be an incalculable calamity, as we all know and admit. In fact, if pep were to be superannuated from our vocabulary something would happen to the very nation itself. I don't know just what, but something. Pep is the synonym for success, tunefulness, speed, confidence, and the ingredient which puts the French into French dressing. I mean salad dressing as well. So for land's sake don't let's lose it. No, sir, not even for the sake of the much-to-be-desired string-bean figure. Unless, of course, it is your ambition to become an office boy or a telegraph messenger.

The Mistake About Pep

AH, YES, Mister Chairman, the question was: Does dieting—dieting to grow thin—eliminate, lessen or evaporate pep? Answer: No! Qualification to answer: No, not if it is done right. It is a colossal mistake to suppose that pep is bred of pie, or that ginger comes from jam. "Fish-balls do not gay laughter make, nor almond bars a sage," as the old song has it. Buckwheat cakes with molasses never cheered you for longer than fifteen minutes after you had eaten them, and it's a snap fried onions never added to the success of your evening. All the pep that anybody ever got out of a plum pudding could be parked on a quarter-grain saccharin tablet, and there would still be room left beside it for the vivacity that has been derived from mince pie and the joy of living directly traceable to the consumption of Welsh rabbits and hominy with new sausage. I'm not talking about the gastronomic ecstasies to be derived from these dishes. I'm talking of pep; and pep I stick to. And if you want your pep to stick to you and keep

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Overheating Ruins the Make-Up and Takes the Two-Dollar Wave Right Out of the Hair

THE POSTAGE STAMP

By Gordon Arthur Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

I FIRST met M. Aristide Brissot on that corner of the Champs-Elysées reserved for lovers, collectors and traders of postage stamps. We were brought together, you might say, by philately. I remember that at the time I lacked one—the four-penny red—of having a complete set of Cape of Good Hope, issue of 1861, and to my intense delight Monsieur Brissot possessed that one and was willing to sell it to me. We haggled for perhaps twenty minutes under the horse-chestnut trees as to the price—for I do not hesitate to mention that his first figure was ridiculously exorbitant—and finally compromised on a sum that beggared me for a month.

But much as he esteemed gold—or, for that matter, silver and even copper—I discovered that there was at least one thing on which he set a higher value: the one-silbergroschen rose stamp issued by Brunswick in 1852. For this little bit of colored paper he would, I believe, have sold his soul to the devil and been pleased with the bargain. Being myself a lover of stamps, I have no intention of scoffing at him or of cataloguing him as a monomaniac. Each of us in this world has his special object of covetousness; each of us would doubtless sell his soul for something—power, wealth, fame, a beautiful woman, an ugly woman, a postage stamp. Where is the difference? Which the most praiseworthy? Which the least?

Monsieur Brissot had the face and manner of a man who will drive a shrewd bargain. Had the devil offered him that Brunswick stamp in return for his immortal soul I am reasonably sure, I say, that he would have consummated the deal, but not until he had endeavored to obtain perhaps a Zanzibar, 1898, watermarked with multiple flowers, or at least a set of Lagos, 1885, thrown in for good measure.

When I met him his gesticulation—and hence his ability to argue—was hampered by a long gray ulster that buttoned up high under his chin and hung in almost a perfect cylinder from his armpits to his boot heels. Its sleeves were so long that his black-gloved hands were more than half hidden, and what Frenchman can argue well without the free use of his hands?

He was short and slight and wore a pointed white beard, and had small, sharp, narrow eyes under huge white eyebrows. On his head was a soft black hat made of some material resembling velvet. In his right hand was his cane and under his left arm the book containing those of his stamps which he was willing to sell or to exchange. An extraordinary little fellow he was, but no more extraordinary than many of his confreres.

I encountered Monsieur Brissot perhaps half a dozen times during my stay in Paris and I always inquired if he had obtained the one-silbergroschen Brunswick, and he always answered dejectedly that he had not. Toward the end I fancied that there was more than dejection in his tone—a touch of gruffness, perhaps even of anger.

A fat old woman who chanced one day to be seated beside me, her album spread open across her broad lap, vouchsafed some information as to Monsieur Brissot.

"He is mad," she asserted, tapping her forehead with her middle finger. "He is mad, but very rich. He is from Senlis—a personage, it seems. A large vegetable! One would not say so, what? I have a nice set of Honduras here. Would you care to look at them? Very cheap, too."

Desirous of hearing more, I feigned an interest in the old woman's Hondurases. They are pretty enough, of course, but interesting only to a child of six or less.

"Monsieur Brissot," I ventured, "has been trading here for a long time?"

"You Americans," She Exclaimed—"Do You Always Joke?" "Yes, Indeed," My Nephew Assured Her—"Boast and Joke; That's All We Do"

"Twenty years, perhaps; and always he seeks the same stamp, the sacred one-silbergroschen Brunswick, 1852. It appears that he needs that to complete the issue of three. Have you seen his daughter?"

"His daughter?" I echoed, visioning a thin, grim, elderly spinster.

"But yes, his daughter. Sometimes she accompanies the old Brissot here to the exchange. She is radiant, a beauty, and young. Brissot's second wife presented her to Brissot, and she is without doubt the most beautiful rarity in his collection.

"Issue of 1894," the fat old woman added with a chuckle that billowed her chins.

For some reason the information that Brissot possessed a young and beautiful daughter disturbed me. I found myself wondering what her life with that avaricious old fellow could be, and without any reason to justify me I pitied her.

When, several days later, I saw her face I felt that I was right in pitying her, for I have seldom seen such pathetic resignation stamped on the features of one so young. It was as if she had given up living and the joy in living. My young nephew, George Coventry, who was with me at the time, marked her immediately, singling her out from the crowd of mediocrities that thronged the exchange.

"There," he said, nudging me—"there, if ever there was one, is a human sacrifice."

She was standing beside her father, absently listening to what was evidently a heated explosion of discontent on his part. He was blaming her, perhaps, for one more disappointment in his search for the coveted stamp. He was probably blaming both God and her, confident that neither would turn on him and smite him.

At intervals she nodded her head vaguely and murmured "*Oui, mon père.*"

She seemed not frightened or abject—the upward tilt of her head and the clearness of her splendid eyes proved that—but rather patient and long-suffering and as one conscious of the futility of self-assertion.

"George," I said to my nephew, "I know that disagreeable little old brute. He's the girl's father and his name is Brissot."

"So?" said George. "Well, in that case let's advance and slay him. He's beating her verbally in public and it oughtn't to be allowed."

Not without some hesitation I approached Monsieur Brissot and tapped him on the arm to divert his attention from his daughter to me.

"Good morning, Monsieur Brissot," I said.

"Good morning," he snapped.

"May I present my nephew, George Coventry?" I said. He bowed jerkily.

"My daughter, Nicolette," said he with a casual wave of his hand.

She inclined her head gravely, and I reflected that even if her will were in a fair way to be broken she had at least dignity left her.

While George, who never lets slip an opportunity for converse with a pretty girl, was uttering platitudes in her not overenthusiastic ear I ventured to question Monsieur Brissot about his quest of the Brunswick stamp. Immediately color rose to his sallow face and he cried:

"Oh, the impostor! I am lured here to-day all the way from Senlis by a letter from a fraud who pretends that he has the stamp. I come in, bringing my daughter, too, that she may do some shopping. I go to vast expense—the railway ticket, the omnibus, the luncheon in the restaurant which later we shall be obliged to take—and what do I find? Nothing! Nothing, I repeat, monsieur! Nothing but a fraud! The man has not the one-silbergroschen at all. He has the two, which is, as you know, common enough, and of which I myself already have a specimen. 'Impostor!' I tell him. 'Fraud! Cheat! You must pay me for the time and the money I have wasted coming here on your false representations.' He refuses. I hit him across the knees with my umbrella. He calls me vile names before my daughter. I strike him again. The police arrive. He flees. The police, since he has fled, reprimand me who am the injured party. Naturally I am in a rage, and all around me this crowd of imbeciles laughs. And Nicolette says nothing. It is too much! It is too much!"

"It must have been annoying," I agreed.

"It is infamous!"

At this point George turned to Brissot and said pleasantly:

"Mademoiselle tells me that you live at Senlis. It is very enjoyable news, since my uncle and I are spending all of next week there at the Hôtel du Grand-Cerf. I hope accordingly that we shall meet again."

Monsiéur Brissot muttered something adequate, but without enthusiasm. As for me, I confess that I was

greatly surprised, for George and I had had no intention of passing either the next week or any other week at Senlis. My nephew is capable of quick decisions.

When we took leave of the Brissots, Nicolette, I noticed, smiled for the first time since I had met her. The gift was bestowed upon George, but even I witnessed it and knew then that she was truly a beautiful woman, and at the same time I knew why George had decreed that we visit Senlis.

I did not, I fear, combat his decree with much vigor. Senlis is an exquisite little town, and the cathedral, of course, is a mute reminder that there once was a time when men believed in work, beauty and God; but that was in the Dark Ages, when people were very ignorant.

"What do you propose to do in Senlis?" I asked George.

"I haven't the least idea," he admitted frankly. "But a change of air will do you good. Paris is hot and dusty in summer."

"So is Senlis," I objected.

"Yes," he agreed vaguely, "so is Senlis." And then he added, "What's the name of that stamp old Brissot is so keen about?"

I told him.

"Have you got one?"

I started to say no, and then I remembered; and, remembering, I smiled ruefully.

"I have a very excellent counterfeit," I said, "for which I paid five hundred and eighty-three dollars."

"Oh," said George, "so that's how you spend your money, is it? Well, would you mind bringing the counterfeit along with you to Senlis, or would its presence in your album cause you undue humiliation and remorse?"

I inquired why he wished me to bring it, but he merely smiled his smile of an abandoned boy.

"Will you bring it?" he persisted.

"Yes," I said, "I will bring it; but I warn you that I shan't let you get your irresponsible hands upon it."

"That we shall see in good time," he observed.

Even at an early age—and since this was before the war, George could not have been a day over twenty—my nephew had acquired a quiet, unobjectionable manner of obtaining his own way. Never violent, never patently stubborn, and most certainly never sulky, he managed notwithstanding to impress his will on others and to persuade them to do as he desired. And they did it; not always, to be sure, with alacrity, but at least with amused resignation.

He was so very plausible, for one thing; so confident of the soundness of his reasoning that one could scarcely help sharing that confidence. But I fear that, like many of us, he decided first exactly what he intended doing and then cast about for adequate reasons to support his decision.

In the instance of this Senlis trip it was evident that he had gone to Baedeker for aid and support.

"For a long time," he explained to me that evening—"for a long time I've been hankering to have a look at Senlis. I want most particularly to see the cathedral, a handsome Gothic building of the twelfth century, with a façade of the thirteenth, altered in the sixteenth century. I really ought to see that, oughtn't I?"

"Yes," I agreed, "you ought to see that. Baedeker puts an asterisk in front of it."

"And what about the extensive foundations of the Roman Amphitheater?" he continued. "What about them, I'd like to know? Aren't they worth seeing?"

"They are, and also the interesting ruins of the Abbaye de la Victoire. You really shouldn't miss those. And since you are so enthusiastic about interesting old ruins, I suggest a visit to Monsieur Brissot, a splendid example of pointed Gothic with a trace, possibly, of early Hebrew. Come, George, don't be a young idiot. You may as well admit frankly that you want to see Nicolette, not Senlis."

George pondered this for a moment.

"No," he said presently, "I won't admit anything of the sort. I shan't deliberately avoid her, of course; but I've no intention of chasing her around the old Roman Amphitheater, either, as if she were a Christian martyr or something. There's a good train at quarter to ten from the Gare du Nord. It's a matter of only thirty-odd miles."

And so, as George said, that was that, and we went to Senlis on the following Sunday.

II

SENLIS is a small town—small even before the German artillery made it smaller—and it was not a difficult matter to locate Monsieur Brissot and his daughter. They lived, the two of them and an ancient servant, in a small stone house covered with pink stucco, not far from the Rue de la République. To enter the house one passed through an arch in a high wall—likewise of pink stucco to a stone-paved court, on the left of which, and extending at right angles to the wall and the street, lay the residence itself, and to the right of which lay the disused stable and farmhouse. Beyond the court, hemmed in by a replica of the front wall, was a neat garden; and beyond the garden a narrow wicket gate gave access to what had once been a small farm. The garden was beautifully kept up—the work of Nicolette, I suppose—but the farm had long since been abandoned and was now for sale.

On the very evening of our arrival at Senlis, George insisted that we pay our respects to Brissot and his daughter. I consented reluctantly, for I feared to offend against the conventionality of French customs; but George has no regard for manners, customs or laws.

Nicolette herself admitted us—a startled, rather confused Nicolette, I fancied, but most lovely in her confusion. She wore, I remember, a gown of dark blue silk, surprisingly well made and completely simple. Her black hair was parted in the middle and brought far down on each side of her oval face, after the fashion made famous by Cléo de Merode—or was it Edna May? Her skin was dark but smooth and clear and susceptible to quick, fugitive color that came and went at a word; color that betrayed the pulses beating tumultuously beneath that exterior of resignation upon which I have already commented.

At sight of us she gave a little cry of surprise, hesitated an instant, but recovering herself immediately urged us to enter.

"My father," she added, without, I fear, great conviction, "will be enchanted."

"Your father," observed my nephew cheerfully, "may be enchanted, but it is you who are enchanting." A neat compliment, considering the tenuity of George's French

Nicolette stepped aside with a quiet smile to let us pass, and then escorted us to a room that was evidently the library, where we beheld old Brissot seated, engaged in what appeared to be the not very amicable tag end of a discussion with a young man.

As we stood in the doorway Brissot leaned forward in his chair, peering at us through narrow eyes as if trying to

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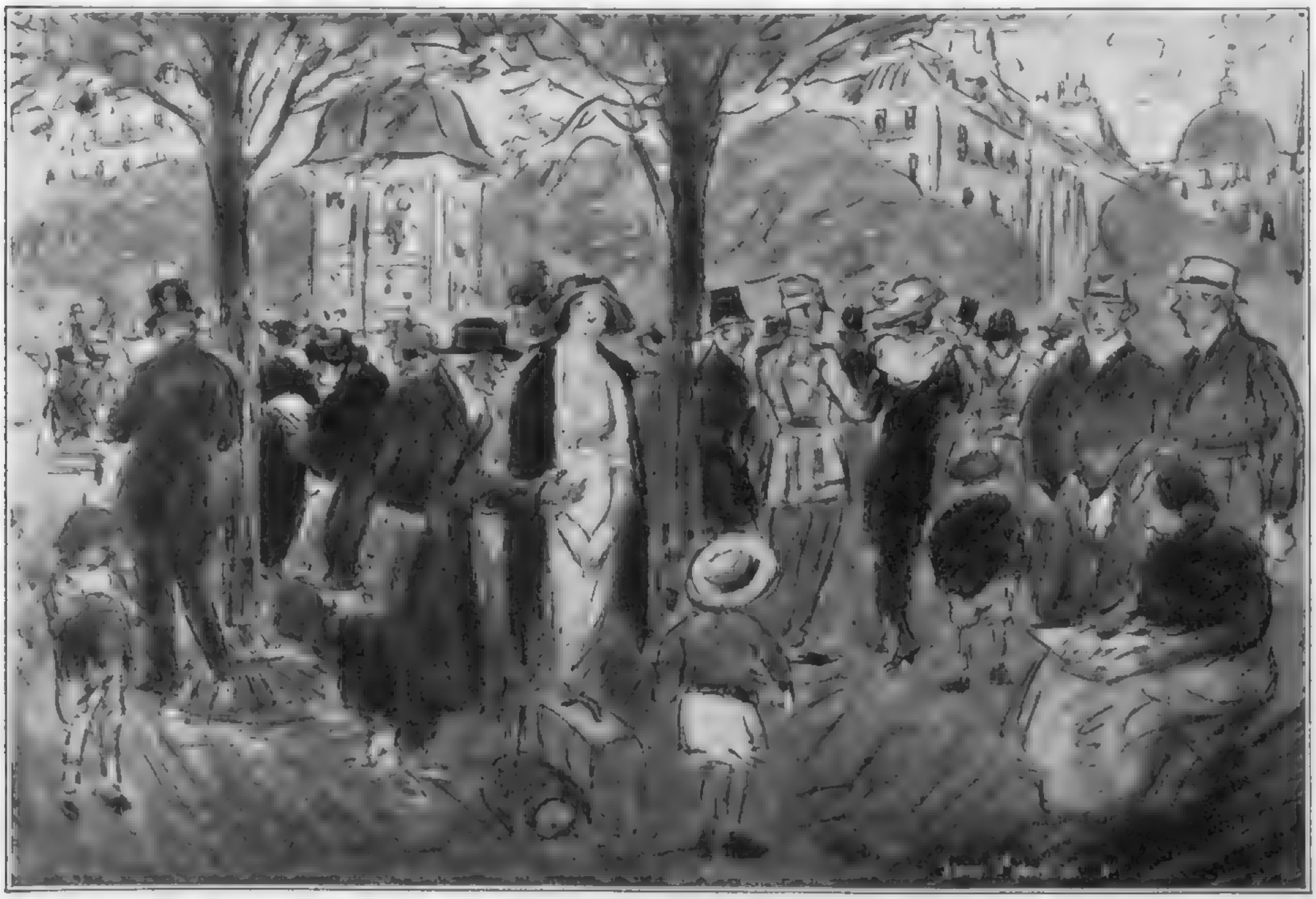

She Seemed Not Frightened or Abject—the Upward Tilt of Her Head and the Clearness of Her Splendid Eyes Proved That—But Rather Patient and Long-Suffering

The Print of My Remembrance

By AUGUSTUS THOMAS

A POWERFUL publisher in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, when he knew I planned to write these recollections, sent a word of caution to me by a friend. He didn't come himself. A rash or inexperienced or undiplomatic publisher, seeing a sign, "Angels Wanted," might have rushed in; but knowing that Napoleon even in his highest power sent M. de Narbonne to represent him at Vienna, this prudent printer, moving by indirection, said to his ambassador, "Tell Thomas to raise a mustache in his story as soon as possible." By which he meant, get through with his boyish memories briefly.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, one morning in 1858, said to his fellow boarders: "My hand trembles when I offer you this. Many times I have come bearing flowers such as my garden grew; but now I offer you this poor, brown, homely growth; you may cast it away as worthless. And yet—and yet it is something better than flowers; it is a *seed-capsule*. Many a gardener will cut you a bouquet of his choicest blossoms for small fee, but he does not love to let the seeds of his rarest varieties go out of his hands. You don't remember the rosy pudency of sensitive children. The first instinctive movement of the little creatures is to make a *cache*, and bury in it beliefs, doubts, dreams, hopes and terrors. I am uncovering one of these *caches*."

Some day when my Philadelphia friend outgrows his timidity he and I will meet, and not chiding him openly for his threatened surrender to the material rush of his generation and his calling, I shall say: "Is your great paper, founded by a great, unhurried American philosopher, read principally in subways and on commutation trains, or in simple households after nightfall, with mother and the children near the lamps? And what are the passwords to those family groups?" I shall show him those breakfast-table lines of Doctor Holmes and remind him also of some religionist who somewhere said to somebody in what must have been a mood and moment of great intimacy, "Give us the children before they are seven and you may preach what you will to the adults." Give us the sensitive and malleable retentive soul tissue when it is tender and impressionable and later try what intellectual veneer and overlay you like.

I shall remind him of weary little Dick Whittington daydreaming on the wayside bowlder and listening to the distant London bells; remind him of the German mankin Diogenes Teufelsdröckh in the sunset with his porringer on the coping of the orchard wall at Entepfuhl. I shall say: "Recall to your mind Sir John Millais' canvas, famous by the personal question of those enterprising soap makers, showing the English boy on the cottage doorstep in rapt wonderment at his iridescent bubbles." I shall say: "Think of the face of Richter's Neapolitan Boy—of the unutterable poetry in the eyes of the winged youth between the supporting knees of Doré's grim-sculptured Fate; think of Eli's little kneeling Hebrew protégé listening to answer, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.'" And I shall say: "Except for your inhibiting honk about a mustache I would have opened my heart to that subscribing brood around the family lamp. I would have given the high sign of brotherhood to those boys and girls in the prairie states who know the pungent blend of dew and tomato vines and who understand better than the grown-ups the cry of Kipling's Australian in that South African fight:

And through the crack and the stink of the cordite,
(Ah, Christ! My country again!)
The smell of the wattle by Lichtenberg,
Riding in, in the rain!

E. B. Thomas, Father of Augustus Thomas, in 1865

The Days of the River Boats

I WOULD have told them how my dad, who hadn't wept through two important wars, explained his wet eyes to me when for the first time after thirty years he inhaled the salty odor of low tide as we crossed the Hudson at dusk in a ferryboat. But you can't explain a subtle thing like that to a man selling safety razors. He wouldn't believe that a boy four blocks from the Mississippi River on a roped bed with no mosquito bar in a gable attic could tell at midnight and just by the sound of her long melancholy whistle whether an upriver packet coming in was the Belle of Alton or the Red Wing or the Keokuk.

But I wanted to tell those children about those floating side-wheeled palaces and other finer ones from the Southern river routes tied up to the levee so closely that only their bows could nose in with their gangplanks—the Natchez, the Robert E. Lee, the Grand Republic and scores of others, all vanished now from that neglected shore, and living only in melodrama and romance; in such stories as Mark Twain's and George Cable's; in the hearts of grandmothers who can show you daguerreotypes of frills and flounces; and in the memories of tired business men voodooed by efficiency and the income tax. I wanted to tell them of my grandmother's story that is good enough for a play about Col. Jim Bowie, who got a big steel file from the engineer on the boiler deck and ground it into a knife with which he killed the other man in a duel on an island where the boat stopped to let them fight it out; a bigger knife than Buffalo Bill had in his duel when he killed that Indian chief, while both their fighting crowds looked on —— A good friend of mine when I got to be a man. I hope I don't forget to speak of Buffalo Bill later.

In the early winter of 1870 I left St. Louis for Washington City, after getting a letter about it from Mr. Wells. I had a funny little sole-leather trunk of antiquated pattern, of which I was told to take good care, as it had held father's luggage when he went from Chicago by the Fox, Illinois and Rock rivers with a group of pioneers who founded Winona, Minnesota. At the O. & M. depot in East St. Louis father gave me into the care of Gen. Frank Blair and his friend, Mr. Cavanaugh, who were going on the same train. I am not sure of Mr. Cavanaugh's business or his exact relation to General Blair, but I have recently seen something like the relationship in that of Mr. Steve Reardon to Georgie Cohan; unswerving admiration and solicitude, coupled with a capacity to give comfort in times of threatened depression. Along with Mr. Blair and Mr. Cavanaugh were two others whose names I forget, but who owned the poker chips and parted with them only temporarily. I can't remember Mr. Blair as playing. He was early pointed out on the train by some who knew him, and many passengers introduced themselves, so that his trip was a reception for most of the way.

On our O. & M. and B. & O. trains there were no dining cars, no automatic brakes, no system of heating except the stoves, one to each car. We stopped twenty minutes for breakfast, dinner or supper, and with no uncertainty about dinner being the midday meal, and into the high-toned heater the porter fed anthracite coal, the first I had ever seen.

The engineer whistled one short sharp call for brakes, with staccato repetitions in moments of emergency, and then blew two reassuring toots for their release. Five blasts then, as now, sent back the brakeman with his red flag and track torpedoes when we made unscheduled stops, and four whistles called him in. There was no auditor on the train and the conductor unprotestingly took money where the tickets had not been provided.

The trim of our sleeper was of black walnut; the upper berths when closed had flat surfaces, angular corners instead of the slightly convex mahogany boards that now furnish them; and when open they were not held down with the wire cables that now anchor upper berths. That security was introduced in the late seventies, after an upper berth in an overturned private car had shut up and smothered its occupant, Mr. Taussig, the treasurer of the old Kansas City and Northern Railroad. In this old-style Pullman the rails for the curtains, stout horizontal bars, ran the full length of the car on each side, supported by uprights at each section. The water in the wash rooms did not flow under pressure as now, but at each basin passengers worked a brass-and-ebony pump handle. Watches were to be set forward nearly an hour to adjust the difference between St. Louis and Washington City time. In our party there was uncertainty about this interval, and I recall the astonishment of the men when I calculated it for them mentally, as the dullest boy or girl in our Webster School class of fifty would have done, and in order to do so knew, of course, the meridians of the two cities in the problem. I couldn't do it now without complete quiet, a large atlas and paper and pencil. Can any settled citizen do it, or has any the needed items of information except perhaps Mr. Edison?

At Washington our B. & O. train on that earlier B. & O. Railroad was some hours late, and arrived in the collection of sheds that then did duty as a station a little north of the Capitol somewhere near midnight. My father had arranged for me to board with an army friend and printer companion of his, Major Stone, popularly known in St. Louis as Fighting Harry Stone because of his gallant conduct at the battle of Wilson's Creek, when General Nathaniel Lyon was killed. Harry Stone's wife, who was a friend of my mother's, had been Alice Buck, a celebrated soprano associate upon concert programs with Eliza Emmett, the talented sister of the famous J. K. Emmett already mentioned. Mr. and Mrs. Stone had three children. One of the daughters, Patti Stone, became well known in light opera on Broadway in the early nineties; a son, Blair, became a star acrobat.

Quartered on Fighting Harry Stone

IN THIS winter of 1870 patriotism, rewarded by a job in the public printer's, took Mr. Stone to Washington, where he found for his family a house on F Street near Fifteenth, in what is now the Shoreham Hotel district. Before leaving St. Louis I had taken the precaution to find a map of Washington City in the public-school library and get a fair idea of the relative location of this address. A December rain was falling as General Blair and his group of politicians came from the station with me. I saw the looks of amusement on the faces of his friends as they considered the general and his embarrassing protégé, and was quick to tell him I thought I could find my way if he would start me right as to the points of the compass. There was a little council between the men, and after further insistence on my part I was put alone into a bobtail car drawn by a mule and carrying a Slawson box for the passengers' fares, all reassuringly like our St. Louis horse cars.

Upon my arrival at the house I was a long time waking the family, and was finally admitted by Fighting Harry himself. He sleepily showed me to the room that was to be mine and said good night. I don't think at any time in my life since has there been an equal feeling of loneliness to what I then had as I put down my bag and took off my wet clothes in an unheated room. The house had only open grates, and there was no fire for this belated guest. As I stood on the sagging mattress to reach the gas jet when I turned it out for the night I found that I was still a little seasick from the oscillating beauties of the Susquehanna Valley.

The next morning, one of those crisp sunshiny winter days that Washington can show in early December, cheered me completely. Mrs. Stone I had known as a neighbor all my life. She gave me a hot breakfast passed from stove to table just as my own mother would have done it, and I set out for the Capitol in the best of spirits. I knew which was the House end if I could strike the familiar view shown on the two-dollar bill on which my father had indicated it. I soon found this, and the doorkeeper, Mr. Buxton, was expecting my report for duty.

In that handsome Hall of Representatives, at ten o'clock on that morning, there were besides myself twenty other page boys. The layout of the place and its relation to the larger building conformed with the understudied impressions I had from the state capitol at Jefferson City, but on a scale of true magnificence for which I was unprepared. I think the Capitol at Washington is the only building I ever saw while a boy which after a lapse of years did not seem smaller on a second view. At that time it fully symbolized what I felt was the grandeur of the nation and the power of the Government with which I was officially connected.

When the House assembled at noon in its semicircle of dignified desks and chairs, with aisles converging at the tables of administration, I felt more at home than I had thought I should.

Under the Wing of A. W.

THE statesmen of that day were the successful soldiers of the earlier part of the same decade. In that historic Congress of reconstruction there were more than a dozen faces with which I was already familiar by their portraits in the heavy album that stood on the little oval marble-topped table in its place of honor in grandmother's parlor. Among those whom I soon identified were Generals Banks, Logan, Butler, Schenck, Garfield and Slocum. I do not name them alphabetically, but as I see them now in a mental picture of the chamber, reading from left to right as the modern group photograph instructs.

That night as I sat at supper with Fighting Harry Stone, the grand army comrade of these heroes I had left in the Capitol, and felt myself the son of another soldier and prompt fighting man off there in Missouri so undeniably of their company, too, I refrained from all mention of the close association, but in my heart I longed for a confidential and glowing hour with grandmother and her noble gallery.

All of these fellow page boys of mine were away from their homes proper and many of them without supervision. It was a rule of the then superintendent that each boy should take two baths a week in one of the several large bathrooms provided for the House. An adult interpretation of Article VIII of the Constitutional Amendments made things easier for the statesmen themselves. These bathrooms, of which there were four or five, were built of marble, with a tub cut from a solid block, the cavity of which must have been quite eight feet long and proportionately wide. A boy of twelve or thirteen could take a good swimming stroke in one of them. In the winter these baths had a touch of regimen about them. The tickets, two a week, were issued on certain days at the doorkeeper's desk and had to be returned by the attendant in the bathroom as used, but it wasn't always possible to make the lad to whom the ticket was given take the bath it called for. And so as the weather grew warmer—and it can grow warmer in Washington—and as the asphalt began to run—and it does—the boys with hotel tubs sold a government ticket now and then to a comrade not so well fixed.

This is the time for me to state a fact heretofore withheld because its earlier telling would not have been an economy of attention. Grandmother's second husband, the Hon. Augustus Wallace Scharit, was the half brother of my father, born of an earlier marriage of father's mother. A. W., as he was usually called by our family, was about fourteen years father's senior, and being at once his stepbrother and by marriage his stepfather-in-law, bore to my father a complicated relationship that made father's qualified support of A. W.'s wife in the differences between that pair difficult for A. W. to tolerate. These two half brothers were not hostile, but they had little correspondence. I had been in Washington only a fortnight when a letter from father withdrew all implied restraint and gave me A. W.'s address. My short note to him—I was his namesake—was answered by a call at the Capitol, and A. W., of whose distinguished bearing any boy could be proud, took me to his home and arranged for my stay there during the rest of my time in Washington.

In appearance A. W. strongly reminded me of Carl Schurz, minus the whiskers; the same alert, wiry figure; the same brow; the same full shock of hair; the same tragic directness of glance and an actor-orator's developed power in the mask. He lived apparently alone in his own house and took his meals at the table of an attractive widow whose house adjoined his in the one detached garden of some two hundred feet frontage next to Waugh Chapel, on North A Street, three blocks east of the Capitol. My meals were arranged for at this widow's, and as the widow had a son the prospect was agreeable. The experience did not disappoint the promise. This boy, then at the age of fourteen, was being trained for the stage. For some reason of her own his mother gave him the invented family name Palmoni.

A. W. took a deep interest in him, and while I was there generally had me share his theatrical lessons. A. W. was encouraging to me in his early questionnaires and was especially amused with my giving grandmother's version of Charlotte Cushman's reading of the lines, "Infirm of purpose! Give me the daggers." At unexpected and genial moments he would sometimes even ask for its repetition. Until then I had not suspected that Lady Macbeth was anything of a comedy part.

In the rear of the acre garden was a stucco stable and carriage house some three years old, finished perhaps about the time that the paper money remittances began to be irregular. It had evidently never been used as a stable, but was what the contractors call broom clean. A. W. helped the boy and me rig it as a little playhouse. There was a box of army things in it which came in usefully and reminded me to tell A. W. of my having got the shipment of epaulets. He affected astonishment that grandmother had not wanted them—at least wanted a pair of them. Among this army stuff were two sabers that A. W. had cut off to a proportionate length and with which he taught this boy and me such broadsword exercises as would be useful in the theater.

The Amateur Playwright

FOR that family playhouse I did my first dramatic writing. It must be truthfully told that it was largely in collaboration. Having seen two performances of Mr. Joseph Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle I made from memory a juvenile condensation of Mr. Boucicault's book. As author I cast myself for Rip and my boy friend played Nick Vedder.

Few dramatists begin with more distinguished even though unwitting collaborators than Dion Boucicault and Washington Irving. With the insistence of A. W., I also tackled Sir Walter Scott and made a workable dialogue of the principal conflicts in The Lady of the Lake in which I played Roderick Dhu, and Palmoni played Fitzjames. A. W. himself rehearsed us in the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius.

At the widow's table, where he was A. W.'s guest, I met the senior E. L. Davenport. During that week I had seen Mr. Davenport play Macbeth, Hamlet and Sir Giles Overreach.

I watched him closely, but neither as himself nor in any of the three rôles named could I trace an identifying resemblance between Mr. Davenport and the handsome steel engraving of him in the part of Benedict that was in the 1855 edition of Ballou's Pictorial.

In that meeting Mr. Davenport said nothing that I remember about his son Edgar or his daughter Fannie. I had no way of foretelling that I should one day know and admire them both and be friendly with them, or that his younger son, Harry Davenport, probably not born at that time, would be a member in my company.

Among other theatrical friends who came there was the actor James Murdock, whose recitation of Sheridan's Ride made the popularity of those verses by Thomas Buchanan Read.

Another visitor at A. W.'s table, Margaret Meade, a distinguished spinster, aged perhaps fifty years, brought with her sometimes her two adopted daughters, who, however, retained the family names of their dead soldier fathers. One of these girls, two or three years my junior, was named Marie. I have forgotten the name of the other. Marie, not yet too old to slump on Miss Meade's lap and lean her blond head against her guardian's lace collar, had steady gray eyes, big as an Angora cat's. She almost made me forget the thirty-year-old Sunday-school teacher who had owned my heart since I was eight. Margaret Meade had two religions—Catholicism and her distinguished brother, Gen. George Meade, of Gettysburg fame.

Cheer for Mr. Lincoln

MARGARET told us one day that while that Battle of Gettysburg was on, its uncertain tide in ebb and flow, she had gone to the White House and sent her card in to Abraham Lincoln. When admitted she asked the President if he had any word of the issue. He answered no.

She said: "Neither have I; but I'm George Meade's sister, and I thought you might like to know that whatever he undertakes he carries through."

It was small assurance, but there are crises in which even a word from a courageous heart is of help. Lincoln thanked her for her call and said it had been of comfort. My own anxiety about Marie lasted longer than the Battle of Gettysburg, and nobody helped any.

During all that season about twice a week A. W. took the other boy and me to the theater and was always particular when the curtain fell after an act to indicate what he thought had been excellent in the performance. At that time the street cars from the National Theater stopped at the west front of the Capitol. To reach home we had to circle its big hill on foot and walk three more blocks to the house. One jolly winter night, after a performance, with a stiff north gale in our faces, A. W. took us boys both up this hill, one on each side, completely covered and protected under a great black broadcloth circular, with velvet collar and throat clasps of silver lions' heads linked together, a counterpart of the one that grandmother wore in St. Louis. Both were of English make.

I was in A. W.'s home with the advantage of his instruction and the companionship of young Palmoni for a little over seven months, as the second session of the Forty-first Congress lasted well into July. Besides his interest in my education and his personal hospitality I am glad to record his help in other ways. At that period father's loss of time and other investments in the Glencoe enterprises, together with a general hard-luck story, all useful only in their bloc aspect, had made this work in Washington or some equal employment imperative on my part. In other words, the family needed the money. I was able to send home my entire salary every month. A. W. provided my clothes as they needed renewal, and a page boy's perquisites gave me a very liberal allowance for my personal needs. These perquisites, which at first I refused, were accepted later with a Western boy's real reluctance; reluctance not that the perquisites were at all unlawful in their character, but because of our independent training. Among all the barefoot boys with whom I played in St. Louis I cannot recall one to whom a stranger for any casual service could have given what is now called a tip. Not only would it have been refused, but the boy in declining it would have colored with indignation.

The boys reported for duty in the Hall of Representatives at nine in the morning. Two or three days in the week the work was there. It consisted in getting from the

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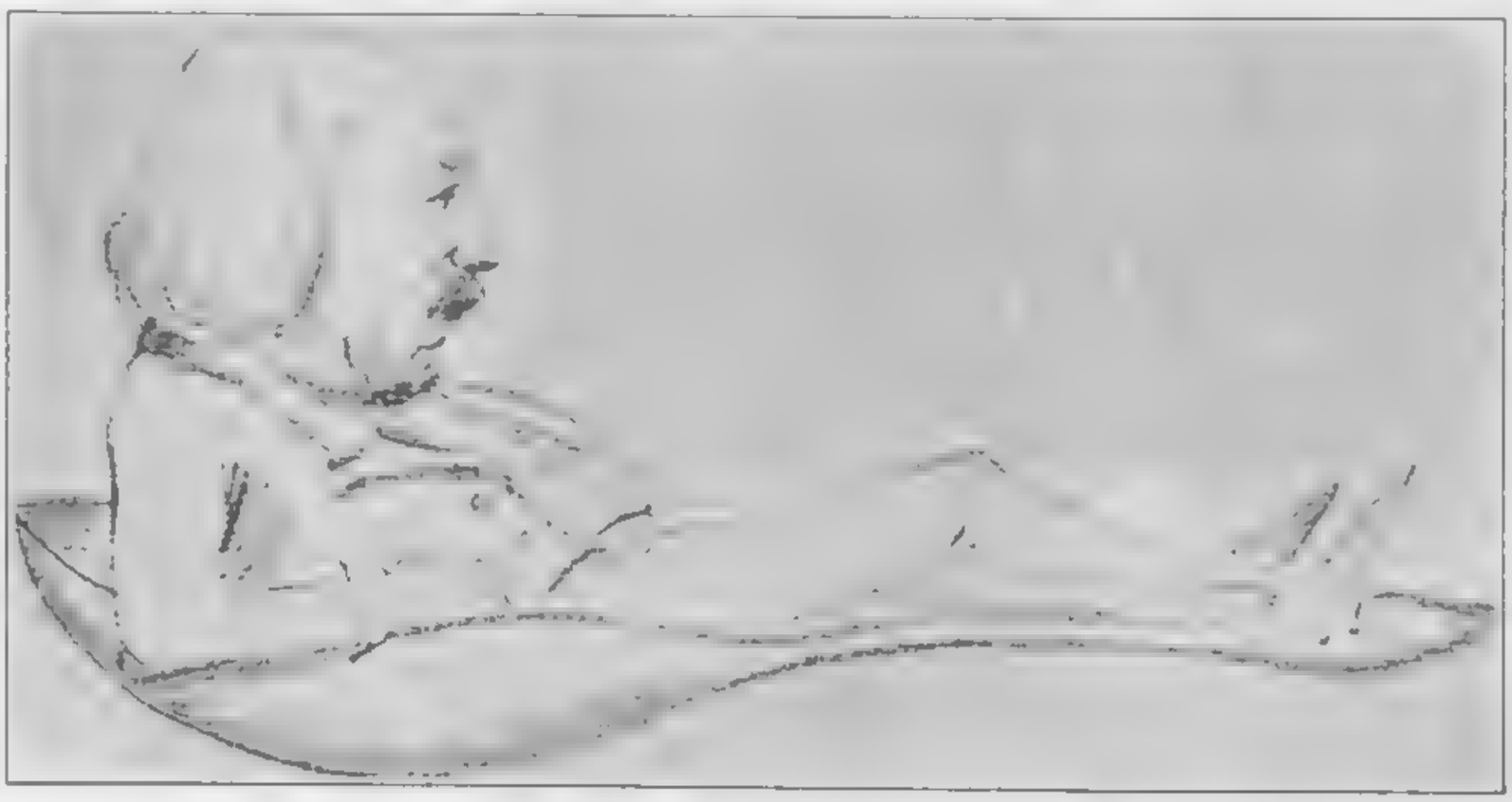

A Pencil Caricature of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, After the Original Drawing Made by Mr. Thomas When He Was a Page Boy in Congress

MEN OF AFFAIRS

XX

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

THE train which conveyed Mr. Harrison Smith back to London stopped at every intermediate station and did not arrive until after ten o'clock. He therefore was given leisure for thought, and the result of his thinking was to bring him perilously near the truth.

He began with the premise that somehow Anthony Barraclough had succeeded in making good his escape, that he was even now obtaining the concession, that he would return to London on the night of the eighteenth instant at eleven o'clock, in all probability carrying the document upon his person. All this was plain sailing, but against it was the established fact that Anthony Barraclough was imprisoned in Laurence's house. If this were indeed the case, further investigation was useless. But was it the case?

The girl Isabel Irish had said there was a plan to make his exit from London easy, but no evidence had been given to suggest that this plan, whatever it was, had been put into operation. Torrington's syndicate was not composed of fools, and yet the kidnaping of Barraclough had been mere child's play without a speck of opposition. His own side had been guilty of an act of crass stupidity in failing to carry off the servant Doran as well as his master. It was one of those tragic oversights which occur in the most carefully laid plans. Unquestionably Doran would have told his employers what happened on the night of the twenty-seventh, and they could hardly have failed to guess the truth. And yet, as private information assured him, not the smallest effort had been made to rescue the man in whose brain was a secret worth untold millions. And quite suddenly the truth, or a guess at the truth, dawned upon him. Torrington's crowd must have been aware of the intention to kidnap Barraclough, and for a reason known only to themselves had deliberately allowed it to take place.

Why? Had another man been sent in Barraclough's place? He dismissed that theory without dissection. The shape of Barraclough's jaw and the line of his mouth belonged to the type that does not unduly trust his fellow men. Why? Was another man occupying Barraclough's place—deputizing for him in his absence?

Harrison Smith struck one hand against the other. "It's the most unlikely thing in the world," he exclaimed, "but I'm going to believe it. I'm going to believe that the chap with the humorous lines round his eyes is no more Barraclough than I am."

He alighted at Waterloo Station aglow with excitement. His first thought was to proceed posthaste to Laurence's house and lay before them the result of his deductions, but a second and more personal consideration dissuaded him. There had been little enough encouragement when last he interfered. He had been rudely ordered to leave things alone. No, he would work out this deal himself, and if anything came of it, approach Van Diest and Hipps for a lion's share of the profits. Weeks ago it had been arranged if by any means Barraclough succeeded in slipping through the outposts and obtaining the concession, he was to be quietly thugged on his return, and the paper destroyed. As Ezra Hipps had said, "If we fail to get it for ourselves it's sure no one else is going to profit." Wherefore all he had to do was to intercept the returning treasure-seeker, put him securely away, and then talk business to his own employers.

"Come On, Smith, Dear Old Cracker, Soak Up the Juice of the Barley and Expound the Tale of Woe"

Harrison Smith hailed a taxi and told the driver to go down the Commercial Road as far as the Poplar Town Hall. This was not a job that could be tackled single-handed; on the other hand, it would be unwise to admit more people to his confidence than were absolutely necessary. He dismissed the taxi and proceeded on foot down one of the narrow, crooked byways abounding in that region. The place was quiet and deserted save for a few Orientals—lascars and Chinamen—who leaned against the walls of their dwellings seemingly engaged in a silent contemplation of the stars.

At the side door of a small and disreputable public house he paused and knocked thrice with the handle of his cane, and presently the door was opened by a girl. She was a Jewess and lovely to look at, with the fresh beauty peculiar to very young girls of that faith.

Recognizing Harrison Smith she smiled a welcome and said: "You're in luck—he's sober! Upstairs, in the front room."

She smiled again, revealing a perfect row of little white teeth which mocked the string of cheap pearls about her throat. As he climbed the stairs Harrison Smith speculated on the odd contrast this girl presented to her surroundings. The silk of her stockings, the bangles and gewgaws, the ultra patent leather of her shoes bore so little relation to the squalor of the narrow passage with its damp stained walls, carpetless floor and hissing gas jet. Probably nowhere in the world do greater incongruities exist than in the East End of London.

Mr. Alfred Bolt, minus coat, collar, tie and shoes, was seated in an armchair, his feet reposing upon the mantelpiece. At his elbow was a glass of whisky and water with a slice of lemon floating on the surface. His waistcoat was undone and the white of his shirt emphasized the enormous girth of his corporation. His legs were short, his hands fat, his face round and margined with a half circle of hair beneath the chin. At the first glance you would have taken him for the model from which Owen must have illustrated the stories of W. W. Jacobs.

One would have expected him to remind the passer-by that it was "a nice day for a sail" or alternatively to demand, "Any more for the Skylark?" But a closer inspection would have shaken the foundation of so simple a belief, for Mr. Alfred Bolt's eyes were not of the honest kind worn by men who go down to the sea in ships. They were close-set, narrow-lidded, cunning, piggy little eyes, that caused unrest to look upon.

At the sight of Harrison Smith he removed his feet from the mantelpiece and extended an open-armed welcome.

"Welcome and thrice welcome, my dear brother," he intoned in an admirable imitation of the accepted ecclesiastical method. "I rejoice, indeed, to observe that you are now in Holy Orders." Then with a drop into the vernacular: "Blind me, Smith, what the hell are you doing with your collar back to front?"

Harrison Smith gave a hurried explanation.

"But I thought that job was cleared up," said Bolt.

"Maybe it is, but there's a chance of a big coup that no one expected. Now, if you care to take a hand —"

Mr. Bolt fancied himself as a mimic; indeed, he harbored the opinion that he was a peer even to the late Sir Henry Irving in the matter of take-offs. He could imitate a cat or a Chinaman, while his thumb-nail impressions of sundry Hebraic neighbors were rivaled only by his flawless caricatures of natives of Germany or the New Hebrides. But best of all he loved to assume the inflection, guise and bearing of a member of the clergy—a circumstance very possibly explained by the fact that his own private life was as far removed from the office of virtue as could well be imagined.

"Be unafraid, my son," quoth he. Then fashioning a trumpet with his two hands he bellowed like a foghorn: "Becky! A drop of whisky hot for the gent." And while the refreshment was being procured he observed parenthetically:

"A nice little piece, ain't she? Very smart and dossy. Come on, Smith, my boy—my jolly old bean—dear old cracker, soak up the juice of the barley and expound the tale of woe."

Harrison Smith wasted no time in explaining the case, while Bolt listened with great concentration, nodding approval at this point or that.

"H'm! Worth trying, anyway," he agreed. "What do you want me to do?"

"Take over my place at Clyst St. Mary. Can't explain why, but I've a sort of notion things may happen there.

It's a queer household lot of smart girls looking after an old woman, Barraclough's mother."

"What's she like?"

"Never got near enough to find out. Decent enough old thing. Goes to church a lot."

"Shrewd?"

"Never struck me so at a distance. Might be anything; bit of a fool mostly are that old country sort."

Mr. Bolt mused

"Goes to church, does she?" His eyes traveled over Harrison Smith's black garments. "Why didn't you call?"

"Didn't strike me. Fancy she knows very little."

"'Curs to me," said Bolt, "I might do the clergyman stunt myself in those parts. I've got some stuff. A bit of the old Wesley—'Quiet harborage from the turmoil of city life, my dear lady. An occasional hour in your beautiful garden.' That's the ticket."

"Then get off, straightaway. There's a train at five A.M. from Waterloo. You can have my room at the pub. I'll give you a note to the proprietor."

"And assuming I meet Brother Barraclough?"

"Get him!" responded Harrison Smith laconically. "Make as little fuss as possible, but get him."

Mr. Bolt nodded, and the piggy little eyes twinkled greedily.

"Trust me," he said. "Anything else you want?"

Harrison Smith thought for a moment.

"That chap Dirk," he said. "Could you find him for me?"

"Sure."

"Then tell him to meet me at Paddington to-morrow morning, 9:50."

"Right."

"And you might lend me that bunch of spring-lock keys."

"Going to have a squint at that guidebook?" queried Bolt shrewdly as he turned over the contents of a table drawer in search of the keys.

"Going to have a try," came the answer.

Bolt rippled out a fat greasy chuckle.

"Pleasure to work with you, Smith," said he. "'Tis indeed. Though it's a bit risky putting one over on the Dutchman." He fell into a thick guttural "'Shad—'sbad pizness. Dese servants wass ver' insubordinate. 'Shad. Well, good luck, ole boy."

They shook hands cordially

The Commercial Road was deserted when Harrison Smith came out of the narrow byway. The chance of finding a conveyance was small but his practical sense suggested turning into the West India Dock Road, where at the gates of the dock he had the good fortune to secure a dilapidated four-wheeler. Progress was painfully slow and hours seemed to pass before they finally turned out of the broad cobbled highway and passed through the silent empty city. Two o'clock was striking when he dismissed the cab in Piccadilly

At his own rooms in Crown Court, St. James', he changed into ordinary clothes and proceeded on foot to Albemarle Street. Before the entrance to Crest Chambers he stopped and broke into a torrent of imprecation. He had forgotten that the downstairs door would be shut. It was of heavy mahogany and secured by an ordinary variety of lock, against which the bunch of keys in his pocket was of no service whatsoever. He was shaking his fist angrily when the sound of footsteps accompanied by a snatch of song attracted his attention. A young man in evening dress, wearing an opera hat at a raffish angle and carrying his hands in his trousers pockets, turned out of the adjoining side street and approached the spot where he was standing. A single glance was enough to convince Harrison Smith that the young man was in a state of spiritual exaltation bordering on ecstasy. The words of a song he sang

He Streaked Down the Stairway

sounded unnaturally clear, like music from another planet.

"I'm one of the ruins that Cromwell knocked about a bit," he sang over and over again as if the words contained relish enough to justify any limit of repetition.

Coming abreast of Harrison Smith he halted abruptly and, rocking on his heels, broke into a cherubic smile

"Goo' man," he said. "Les-see, it's ol' Petersh, ishn't it?"

"That's it," said Harrison Smith; "old Peters."

With startling suddenness the young man produced a latchkey and thrust it into Harrison Smith's palm

"Ope' th' door, ol' top. Ope' door an' we'll have a quick li'l' spot together."

Here was unlooked-for good fortune of which Harrison Smith lost no time in availing himself. Lending a trifling support to his impromptu host they entered the building and ascended in the electric lift to the fourth floor. There was a brass plate on the front door which informed the curious that the owner of the flat was called Royston.

"Just a quick one," said Smith as they entered a comfortable sitting room adorned by photographs of lovely ladies.

"I've had a trying day and want to turn in," he added.

"T'hell with that," said Royston. "Wha's matter with seein' in the dawn?"

He produced a bottle of whisky and two glasses—not without casualties among their fellows—set them on a coffin stool and fell into a deep armchair.

"Help' self and help me—'cause I'm ver' tired—ov'-tired."

Harrison Smith embraced the opportunity of pouring out a perfect deadener for his host, into which he discreetly

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It Was Sheer Criminal Stupidity to Have Looked Over the Edge at His Patten Commander

YOU AND YOUR BANK

By William B. Devoe

DECORATION BY DOUGLAS RYAN

ON A BLEAK Tuesday afternoon in the first week of February Mr. James Dalton sat in his private office in a certain city in Western New York, gazing out of the window with a bleakness of expression which rivaled that of the prospect outside. On the desk before him were a large check book and various piles of canceled checks, and an observer might have correctly inferred that he had been engaged in comparing his paid checks with the stubs in his check book. It was this occupation which accounted for the bleakness of his expression, for he had thus just discovered that in the last three months forged checks aggregating $15,200 had been drawn on his account and paid by his bank. The forged checks, five in number, lay on the desk. Two were for $100 each, and were dated respectively November fifteenth and December twenty-fourth. The others, each for $5000, were all dated in January and had been returned by the bank that very morning, together with his other canceled checks for the month of January. All five checks were drawn to "Bearer" and all bore the indorsement of William D. Robbins.

James Dalton was a general merchandise broker, whose business consisted in buying and selling commodities of various kinds. Many of his purchases were made for cash, and it was therefore necessary for him to maintain a considerable bank balance, from which it was no uncommon thing for him to withdraw as much as $5000 in cash at one time when an opportunity offered for a favorable purchase. Some ten years before, William D. Robbins had entered his employ, and by conspicuous ability, unremitting industry and absolute fidelity had advanced to be his confidential assistant and general right-hand man. It was one of Robbins' duties to keep his employer's books, including the check book, and to cash checks whenever the requirements of the business made the withdrawal of large sums necessary. On the morning of the day before the Tuesday when Mr. Dalton discovered the forged checks Robbins, for the first time in anybody's recollection, failed to appear at the office. Inquiry at the boarding house where he lived alone—he was a bachelor—disclosed the fact that on the preceding Saturday afternoon he had given up his room, telling his landlady that in the future he intended to live with a cousin on the outskirts of the city. He had thereupon departed with only hand baggage, saying that he would send for his trunk on the following day. No further trace of Robbins' movements could be discovered, nor was it possible to identify or locate the cousin whom he mentioned.

Some Important Details

UPON learning these facts Mr. Dalton thought it might be wise to go over Robbins' accounts, and in so doing found the forged checks. Quite obviously his trusted employe had stolen $15,200 from him. The loss of this very considerable amount would seriously cripple if it did not ruin Dalton's business, and he was not sufficiently familiar with the subject of forged checks to feel certain that he could compel his bank to make good the loss.

His gloomy reflections were interrupted by the arrival of an intimate friend, Mr. Archibald Sinclair, with whom it was his daily custom to walk home from his office. It was now five o'clock, and as he had already notified the police, clearly nothing more could be done that day; so he put the forged checks in his pocket and started homeward with Mr. Sinclair. On the way he told the whole story to his friend.

"Why, my dear fellow, there's nothing to it!" exclaimed that gentleman when he had finished. "You have nothing to worry about. A chap I used to have in my office forged my name on a check once and the bank paid it. I went to see my lawyer about it first and he told me it was the bank's loss, not mine. Said a bank is absolutely bound to know its depositors' signatures, and if it makes a mistake and pays on a forged signature the bank will be stuck for it. So I took it up with my bank—demanded that they make good on the check, and they did it without a peep of protest. The old Third National is out fifteen thousand, my boy, not you."

"Pretty tough on the bank though," said Mr. Dalton.

"It would be tougher on you, wouldn't it?" retorted his friend. And Dalton could not find it in his heart to contradict him.

His spirits wonderfully lightened by Sinclair's assurances, Mr. Dalton concluded that the matter could be easily adjusted with his bank the next morning. With this purpose in view he stopped at the Third National Bank on his way to the office the following day and told the whole story to Mr. Arthur Halleck, the president, with whom he was pleasantly but not intimately acquainted.

Mr. Halleck listened in silence, and when he had finished said: "When was the first forged check paid?"

"November fifteenth last," replied Mr. Dalton.

"And the second?" continued Mr. Halleck.

"December twenty-fourth," answered Mr. Dalton, wondering what difference the dates could make.

"The first check was returned to you when you had your pass book balanced at the end of November, wasn't it?" pursued the banker. Dalton nodded. "And you got back the second with your other canceled December checks at the end of that month?" Mr. Halleck went on. Dalton nodded again. "How was it, then, that you did not discover these first forgeries?" questioned the other.

"How was it!" Mr. Dalton exclaimed rather indignantly. "Why, because, as I told you, the very man who forged the checks was the one whose business it was to balance the check book and keep track of canceled checks and such matters. I never had any occasion to look at them at all."

"Ah!" murmured the bank president, nodding his head thoughtfully. "Then you never went over your canceled checks at all until yesterday."

"Of course I didn't. Why should I? I had no reason to," retorted Mr. Dalton, vaguely uneasy as to the purport of these questions.

"Well," replied the other placidly, "sometimes a detail of that kind is extremely important. In this case I'm afraid it is going to cost you just $15,100—unless you can get the money back from Robbins."

"What!" cried Dalton, with a horrible sort of thrill running through him. "Do you mean to sit there and tell me that you won't make good these forged checks? Why, how can you get out of it? You're supposed to know my signature, and if you make a mistake and pay on a false signature that's your loss, not mine."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Dalton!" exclaimed the banker. "What you say is quite true, as far as it goes. But in this case it was your own carelessness that made the loss possible. If you had examined your canceled checks for November, when they were returned to you at the end of that month, you would have found the first forged check; you would have notified us, the criminal would have been discovered, and the later forgeries would never have been committed. By saying nothing about it you gave us to understand that all the checks we had paid up to that time were O. K. and that it would be proper for us to pay similar ones in future. For the check forged in November we are probably liable; but in fairness to our stockholders and our other depositors we cannot assume responsibility for the later ones."

A Severe Lesson

"THAT'S the most ridiculous reasoning I ever heard," cried Mr. Dalton violently. "Because I didn't look over my canceled checks you say you're excused for giving away over $15,000 of my money. If you think you can put anything like that over on me you are very much mistaken, as you'll soon find out." And disregarding Mr Halleck's efforts to explain the matter further, Dalton bounced out of the bank in a perfect whirlwind of startled indignation.

Straightway he headed for the office of his lawyer and old friend, Randolph Marshall, to whom he told his story with considerable vigor, ending with a demand that suit be started against the perfidious bank just as quickly as the papers could be drawn. But Marshall shook his head.

"No, Jim, I'm afraid it can't be done. Halleck was perfectly justified in refusing to make good on those checks. Of course it would have been a nice friendly thing to make you a present of the $15,000 that you lost, but if he had, I think it would have been hard work for him to explain to his board of directors why he had done it, under the circumstances. But don't take my word for it. Listen to what the highest court in this state says on the subject."

And selecting a book, Mr. Marshall read:

"'A bank is relieved from responsibility for forged checks which it paid after the account was balanced, by the negligence of the depositor in the examination of the returned vouchers, which would have disclosed earlier forgeries and prevented the subsequent frauds. A bank depositor is chargeable with the knowledge of the fraudulent alteration of checks possessed by his clerk to whom he entrusted the examination of the vouchers, although the clerk is the one who committed the forgeries, if an examination of the returned vouchers would have disclosed such forgeries to an innocent party previously unaware thereof, since in such a case the depositor is responsible for the manner in which the clerk performs his task, though he is the forger.'

"So I'm afraid," concluded the lawyer, "that there isn't much you can do except admit that this will be a lesson to you, as the darky said when he was going to be hanged."

The experience was a lesson to James Dalton, although a cruelly severe one. Through the indulgence of his creditors and the assistance of his friends he was enabled to tide over the crisis in his business occasioned by the loss of the $15,000, but only at the cost of days of nervous strain and nights of wakeful anxiety—nor was he able for a long time to stop imagining all the enjoyable things he could have done with that money if it hadn't been stolen.

The episode of Mr. Dalton actually happened just as I have told it, although to another man and in a different

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THE DRIVER

By GARET GARRETT

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

VII

IT WAS true of Galt, as Harbinger said, that he had no friends; it was not therefore true that his world was full of enemies. He had many acquaintances and no intimates. He was a solitary worker in the money vineyards, keeping neither feud nor tryst with any clan. His reputation in Wall Street was formless and cloudy. Everybody knew him or knew something about him; for twenty years he had been a pestiferous gadfly on the Stock Exchange, lighting here and there, turning up suddenly in situations where he had to be settled with or bought off, swaggering, bluffing, baiting, playing the greatest of all games of wit with skill and daring—and apparently getting nowhere in the end. Once he had engaged in a lone-handed fight with a powerful banking group over the reorganization of a railroad, demanding to be elected to the directorate as the largest minority stockholder. The bankers were indignant. The audacity of a stock-market gambler wanting to sit on a railroad board! What would anybody think? He took his case to the courts and was beaten.

Another time he unexpectedly appeared with actual control of a small railroad, having bought it surreptitiously during many months in the open market place; but as he held it mostly with credit borrowed from the banks his position was vulnerable. It would not do for a gambler like this to own a railroad, the bankers said; so his loans were called away from him and he had to sell out at a heartbreaking loss. He was beaten again.

He took his defeats grimly and returned each time to the practice of free-lance speculation, with private brokerage on the side. The unsuccess of these two adventures caused him to be thought of as a man whose ambitions exceeded his powers. There were a great many facts about him—facts of record and facts of hearsay—but when they were brought together the man was lost. Though he talked a great deal to anyone who would listen he revealed nothing of himself. His office was one dark little room, full of telephones; and he was never there. He carried his business in his head. Nobody positively spoke ill of him, or if one did it was on ground of free suspicion, with nothing more specific to be alleged than that he turned a sharp corner. That is nothing to say. To go wide around corners in Wall Street is a mark of self-display. People neither liked nor disliked him. They simply had no place in their minds to put him. So they said, "Oh, yes—Harry Galt," and shook their heads. They might say he was unsafe, and take it back, remarking that he had never been insolvent. What they meant was that he was visionary. Generally on the Stock Exchange there is a shrewd consensus as to what a man is worth. Nobody had the remotest notion of what Galt was worth. It was believed that his fortune went up and down erratically.

Between Galt and the president of the Great Midwestern there was a strange relationship. Harbinger had said it was not one of friendship. Perhaps not. Yet it would be difficult to find any other name for it. Their association was constant. Galt did all Valentine's private Stock Exchange business, as Harbinger said. What Harbinger did not know was that they engaged in joint speculations under Galt's advice and direction. All this, of course, could be without personal liking on either side. Galt was an excellent broker and an adroit speculator. Valentine never spoke of him without a kind of awe and a certain unease of manner. Galt's references to Valentine were oblique, sometimes irreverent to the verge of disrespect, but that was Galt. It did not imply dislike.

On the president's return from Chicago I mentioned the fact of having refused to give Galt the earnings.

"Quite right," he said. "I ought to have told you about Mr. Galt."

"Is it all right to give him anything he wants?" I asked, remembering what Harbinger had said and wishing to test it for myself.

He did not answer at once, nor directly.

After walking about for several minutes he said: "Mr. Galt is becoming a large stockholder in the Great Midwestern Railroad. Why, I don't know. I cannot follow his processes of thought. Our stock is very low. I don't know when if ever we shall be able to pay dividends on it again. But I cannot keep him from buying it. He is obstinate in his opinions."

"Is his judgment good in such matters?" I asked.

"It isn't judgment," he said slowly. "It isn't anything you can touch by reason. I suppose it is intuition."

"Do his intuitions prove correct in the sequel?"

He grew more restless and then stood for a long time gazing out of the window.

"It's queer," he said, speaking to himself. "He has extraordinary foresight. I wish I could see with him now. If he is right, then everybody else is wrong. No, he cannot be right, he cannot be. Conditions are too plain."

"He doesn't see conditions as they are?" I said.

"As they are?" he repeated, starting, and then staring at me out of focus with recollected astonishment. "He doesn't see them at all. They don't exist. What he sees is—is—well, well, no matter," he said, letting down suddenly and returning to his desk with a large gesture of sweeping something behind him.

It was difficult to be friends with Henry Galt. His power of irritation was impish. None escaped its terrors, least of all those upon whom he bestowed his liking. He knew all their tender spots and kept them sore. No word of satire, derision or petulance was ever restrained or missed its mark. His aim was unerring; and if you were not the victim you wickedly understood the strength of the temptation. He not only made people feel little, he made them look little. What saved it or made it utterly intolerable was that having done this he was scornful of his own ego's achievement, as to say: "I may be greater than you, but that's no sign I am anything to speak of."

There was a curious fact about his exhibitions of ungoverned feeling, either ecstasies or tantrums. He had no sense of physical dignity, and therefore no sensation of ever losing it. For that reason he could bring off a most undignified scene in a manner to humiliate everyone but himself. Having behaved incorrigibly he would suddenly stalk off in majestic possession of himself and leave others in a ludicrous plight, with a sense of having suffered an unanswerable indignity. It delighted him to seize you up on some simple declaration of opinion, demand the reason, then the grounds of the reason, and run you off your wits with endless, nagging questions.

On handing him the weekly earnings one afternoon I passed a word of unconsidered comment. He impeached it with a question. I defended it foolishly. He impeached the defense with another question.

And this went on until I said: "It was nothing in the beginning. I merely meant it to be civil, like passing the time of day. I'm sorry I spoke at all."

"Sorry spoils it," he said. "Otherwise very handsome." And he passed into the president's office for the long conference which now was a daily fixture.

They went away together as usual.

Presently Galt alone returned, and said in a very nice way: "Come and have dinner with me, Coxey."

When we were seated in the Sixth Avenue L train he resumed the inquisitive manner, only now he flattered me by showing genuine interest in my answers. Had I seen the board of directors in action? How was I impressed? Who was the biggest man in the lot, at a guess? Why so? What did I think of Valentine, of this and that one? Why? He not only made me recall my impressions, he obliged me to account for them. And he listened attentively. When we descended at Fiftieth Street he seemed not to notice that it was drizzling rain. There was no umbrella. We walked slowly south to Forty-eighth Street and turned east, talking all the time.

The Galt house was tall, brown and conventional, lying safe within the fringe. It was near the middle of the block. Eastward toward Fifth Avenue as the scale of wealth ascended there were several handsome houses. Westward toward Sixth Avenue at the extreme end of the block you might suspect high-class board. But it is a long block; one end does not know the other. About the entrance, especially at the front door, there was an effect of stinted upkeep. Inside we were putting off our things, with no sign of a servant, when suddenly a black-and-white cyclone swept down the hall, imperiling in its passage a number of things and threatening to overwhelm its own object; but instead, at the miraculous moment it became rigid, gracefully executed a flying slide on the tiled floor and came to a perfect stop with Galt in its arms.

"Safe!" I shouted, filled with excitement and admiration.

"Natalie," said Galt, introducing her.

She shook hands in a free, roguish manner, smiling with me at herself without really for an instant taking her attention off Galt.

"You're wet," she said severely.

"No, I'm not," he said.

"You're soaking wet," she insisted, feeling and pinching him at the same time. "You've got to change."

Later in the Evening When We Were Alone She Said Bitterly, "A Pretty Shipwreck It Will Be This Time"

"I've got to do nothing of the kind," he said. "We want to talk. Let us alone." To me he said, "Come up to my room," and made for the stairway.

Natalie, getting ahead of him, barred the way.

"You won't have a minute to talk," she said. "Dinner is ready. Go in there."

"Oh, all right, all right," he growled, turning into the parlor. Almost before he could sit down she was at him with a dry coat, holding it. Grumbling and pretending to be churlish, yet secretly much pleased, he changed garments, saying, "Will that do you?"

"For now," she said, smoothing the collar and giving him a little whack to finish.

Mrs. Galt appeared. Then Galt's mother, introduced simply and sweetly by her nursery name, Gra'ma Galt. There was an embarrassing pause.

"Where is Vera?" Galt asked.

Vera, I supposed, was the ferryboat girl.

Nobody answered his question. Mrs. Galt by an effort of strong intention moved us silently toward the dining room. The house seemed bare—no pictures to look at; a few pieces of fine old furniture mixed with modern things; good rugs worn shabby, and no artistry of design or effect whatever except in the middle room between parlor and dining room, which contained a grand piano, some art objects and a thought of color. Nothing in the house was positively ugly or in bad taste, nor in the total impression was there any uncomfortable suggestion of genteel poverty. What the environment seemed to express, all save that one middle room, was indifference.

"You will want to talk," said Mrs. Galt, placing me at the left of Galt, so that I faced Natalie, who sat at his right. This was the foot of the table. Mrs. Galt sat at the head of it, with Gra'ma Galt at her right and a vacant place at her left.

"Where is Vera?" Galt asked again, beginning to develop symptoms.

"She isn't coming down," said Mrs. Galt in a horizontal voice.

"Why not?" asked Galt, beating the table. "Why not?"

"T O W," said Natalie significantly, trying to catch his eye.

But he either didn't hear or purposely ignored her, and went on: "She does this to spite me. She does it every time I bring somebody home. I won't have it. She's a monkey, she's a snob. I'll call her till she comes. Hey, Vera-a-a!"

Natalie had been shaking him by the arm, desperately trying to make him look at a figure formed with the fingers of her right hand. Evidently there was a code between them. She had already tried the cipher, T O W, whatever that meant, and now this was the sign. If he would only look! But of course he wouldn't. Suddenly the girl threw herself around him, and though he resisted she smothered him powerfully and whispered in his ear. Instantly the scene dissolved. She returned to her place, slightly flushed with the exertion, he sat up to the table, and dinner began to be served as if nothing unusual had taken place.

Mrs. Galt addressed polite inquiries at me, spoke to the butler, conversed with Natalie, not feverishly or in haste, but placidly, in a calm, level voice. She was a magnificent brunet woman, turning gray at a time of life and in a manner to make her look even younger and more striking than before. Her expression was trained, impersonal and weary, as that of one who knows the part too well to be surprised or taken unawares and has forgotten what it is like to be interested without effort. There were lines suitable to every occasion. She knew them all and spoke them well, omitting nothing, slurring nothing, adding nothing. Her conversation, like her expression, was a guise. Back of that there dwelt a woman.

No one spoke to the old mother. I tried to talk to her. She became instantly rigid and remained so until I turned away, embarrassed. As I did so Natalie was looking at me.

"Don't mind gra'ma," she said across the table. "When she wants to talk she will let you know."

I happened to catch the angry look which the grandmother darted at the girl for this polite impertinence. It betrayed an amazing energy of spirit. That old stone house with its breaking lines, dissolving gray textures, and no way in, was still the habitat of an ageless, sultry sibyl. Trespass at your peril!

But youth, possessing itself, is truly impervious. The girl did not mind. She returned the look with a smile, just a little too winsome, as everything about her seemed a little too high in key or color, too extraordinary, too unexpected, or, like the girl in the perfumer's advertisement, a little too dazzling to be true. She had learned how to get what she wanted, and her way of getting it, one could imagine, was all that made life bearable in that household.

Its sky was low and ominous, charged with a sense of psychic stress. I felt two conditions of conflict, one chronic and one acute. The feeling of there being something acute was suddenly deepened when the old mother spoke for the first and only time. Her voice was clear, precise and commanded undivided attention. The question she asked gave me a queer start.

Her Giving Way to Strong Emotion in This Manner Was a Kind of Pagan Revelation. It Did Not in the Least Distort Her Beauty

"What is the price of Great Midwestern to-day?"

"Eight," said Galt amid profound silence.

That was all. Yet it was as if a spark had passed through inflammable gas. The same feeling was deepened further by another incident.

"Coxey," said Galt, addressing me rhetorically, "what one thing has impressed you most in Wall Street?"

"The unbelief of people in themselves, in one another and in what they are doing," I replied.

"What's that? Say it again."

I said it again, whereat he burst forth with shrill, discordant, exulting sounds, beating the china with a spoon and making for one person an incredible uproar. At the same time he looked about him with a high air, especially at his wife, whose expression was perfectly blank. Natalie smiled grimly. The old mother was oblivious.

"I don't see anything in that," I said when the racket subsided.

"There is, though," he said. "You didn't mean to do it, but you hit 'em in the eye that time—square in the eye. Wow!" He was very agreeably excited and got up from the table.

"Come on," he said. "We'll talk in my room."

"I'll send your coffee up," Mrs. Galt called after us as he bore me off.

"This is where I live and play," he said, applying a latchkey to a door at the top of the stairway. He went in first to get the light on, saying, "I don't let anybody in here but Natalie. She can dust it up without touching anything."

The room was a workshop in that state of involved disorder, tools all scattered about, which is sign and measure of the craftsman's engrossment. There was an enormous table piled high at both ends with papers, briefs, maps, charts, blue prints, files, pamphlets and stuffed envelopes. Books were everywhere—on the table, on the chairs, on the floor, many of them open, faces up and faces down, straddled one upon another leapfrog fashion, arranged in series with weights to hold them flat, books sprawling, leaning, prone. Poor's Manual of Railroads, The Financial Chronicle, Statistical Abstract of the United States, Economics of Railroad Construction, History of the Erie Railroad, The Yardmaster's Assistant—such were the titles. Against the right wall to a height of six feet were bookshelves filled with all the contemporary financial and commercial periodicals in bound volumes, almanacs, endless books of statistical reference and the annual reports of various railroad corporations, running back for many years. On top of the shelves was the only decorative thing in the room—a beautiful working model of a locomotive, perfect in every intricate part, mounted in brass and set upon a nickel-plated section of railway.

One could have guessed without seeing him that the occupant of this room was restless, never at physical ease, and worked all over the place, sitting here and there, lying down and walking about. On the left side of the room were a couch and, close beside it at one end, a morris chair, a reading light between them. Both couch and chair showed nervous wear and tear. And beyond the table in the clear space the rug had been paced threadbare.

Most of the available wall area was covered with maps and colored charts. I walked about looking at them. Galt removed his shoes, put on slippers, got into a ragged lounging jacket and threw himself on the couch, where he lay for some time watching me with the air of one who waits only to pop open at the slightest touch in the right place.

"What is this?" I asked, staring at a large map which showed the Great Midwestern in heavy red lines, as I fairly well knew it, but with such ramified extensions in blue lines as to make it look like a gigantic double-ended animal with its body lying across the continent and its tentacles flung wide in the east and west.

"That's crystal gazing," he said.

"It's what?"

"What may be," he said, coming off the couch with a spring.

As he passed the table he snatched up a ruler to point with.

See! There was the Great Midwestern alone—all there was of it—from there to there. It was like a desert bridge from east to west; or, better still, like a strait connecting two vast oceans of freight. It was not so placed as to be able to originate traffic for itself, not profitably, yet that was what it had always been trying to do instead of attending exclusively to its own unique function. Its opportunity was to become the Dardanelles of transcontinental traffic. To realize its destiny it must control traffic at both ends. How? Why, by controlling those railroads east and west that developed and originated freight, as a river gathers water, by a system of branches reaching up to the springs.

And those blue lines, see!—they were those other roads, which the Great Midwestern should control in its own interest.

He turned to a chart ten feet long by four feet deep, hung level with the eyes on the opposite wall. The heavy black line erratically rising and falling against a background of graduated horizontal lines was an accurate profile of the Great Midwestern for the whole of its length—that is, a cross section of the earth showing the configuration of its surface under the G. M. railroad's ties and rails. It was unique, he said.

Never had such a thing been done on this scale before. The purpose was to exhibit the grades in a graphic manner. There were many bad grades, each one like a hole in the pocket. His knowledge was minute.

"Now from here to here," he said, indicating one hundred miles of profile with low grades, "it costs half a cent to move a ton of freight one mile, and that pays. But from here to here"—indicating a sudden rise in the next fifty miles—"it costs three cents a ton a mile, and all the profit made in the preceding one hundred miles is lost on that one grade."

"What can be done about it?" I asked.

"Cut that grade down to 3 per cent," he said, slicing the peak of it through with his ruler, "and freight can be moved at a profit."

"It would take a lot of labor and money, wouldn't it?"

"Well, what of all this unemployment bellyache you and old what's-his-name are writing pieces about?" he retorted. "You say there ain't work enough to go around. I'll show you more work to do on the railroads than all your unemployed together could do in a generation. All right, you say, but then it's the money. The Great Midwestern hasn't got the money to spend on that grade. True. Like all other roads with bad grades it's hard up. But it could borrow the money and earn big dividends on it. Track leveling pays better than gold mining."

"You and Coxey ought to confer," I said. "You are not so far apart. He wants the Government to create work by the simple expedient of borrowing money to build good roads. And here you say the railroads, if they would borrow money to reduce their grades, might employ all the idle labor there is."

He gave me a queer look, as if undecided whether to answer in earnest. "Coxey is technically crazy," he said, "and I'm technically sane. That may be the principal difference. Besides, it isn't the Government's business."

This diversion gave his thoughts a more general character. For three hours he walked about, talking railroads how they had got built so badly in the first place, why so many were bankrupt, errors of policy, capital cost, upkeep, the relative merits of different kinds of equipment, new lines of development, problems of operation. For this was the stuff of his dreams. He devoured it. The idea of a railroad as a means to power filled the whole of his imagination. It was man's most dynamic tool. No one had yet imagined its possibilities. He became romantic. His feeling for a locomotive was such as some men have for horses. The locomotive, he said, suddenly breaking off another thought to let that one through—the locomotive was more wonderful than any automotive thing God had placed on earth. According to the Book of Job, God boasted of the horse. Well, look at it alongside of a locomotive!

He never went back to finish what he was saying when the image of a locomotive interrupted his thought. Instead he became absent and began to look slowly about the room as if he had lost something. I understood what had happened. He was seized with the premonition of an idea. He felt it before he could see it; it had to be helped out of the fog. I made gestures of going, which he accepted.

As we shook hands he became fully present for long enough to say, "I never talk like this to anyone. Just keep that in mind. Good night."

He did not come down with me. He did not come even to the door of his own room. As I closed it I saw his back. He was leaning over the table in a humped posture, his head sideways in his left hand, writing or ciphering rapidly on a sheet of yellow paper. Good for the rest of the night, I thought, as I went down the dimly lighted stairs, got my things and let myself into the vestibule.

The inner door came to behind me with a bang because the outer door was partly open and a strong draft swept through. At the same instant I became aware of a woman's figure in the darkness of the vestibule. She was dry; therefore she could not be just coming in, for a cold rain was falling. And if she had just come out, why hadn't I seen her in the hallway? But why was I obliged to account for her at all? It was unimportant. Probably she had been hesitating to take the plunge into the nasty night. I felt rather silly. First I had been startled and then I had hesitated, and now it was impossible to speak in a natural manner. My impulse was to bolt it in silence. Then to my surprise she moved ahead of me, stood outside and handed me her umbrella. I raised it and held it over her; we descended the steps together.

"I'm going toward Fifth Avenue," I said.

She turned with me in that direction, saying, "I was waiting for you."

"You are Vera?"

"Yes."

"The ferryboat girl," I added.

"The what?"

"Nothing. Go on. Why were you waiting for me?"

She did not answer immediately. We walked in silence to the next light, where she turned and gave me a frankly inquisitive look.

"Oh," she said.

"Oh, what?" said I. "You don't remember me?"

"Nothing," she answered, giving me a second look, glancewise. "Two nothings make it even."

There was an awkward pause. "May I ask you something? You are with the Great Midwestern, in Mr. Valentine's office?"

"Yes."

"I have no one else to ask," she said. "You will be surprised. It is this: Do you think Great Midwestern stock a good investment?"

I was angry and uncomfortable. Why was she asking me? But she wasn't really; she was coming at something else.

"I haven't any opinion," I said, "and that isn't what you mean."

We were now in Fifth Avenue and had stopped in the doorway of a lighted shop to be out of the rain.

She blushed at my answer, and at the same time gave me a look of scrutiny. I had to admire the way she held to her purpose.

"I am very anxious to know what Mr. Valentine's opinion is," she said.

"That's better," I replied. "But why should you want even his opinion? Your father knows more about Great Midwestern than its president, more than any other one person. Why not get his opinion?"

Until that moment she had perfectly disguised a state of anxiety verging upon hysteria. Suddenly her powers of self-repression failed. My reference to her father caused the strings to snap. Her expression changed as if a mask had fallen. The grief muscles all at once relaxed and the pretty frown they had been holding in the forehead disappeared. Her eyes flamed. Her upper lip retracted on one side, showing the canine tooth. Her giving way to strong emotion in this manner was a kind of pagan revelation. It did not in the least distort her beauty, but made it terrible. This, as I learned in time, was the only one of her effects of which she was altogether unconscious

"We know his opinion," she said. "We take it with our food. He is putting everything we have into Great Midwestern stock—his own money, the family's money, mother's, Natalie's, gra'ma's and now mine."

"Without your consent? I don't understand it," I said.

"The money in our family is divided. Each of us has a little. Most of it is from mother's side of the house. My father and gra'ma are trustees of a sum that will come to me from my uncle's estate when I am twenty-one. It is enough to make me independent for life. They are putting that into this stock! Is it a proper investment for trust funds, I ask you?"

I felt I ought not to be listening. Still, I had not encouraged these intimate disclosures, she was old enough to know what she was doing, and, most of all, the information was dramatically interesting. I was obliged to say that by all the rules Great Midwestern stock would not be considered a proper investment for trust funds.

"I've protested," she said. "I've threatened to take steps. Pooh! What can I do? They pay no more attention to me than—that! Neither father nor gra'ma. Mother is neutral. Father says it will make me rich. I don't want to be rich. Besides, he has said that before."

"It may turn out well," I said.

"It isn't as if this were the first time," she continued. "Twice he has had us on the rocks. Twice he has lost all our money, all that he could get his hands on, in the same way, putting it into a railroad that he hoped to get control of or something, and going smash at the end. Once when I was a little girl, and again three years ago. Today on the train I heard two men talking about a receivership for the Great Midwestern, as if it were inevitable. What would that mean?"

"It would be very disagreeable," I said.

"That's almost the same as bankruptcy, isn't it?"

"It is bankruptcy," I said; but I added that rumors just then were very wild in Wall Street and so false in general that the worse they were the less they were heeded, people reacting to them in a disbelieving, contrary manner.

She shook her head doubtfully.

"Are you going to tell me what Mr. Valentine's opinion is?"

"He would not recommend anyone to buy the stock just now," I said. "He makes no secret of seeing darkly."

"The rocks again!" she said. "And no more legacies to save us. Nearly all our rich relatives are already dead."

The realism of youth!

I could not resist the opportunity to ask one question.

"I can understand your case," I said; "but the others—your mother and grandmother—they are not helpless. Why do they hand over their money for these adventures in high finance? Or perhaps they believe in your father's star."

"No more than I believe in it," she replied. "No, it isn't that. They can't help it." She looked at me from afar, through a haze of recollections, and repeated the thought to herself, wondering: "They cannot help it. We cannot say no. Even I cannot say it. What he wants he gets."

She shivered.

"Will you walk back with me, please?"

It was still raining. We walked all the way back in silence. At the step she reached for her umbrella, said thank you and stepped inside. The door closed with a slam. That could have been the draft again, provided the inner door stood open, which seemed very improbable.

What left me furious, gave me once more that hot, humiliated feeling which resulted from our first encounter on the ferryboat, was the same thing again. She had spoken my name, she had solicited a favor, she had employed blandishments, she had exposed the family's closet of horrors, and all the time I might have been a person in a play, a nonexistent giraffe or one of Cleopatra's eunuchs.

VIII

YOU may define a mass delusion; you cannot explain it really. It is a malady of the imagination, incurable by reason. If it does not lead people to self-destruction in a wild dilemma between two symbols of faith it will yield at last to the facts of experience.

(Continued on Page 68)

He Gave Me a Queer Look, as if Undecided Whether to Answer in Earnest

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Flagging Evolution

THOUGH the results of the Washington Conference appear likely to outrun the early expectations of the most optimistic supporters of the arms-limitation idea, there are still many persons of rather more than average intelligence who lose no opportunity to sneer at every effort to insure lasting world peace.

Their sneers are honest. They proceed from the heart. They cannot be convinced that the world moves, for they discern no landmarks with which to compare its successive positions. They are aware that there has been a World War. Some of them can name every major engagement in it; but what they do not yet know is that, historically speaking, the war was a rough-and-tumble world-wide election, and that the world went republican by a landslide. They do not even recall the primaries for this cataclysmic election, for they were held away back in 1649, the year in which Cromwell cut off the head of Charles I and set the whole world wondering about the validity of the divine right of kings.

All supporters of the war-forever idea have one stock argument, and it is so easy to memorize that it has attained wide currency. Brevity, the soul of wit, is its most praiseworthy characteristic:

"Man was created a fighting animal, and you can't change human nature!"

Conclusive and mouth-filling as the assertion sounds, its truth will not withstand the simplest tests. Consider, for example, the attitude of society toward the oppressed, the sick and the destitute, and compare it with that which existed in the Middle Ages. Compare our modern standards of national and official morality with those of five hundred years ago, and even though the lapses of the war be charged against our account, the result is still in our favor. Or let us consider the most benevolent and doting grandfather of our acquaintance. He is the incarnation of gentleness, mellowness and good humor. Fifty years ago he was a rowdy lad of ten, possessed of all the worst traits of a child of the Stone Age. He was cruel and revengeful. His sense of low cunning was highly developed. He tormented playmates and animals alike. He delighted in the pain of others. And yet a short half century has altered many of his tendencies and impulses as greatly as it has heightened his faculties of mind and body.

Education by precept and example, by reward and punishment, was the force that molded and transmogrified this nursling of the Stone Age into a grown man abreast of his own generation and prevented his developing into a human anachronism worthy of a place of honor in a museum of anthropology or of a cell in a penitentiary.

There is no valid reason why society may not be educated along much the same lines as those that are followed in rearing most of its units. Lord Bryce, in his Williamstown lectures, pointed out the possibilities of such betterment through the influence of a higher type of political leader than that with which we are now content; and more recently Mr. Alleyne Ireland proposed to a learned society, in further pursuit of the same thought, the idea of educational eugenics calculated to turn out a finer and more intelligent breed of public men than those to whom the world has lately trusted its destinies.

Two thousand years ago Nature had produced minds quite as lofty and intellects quite as vigorous as any we can point to to-day. During the last twenty centuries she has done comparatively little in the way of improving the human body; and yet the social evolution of the race has proceeded more swiftly than ever before.

Dr. Edwin Grant Conklin, a professor at Princeton University and one of the foremost of living biologists, has lately published a thoughtful and clearly written little book entitled The Direction of Human Evolution that throws welcome light upon some of these matters. What Professor Conklin has to say is particularly worth considering, because he is neither militarist nor pacifist, reactionary nor sentimentalist, but a keen and patient student of the life sciences who surveys man as a living organism:

> The fundamental instincts of all types of men are so essentially similar that all may, and often do, live together harmoniously; and the coöperation of all types of men in organized society is so much a matter of education and environment that it has been demonstrated again and again, and nowhere better than in this country, that persons of the most distinct races may have the same social ideals and may coöperate in mutual helpfulness in the realization of those ideals. . . .
>
> As race antagonisms are generally the result of bad education, so they may be overcome by good training. Hope for the peace and progress of the world must rest largely upon the general cultivation of a spirit of tolerance and sympathy for other groups than our own, a realization of the fact that good as well as bad qualities are found in all classes, nations and races, and a spirit of justice that is willing to recognize and reward good qualities wherever they may be found. . . . Progress is often slow and there are many back currents, but the long view of social evolution and of human history justifies the hope that there will come a time when altruism will be stronger than selfishness, and democratic fraternity than national and class hostility.

Human evolution is forever moving onward, and it will not stop, like a trolley car, at the beck of the militarists.

Are You a Genius?

GOOD resolutions will be thicker for the next few days than falling leaves in November. Most of them will spring from some sort of personal stock taking, some self-analysis and self-appraisal that has revealed weakness of character or conduct or policy that is frankly recognized as a real handicap in the struggle for existence.

There is no commoner kind of good resolution than those that men adopt because they think they will help them to get on in the world. They measure their own progress by that of more successful men around them. They compare weakness with strength; they uncover their own deficiencies and determine to remedy them. In this they are right; and yet as a rule they make too little of their own possibilities and too much of the more brilliant man's talent.

Everyone envies the genius, but few give him credit for the methods he employs to bring his gifts into fruitfulness. Men have much to say about the great one's natural aptitude and inherited talent, but very little about his industry and application. And yet, if the truth were known, it is probably a fact that the preëminent leaders in the arts, sciences and professions actually work harder than the average man of mediocre capacity. The latter performs his appointed tasks faithfully enough, but with no very exacting imagination, while genius is forever making work for itself over and above that which common men find to be done. Talent tells, but that talent is forced to work under whip and spur. Indolence, too, has its rare triumphs; but for every lazy genius in the world there are ten men of less considerable gifts who by sheer hard work raise themselves to commanding positions.

Some art students were once regarding with critical eyes a picture of a dancing girl by Mr. John Singer Sargent. They remarked with admiration that the heel of one of the dancer's slippers, though put in with extraordinary dash and vigor and at the same time with unerring accuracy, had required but three swift strokes of the master's brush. One of the youngsters afterward recalled the fact to the great man's memory. "You are right," said Mr. Sargent; "but," he added modestly, "I don't mind confessing that before I taught myself to do it in three strokes I had to paint that heel just thirty-two times."

This episode was characteristic of genius. Mr. Sargent has most unusual talent; and yet it is not so all-powerful that he is content to trust to its unsupported efforts. He, and men like him, are always ready to labor just as painstakingly as if they had no genius. Their natural aptitudes are of great assistance to them; but their main reliance is upon their willingness to work as hard as or harder than their less gifted fellow craftsmen.

The same fact applies with equal truth to the great men in law, medicine, science, music, sculpture, architecture and even in business. Wherever genius exists it is seen addressing its tasks with a curious sort of humility. It is not only unashamed when it is discovered bestowing incredible care upon the smallest details but it refuses to recognize anything as a detail, for every element of the work in hand must contribute its own proper share to the excellent authority of the finished whole. A scamped slipper heel is no fitting neighbor for lifelike lips or for perfectly painted hands.

It is the same in the law. His Honor on the bench hands down his decisions backed by the whole force of the state, and uninformed critics are too apt to think that his attitude is that of one who declares a little arbitrarily that "this is the law because I say so." And yet it is a well-known fact that many of our most learned jurists are so careful and painstaking that it is no uncommon thing for them to write and rewrite a decision three or four times and then revise five or six rough drafts before the fair copy is ready to go to the printer.

Turning to science, one of our leading biologists thought it worth while to spend many months, or perhaps years, in determining the life span of the members of various groups of banana flies, just because this information happens to have a certain bearing upon one phase of human heredity. A sculptor modeling a military figure lately had his servant spend weeks scouring the secondhand shops in search of a pair of well-worn cavalry boots whose wrinkles were perfectly suited to the requirements of his composition. A surgeon who made an international reputation while still in his early thirties was asked how he had managed to go so far in such a short time. "Because," he replied, "I have always made a point of trying to get the difficult work and let the other fellows handle the easy cases."

Fortunately for the uninspired plodders, the world judges both genius and mediocrity by results alone. It neither asks nor cares how much toil, time and study was put into a given piece of work, or whether it was done easily or arduously. We praise Robert Louis Stevenson not because he would sometimes spend a whole afternoon quarrying the language for the right adjective, but because his methods of work, of which this was an incident, produced the results that we find in his books.

These considerations suggest a New Year's resolution that we respectfully submit to every young man who feels that he is less effective than he might be, that his achievements somehow fall short of his abilities. Let all such say to themselves: "I was not born a genius; but I hereby resolve to work as hard as if I were a genius."

The Preacher in his wisdom put the thought more pithily: "If the iron be blunt . . . then must he put to more strength." But it should not be forgotten that though genius works with a sharp iron it puts to as much strength as if it were dull.

The Young Man in Journalism

How News is Gathered and Prepared for the Reader

By CHESTER S. LORD

THE young man just beginning a newspaper career gets a violent shock almost immediately. He discovers that someone is revising his articles, changing his words, shortening his sentences, omitting entire paragraphs. It gives him much concern.

It gave me anxiety the first day I began in New York. I had reported for work to Amos Cummings, the managing editor, and he took me to William Young, the city editor, with the cheerful introduction: "Bill, here's that young fellow from Oswego I was telling you about. Put him through."

Young nodded at me and said "What's yer name?" and, having been informed, gave me a slip cut from The Sun of that morning which told of a corner in old whisky that had developed in Louisville, and directed me to go out and get something about it, adding that probably I would find that Old Grant—meaning Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, then President of the United States—was at the bottom of the corner or had something to do with it. The Sun was criticizing Grant in those days and the whisky ring was supposed to include members of the Grant Administration.

So I started out on my first assignment. It was my first visit to New York, and I didn't know where to go for information about the whisky episode and I wandered about the streets rather aimlessly for a time wondering how to tackle the job. And I continued to walk, much interested, meantime, in the strange sights of the city, until I brought up on the river front somewhere near Fulton Ferry. I had never seen such shipping, and I wandered out to the end of a pier and sat down on the stringpiece and watched the ferryboats and the tugs and the other craft—and I reasoned that the place opposite must be Brooklyn, the home of Henry Ward Beecher, who gave the city its chief fame in those days. I sat there a long time, alternately interested in the new sights and in contemplation of the whisky problem. Then I wandered back to the heart of the city and for a time watched them working on the foundations of the new post-office building, soon to be known as Mullett's monstrosity, and which they are now talking about tearing down. Then I hunted out a wholesale liquor store and was surprised to learn that really there wasn't much old whisky to be had, for the whisky ring had corralled it all. I went back to the office and wrote a piece which was chiefly a warning against the evils of intemperance coupled with the hope that the present corner might prove a benefit to the cause by making whisky scarce.

The city editor read it and said it wouldn't do. "We don't want a sermon or an essay on rum drinking," he said. "Just write what the liquor dealers told you."

A Dig at General Grant

SO I THEN wrote another piece of about a half-column length, and the city editor read it, shook his head, picked up his pen and added a few words to it and then said that was all required of me for that day. This is what appeared next morning:

A Sun reporter interviewed several leading liquor dealers yesterday concerning the dispatch from Louisville saying that all the old whisky in the country had been purchased by a Western firm for a rise. They said they had sold their accumulated stock of prime whisky months ago. One firm, the largest in the city, had sold two thousand barrels stored since 1858.

And what Bill Young had added was:

One shrewd dealer said it was reported that Grant was in the ring, and that he wanted to secure a supply to fall back on in his retirement.

It was obvious to me that I had much to learn if I was to succeed in New York. As I continued to write news reports the same cutting of my articles went on. I seemed to write three or four times too much. Seriously concerned, I spoke to Amos Cummings, the managing editor, about it.

"Oh, don't mind that," replied Amos with a grin. "Everybody's stuff is cut. The Old Man"—meaning Mr. Dana—"cuts the insides out of the editorials the fellows write for him. You have come down from a country newspaper where they string everything out. Just study to be concise. Keep a copy of what you write and compare it with what's printed and you will see why it is cut."

What Cummings said about Dana was partly true. He riddled some of the matter submitted to him with marvelous skill. I recall his removing a section from an editorial article written by Mayo W. Hazeltine, who had the finest of reputations as an editorial writer and a critic. "Hazeltine is too conscientious," said the chief; "he takes things too seriously; he has made this more important than it deserves."

Dana revised his own articles with great care. His practice was to dictate to his stenographer and make the first changes in the original manuscript. Then came the proof-sheet revision, which usually was very severe, and after that revision of the revised proof sheets, sometimes for days in succession. Hazeltine also made many proof-sheet changes, but usually they were changes in words only, not in the reconstruction of sentences.

At length they gave me a murder case to report. In a row over a business transaction a man had shot another man over on the West Side. Neither was

THE LIFELINE

at all known to the public. I wrote a column about it. If it had happened in Oswego, where I began newspaper work, I would have written three columns, probably, for the local newspaper. The Sun printed about one-sixth of what I wrote.

I had not learned that there is no such thing in New York or Philadelphia or Chicago as local news—that is, that happenings of considerable importance are not printed simply because they happened in New York. They must possess enough interest in themselves to interest a large number of readers, must be just as interesting to outsiders as to New Yorkers. Scores of big societies give annual banquets with three hours of oratory, and reporters listen to every word, but unless something important or highly interesting is said the newspapers print not a word. An ordinary murder or suicide or elopement or the celebration of a golden wedding, even though it may have happened in the next block to where he lives, does not interest a New Yorker any more than if it had happened in Boston or Buffalo. He does not know the persons involved. The newspapers make very little of the event unless it possesses some dramatic or unusual features.

In New York City there are two hundred and fifty to three hundred homicides every year, and not half of them are even mentioned by the newspapers. The details of every one are known in every newspaper office, but nothing is printed because they possess no feature of general public interest. Now had the big banquet or the murders or the other things happened in a small town the editor would have printed columns, for the very good reason that in smaller communities everybody knows everybody else and all are interested in one another. Everybody who attended the banquet would be especially interested in the account of it, for people like to read about things in which they themselves participate.

This experience of mine in making slow progress at first is quite common to beginners.

Arthur Brisbane begun his newspaper experience as a reporter on The Sun staff when a very young man fresh from his college studies. He sat around for weeks without attracting attention, getting what he did write cut to small proportions and giving no promise of the genius within him.

And then of a sudden the spirit and the understanding of the business came to him and he blazed out into a brilliancy of written words and a comprehension of what to write and how to write it that made his associates gasp in admiration; and he went on to supreme success.

Julian Ralph's Achievement

JULIAN RALPH came down to New York from a little Massachusetts town and for months he floundered around trying to do the simplest of routine news reports. It was a long time before he got going but eventually he became one of the best reporters the city ever saw, and afterward a successful writer of fiction. He did the astonishing reportorial feat of writing with his pen—there were no typewriting machines then—between seven o'clock in the evening and the hour of going to press the entire seven columns of The Sun's first-page account of the funeral of General Grant, which was printed in lean nonpareil type, nineteen hundred words to the column.

David Graham Phillips was even more unpromising in his early reporting days. He abhorred the drudgery of search for commonplace facts and the unpleasantness of prying into other people's business. But he became a fine reporter before he switched into brilliant fiction.

Edward G. Riggs came from a newspaper family. His father was a journalist. Eddie always had newspaper sense in abundance and he always did acceptable newspaper work, although at first it attracted no considerable attention. But he came to the front with a rush and a dash when he began to write politics. He developed a wonderful facility for winning the confidence and the esteem of public men. They told him their political secrets without stint. They explained and expounded and prophesied to him. From city politics he worked into state and then into national politics, and he enjoyed the confidence of the leaders of all parties. He came to know as much about the contemporaneous politics of this country perhaps as did any other person. Not any other newspaper man knew so many public men or was better qualified to write on political topics. He was of inestimable service to the newspaper.

There were no schools of journalism in those days and the only way to learn the business was by experience and voluntary study. It was constant study that made Greeley and Dana the great journalists that they were. Neither wasted a minute. If at the close of the day's work Dana's final proof sheet was promised to him in seven minutes he drew from the little revolving bookrack on his desk a copy of the Greek Testament and utilized the seven minutes by reading it. With him study was the key to every problem. Never was a question of fact raised but he joined in the search for the truth of it in the most enthusiastic manner. His zeal and his interest were a source of tremendous inspiration to the entire staff.

When in 1880 he asked me to be the managing editor of The Sun the answer was: "Mr. Dana, I do not know enough to be your managing editor."

"What do you mean by that?" was his question.

"I mean that the managing editor of your newspaper should have wide, extensive general information. I know very little about politics or finance or music or art, for instance. A managing editor should have expert knowledge of them."

"What is the objection to your devoting a little time each day to the study of these things in which you feel yourself deficient?" was Mr. Dana's calm reply. "I did not know so much about them, myself, when I came to the city as I do to-day."

I now appreciate that whatever progress I ever made in the business came from this suggestion, and I feel like passing it along to the young man who aspires to newspaper honors. How true it is that to achieve you must study to the limit of your resources; you must think to the limit of your intelligence; you must strive to the limit of your endurance—then you have done your best, and that marks the measure of your success.

My articles on the whisky ring and the unimportant murder had been carved by that exceedingly useful staff lieutenant, the copy reader.

The Art of Condensation

ALL newspaper copy is revised. Very little news or general matter is printed as written originally. It undergoes editing by copy readers, of whom there are twelve to twenty in the big city offices. The editorial articles are revised by the editor in chief. Other copy for the editorial page—letters to the editor, communications, verse, comments from other newspapers and the like—is prepared by his assistants. Editing copy means preparing it for the compositor, putting it in the exact language in which it is to be printed.

Systematic, careful revision of all copy is necessary not alone to correct error of fact, of judgment, of good taste, but also to regulate the volume of matter. The notion that newspapers print articles just to fill up is as absurd as the intimation that they print anything they can get. Every newspaper of any account receives daily double to four times as much news matter as can be crowded into its columns. The news value of each article or paragraph must have quick, alert consideration. If the reporter has written half a column about an event that is worth twenty lines only of newspaper space the report must be reduced to twenty lines. If an unusual rush of news or advertising compels the order to cut everything rigidly it is reduced to ten lines. Just what to print and what to omit are burning questions, and the quality of judgment exercised in the decision largely measures the copy reader's ability.

The men who revise news copy for morning editions get to work at six o'clock. For convenience they group around large tables, those handling telegraph matter at one desk, the readers of city copy at another, the sporting-department workers at a third, while at other desks are the cable editors, the financial and commercial and the real-estate men. It is of advantage to have as many as possible of these desks in one room.

The Sun was a four-page sheet of seven columns to the page during the first eighteen years of Mr. Dana's editorship. He filled the editorial page with articles and miscellaneous matter and preferred that it be not profaned with news reports. Three pages remained for advertisements, market reports and everything else; with result that all the news of the day had to be put in about ten columns—a condition that compelled the most rigid condensation. It was in this work that the genius of Dr. John B. Wood won for him the title of The Great American Condensor and gave to The Sun the reputation of being the closest-edited newspaper of the time. Wood was a printer and a copy reader of the Tribune while Dana was managing editor of that sheet, and Dana made him night editor of The Sun. For years every line of news copy passed through Wood's hands after it had been sifted first by the regular copy readers. He had a wonderful knack for condensation, and he prided himself on his grammar and on his knowledge of the use of words. He swore by all that was said in Richard Grant White's work on Words and Their Uses and in Goould's Good English, and there was with him no appeal from their decision. The Sun never had a printed list of "don'ts" or an "index expurgatorius" but the writers of news reports soon were wise to the fact that White and Goould were authority with Wood. Dana was very fond of Wood and encouraged his enthusiasm, and Wood adored Dana; but the chief now and then reproved his night editor for his hidebound admiration of White. Dana did not agree with everything White wrote. Wood became partly blind latterly and he used to correct manuscript by having it read to him by the writer or by an attendant reader. This process was of great usefulness to the reporter. The reporter might write, for instance:

"The senator's next move was to make a journey to Washington for the purpose of having an interview with the President."

"Make it read," said Wood, "'The senator then went to Washington to see the President.'"

Or the reader might say: "The man replied in a weak, stammering way."

"Make it 'The man faltered,'" said Wood.

Or the boy might read: "They remained till midnight."

"Until midnight," said Wood. "'Till' in poetry and 'until' in prose; always 'until' in prose is the rule."

After he had thus revised the news of the night Wood went to the composing room to make up the paper. He had a genius for typographical neatness. He was the first editor to make newspaper headlines symmetrical. He tinkered and fussed with the headings until all on the first page were uniform and the page was made up with mathematical neatness. He abhorred a ragged line and always edited out a single word ending a paragraph when that word broke over to make one word only in the final line.

Quite different was the practice of an editorial writer on the same newspaper who was paid space rates for his articles, amounting to about forty cents a line. He used to get a proof sheet under pretense of making author's corrections and insert enough words at the end of each paragraph to make it break over and make another line; each break over netted him an additional forty cents.

Wood was entirely responsible for the neat typographical appearance of The Sun. He had time in which to fuss with it, for the newspapers did not go to press until four o'clock in the morning in those days. There were no early newspaper trains. It was possible to revise the entire sheet with care before the printing began.

Wood's marvels of condensation attracted much attention in the newspaper world of forty years ago. He was the pioneer in the attempt to reduce the flabby productions of raw reporters to concise, cold facts. But his editing savored a bit of the mechanical, for his chief purpose was to reduce to the fewest possible words, and sometimes this was done at the expense of fact and flavor. It became almost a mania with him, and he was criticized sometimes for reducing matter to much less than its news value.

Clarke's Feats of Memory

WOOD retired before The Sun was enlarged from four pages, and for more than twenty-five years thereafter the chief burden of news revision fell on Selah Merrill Clarke. I think that every old New York newspaper man will agree with me that Clarke was the finest news editor of his time. He had acute news sense, an inspired appreciation of news value, a genius for knowing what to print. He was intensely interested in his work; had just as much interest in the article he was revising as though he were its author seeking to improve it. By injecting a word here and a phrase there he took the punk out of a sodden article and illuminated it with the sparkle of scholarly wit. He possessed to a degree that rare art of composition—the describing of joyous events with joyous words and melancholy happenings in the language of gloom. He injected glee and gladness; he adorned and vivified. He did more to make The Sun's news columns bright and quick and hilarious than any other man.

Prescott Hall Butler, of the law firm of Evarts, Choate & Beaman, died in December, 1901. Clarke asked one of the boys to write the obituary, and his conversation ran: "Look this up in the files in the fall of 1889 or 1888—about October, when the courts open. Butler had a celebrated case involving a Hindu—no, I'm wrong, it was a Parsee merchant named Boramjah Boomjah Colah or some such name as that. That's pretty close to it and I'm sure the last name was Colah. It involved a big estate and Butler was counsel for the widow. It was one of his biggest cases and ought to be mentioned in his obit., but probably it isn't under his name in the morgue."

Sure enough there was the case in the 1889 file. Butler was counsel for the widow, as he had said, and the dead man had been a Parsee and not a Hindu. Also the man's last name was Colah and the first two names were Bomajee Byramjee, which was close. Clarke constantly was remembering and identifying all sorts of persons with news stories of ten to twenty years before—that this man was a juror in the Beecher trial; that some other man was a Democrat ten years ago and had flopped; that such and such a trial wasn't in 1887, it was in 1886; and so on. He was everlastingly right in that wonderful memory of his.

How to handle the great volume of matter that pours into the office gives the managing editor much concern. It must be done with a minimum of confusion, for confusion surely creates error and disarranges system. The edition must be put to press on the instant, and always the news pages are closed at the last moment, under great stress, with all hands in a rush. The work is well systematized, but no system has yet been invented that can anticipate or provide for the unexpected event that so frequently upsets newspaper offices.

In normal times the managing editor directs how the articles of considerable importance are to be treated, and likewise the city editor instructs his men how and to what length they are to write their articles; and the size and the

(Continued on Page 24)

I am the skipper of this little clipper
She's a queen of the ice boat fleet
Her name is a winner on ice or at dinner
It stands for the soup we all eat

Off to a good start!

New Year—new cheer! Greet 1922 with a smile and decide right now to make it the biggest, happiest, healthiest year in your life. Good, hot, nourishing soup eaten regularly every day will keep your appetite keen, put the glow of health in your cheeks and a spring in your footsteps.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

is a lively start to any dinner or luncheon, with all the spicy, tonic flavor of pure tomato juices enriched with golden creamery butter, snow-white granulated sugar, dainty herbs and piquant seasoning. Just what good soup should be—a delight in itself and a spur to the appetite.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Blushing Bunny

Pour contents of one can Campbell's Tomato Soup into chafing dish or double boiler. When hot add one pound cheese cut into cubes or small pieces. Cook until cheese is thoroughly melted and mixed with Soup. Add paprika to taste and one egg slightly beaten. Stir well a few minutes and serve hot on crackers or toast.

Campbells' SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

quality of the edition may be planned and carried to conclusion with comparative comfort if nothing unforeseen happens. But not infrequently big news breaks out unexpectedly, which upsets all calculations and compels a recast of all plans. It is the unexpected that drives the news editors frantic and adds to their labors and creates confusion and chaos in spite of everything. Let us recall the attempt to assassinate Roosevelt in illustration.

Things were proceeding peacefully in the newspaper office on that evening in October, 1912, when, about nine o'clock, a telegraph flash came from Milwaukee: "Theodore Roosevelt has been shot and killed by a crazy man."

Here was the biggest news for many a day. Roosevelt was perhaps the nation's most spectacular citizen. He had been our President. He was known throughout the world. He was running for the presidency as an independent candidate against Wilson and Taft. He had split the Republican Party. The election was only a few days away. The political consequences of his death were stupendous.

It is quite impossible to describe what followed in the newspaper workroom. The managing editor began dictating telegraph orders.

To the Milwaukee correspondent he said: "Wire with all haste every word you can get about Roosevelt's visit, what he has said and done since his arrival, every possible detail of the shooting, full description and history of the assassin, where he has lived so we can run him down. Send every word he utters. Hire a dozen men to help. You can't wire too much."

To the Washington correspondent: "Wire 1500 words Roosevelt's chief acts as President, 1000 on his personal popularity and social life. Interview everybody effect of his death on the election. Get White House comment. Wire 1000 general effect of the news. You can't send too much."

To the Chicago correspondent: "Hurry to Milwaukee. Take two or three men with you. Find our man in the Sentinel office. Hire a special train if necessary. Hire someone to get all he can get out of the Chicago newspaper offices."

Keeping Up With the Colonel

Having wired a dozen or so such telegrams to other parts of the country, the managing editor summoned the city editor and to him said: "Get your entire staff here, the men who are off to-day and all the emergency men. Put on three or four more copy readers. Send for Ed. Hill or Frank O'Malley to write the introduction. Find out where Mrs. Roosevelt is and have a man stay right by her; also the rest of the colonel's family. Have four or five columns of his obituary prepared. Have interviews with a lot of prominent New York men and politicians of both parties. Get Eddie Riggs here to dictate a column on the effect on the political campaign, and also a column of Roosevelt's reasons for running as an independent candidate; he can talk it off in a jiffy. Send to the hotels and theaters. Don't forget a big portrait of Roosevelt—better have a picture of the entire Roosevelt family and the Oyster Bay home. Keep everybody here until three o'clock."

To the night editor: "The editorial page is full of campaign stuff. Have someone go through every line of it and cut out everything intended to influence a voter against Roosevelt—everything that could be thought unseemly. You will have to leave out two or three of the articles and some of the letters to the editor. Find another editorial or two on the standing galleys that will do. Get the full force into the composing room. Tell the stereotype men there will be no end of editions all night long—they will want full force. Tell the pressroom men too; the circulation will be double. Be sure to look out for any slur on Roosevelt. You must get the mail edition off on time. We can't afford to miss a mail to-night."

The above indicates a part—and only a small part—of the preparations made for an edition announcing Colonel Roosevelt's death by assassination. Within fifteen minutes enough matter had been ordered to fill five or six newspaper pages. The entire news staff jumped into the work.

The machinery for that edition began to move promptly in the lines indicated. But in half an hour came this wire from Milwaukee: "Colonel Roosevelt is not dead, but has been shot near the heart. Surgeons are making examination."

And through some delay or inefficiency or other unexplained cause not another word came from Milwaukee for an hour and a half.

With this second announcement it was necessary to change the plan of the edition to conform to the situation that the colonel was not dead but possibly mortally wounded. In the hour and a half of suspense thousands of words came pouring in to the copy readers, all written under belief that the assault had resulted in death, and all had to be edited to fit the new situation.

Then came word that the colonel had not been seriously hurt—slightly wounded only—and that he had started for Chicago!

It was now nearly midnight and a complete overhauling of the paper was necessary. A new set of instructions had to be sent to everybody. Everything had to be reëdited. What was practically a new edition must be made with mighty little time in which to make it.

Coney Island in the Seventies

As it was, the newspapers printed three to five pages of matter about the attempted assassination, but they killed many columns relating to the colonel's life, the effect of the supposed death on the campaign, appreciations by public men, and so on. The writers and copy readers were reminded that the colonel was still a candidate, and that a new issue had been injected into the campaign—that of martyrdom. "Better minimize the martyrdom business," was the suggestion, for the sheet was opposing Roosevelt's candidacy.

The copy readers did a tremendous excess of emergency work that night that went for nothing; so did the correspondents, the reporters, the printers, the telegraph operators, the directing editors—everybody who had to do with getting out the edition.

My first important work for The Sun was to write of the big labor strikes in the spring of 1872. The carpenters started a movement by demanding an eight-hour day and a $3.50 wage. They were joined by other trades and the movement grew until half the labor organizations of the city were in it. For nine weeks I reported strikes. It is a fine thing for a young newspaper man to write so long on a single topic. It compels thorough study of the subject, makes him office authority on it. All through the subsequent long years of newspaper service my knowledge of trades-unions, labor problems, strikes and settlements gained in this nine weeks was of great usefulness. So far as I know this strike was the beginning of the eight-hour agitation that has been going on ever since. This particular movement went to flinders when the labor agitators approached the managers of the presidential campaign of 1872. The laboring men suspected their leaders of selling them out and they resumed work.

On Independence Day of that year I was sent to describe the Fourth of July on Coney Island. The Island was almost as barren as Sahara. At Norton's Point, the extreme western part, where now the exclusive community of Sea Gate excludes strangers from its sacred sands, were three or four bath pavilions and as many oyster and clam counters, but there was not a single building from the Point to the spot east where the Brighton Beach Hotel was subsequently erected. Just there, in 1872, was a group of bath houses and eating booths. The only way to get there was to land at Norton's Point from a steamboat and walk along the deserted beach, or go from Brooklyn by the Smith Street line of cars, drawn by horses, the only railroad track leading to the Island. There were then no buildings to the east of the street-car terminus. A few thousand persons only were on the beach that day, but the place swarmed with three-card-monte men, who had little tables fixed on a single-leg peg that was thrust in the sand. They seemed to do a good business all day, but just at nightfall Inspector Foulke, of Brooklyn, appeared with a squad of policemen and put the card men to flight. Half a million people flock to Coney Island on holidays nowadays. The entire beach is covered with buildings.

Of great interest to me as a youngster fresh from the country was a reception that I was called on to describe, given by Pauline Lucca the opera singer, to a band of eight or ten Sioux Indians who had come on to Washington to bewail their wrongs. Lucca was the first prima donna to sing Carmen in New York. Max Maretzek and Jarrett, the manager, assisted her, and Colonel J. O'Connor, the government agent, bossed the braves. The chiefs were in their gaudiest costumes and smeared with paint. All carried great eagle wings as fans. Mad Bear was the most striking dandy. He wore a modern hat with a big feather thrust into the crown and falling over his eyes, a blue waistcoat spangled with glass beads and a red jacket also trimmed with beads. His trousers were studded with ornaments. Four gaudy scarfs were entwined around his shoulders and waist, and fringe hung from his arms. He was painted light red and brown. One by one the Sioux were introduced.

"This is Running Antelope," said Colonel O'Connor.

"How!" said Running Antelope, squeezing Lucca's hand until she winced.

"How!" said the pretty Lucca, imitating the Indian as closely as possible and breaking into a laugh. "Isn't it funny?" she said to Mr. Jarrett.

Colonel O'Connor told them to be seated. They tried the chairs, but one by one slid down to the floor and squatted as in their wigwams, and then they shuffled together forming a circle. Waiters brought champagne. Two Bears was served first. Without waiting an instant he gulped it down at a single swallow and grunted; the others did the same and jabbered.

"They never drank champagne before," said Colonel O'Connor. "They like it very much."

"Won't they sing?" said Lucca; and after a lot of preliminary groans and grunts they did "sing." Between the verses they cleared their throats and spat on Lucca's luxurious carpet.

Lucca looked on them with amazement and with glee. Then she sang the Jewel Song from Faust, and their entire demeanor changed to that of awe and superstitious fear. One of them jumped up and peered into her face. Another swayed his body like a camp-meeting colored leader and emitted a series of mournful squeals. Then they filed out, each one squeezing Lucca's hand and saying "How!" and Lucca answered "How!" They gave a great whoop as their coach rolled away.

The summer and early autumn found me writing about the Grant-Greeley campaign, following Greeley to his lectures and speeches, and reporting political meetings, but for the most part getting the news at the political headquarters of both parties. Greeley was a frequent visitor at the Liberal Republican headquarters, but he did not tarry long there. He made a few campaign speeches in New England and the Middle West. He continued to perform his usual routine work and duties, same as though he was not a candidate. Soon after his nomination, for instance, he walked into a regular meeting of the Liberal Club, of which he was president, and presided as usual, much to the astonishment of the members, who had not expected him.

The Beecher Trial

Someone asked him how he felt about his nomination.

"Feel about it?" answered the sage. "Why, bless you, I always have said that I would not decline if nominated on a proper platform by that or any other convention. I know what is coming, but I have a tough hide and can stand any abuse that can be heaped on me. I mean to do my duty."

He went to Doctor Chapin's church as usual, but I am afraid he was not very devout, for one Sunday morning during the campaign he leaned forward with bowed head in worshipful attitude during the prayer and again during the reading of the Scriptures and, fishing out from his large pockets a handful of newspaper cuttings, proceeded to read them. His pockets were stuffed always with newspaper clippings and pages from periodicals. On this particular morning in Doctor Chapin's church a man sitting directly behind the Sage of Chappaqua observed a long white hair that evidently had originated in the tail of a horse clinging to the back of Greeley's coat. The man deftly removed the hair, twisted it around his finger into a compact coil and deposited it in his waistcoat pocket.

It was a one-sided campaign. There never was any real enthusiasm for Greeley either by the Liberal Republicans, who nominated him, or the Democrats, who indorsed the nomination and made him their candidate. General Grant had led our armies to victory and he was a popular hero; Greeley had fought for principles only with his pen, not with the sword. The victory for Grant was overwhelming.

My own experience as a copy reader on The Sun for five years was of great usefulness to me. Careful editing of copy fixes the subject matter of the copy almost as securely in memory as though you had written the original. Those five years, 1873–77, bustled with events of no shallow importance. They included the final overthrow of the Tweed ring and the imprisonment of Tweed himself; the second term of Grant as President; the annihilation of the canal ring by Governor Samuel J. Tilden; and the famous election of 1876 with its electoral commission that declared Hayes elected over Tilden; the final trial of Stokes for the murder of Jim Fisk; the explosion of the Beecher scandal and the trial of the Beecher-Tilton suit.

I revised more or less of the copy for these events. The people in the office had an erroneous notion that I knew something about politics, and political news was flung on my desk.

The severest task, however, was the editing of the Beecher trial. The scandal had been whispered about for months before Victoria C. Woodhull and Tennessee Claflin printed its details in their Wall Street publication. Then the other newspapers took it up. Politics, religion and society became involved in the issue of the Plymouth pastor's guilt or innocence, and the controversy raged for nearly a year before the great trial began. The public became greatly excited and the testimony was anticipated with feverish interest.

The newspapers made great preparations. The Tribune announced that it would print every word of the testimony, and it did. Its introductions and explanatory matter were written by Arthur Bowers, the city editor, and Garrett P. Serviss, who has since turned astronomer and lecturer.

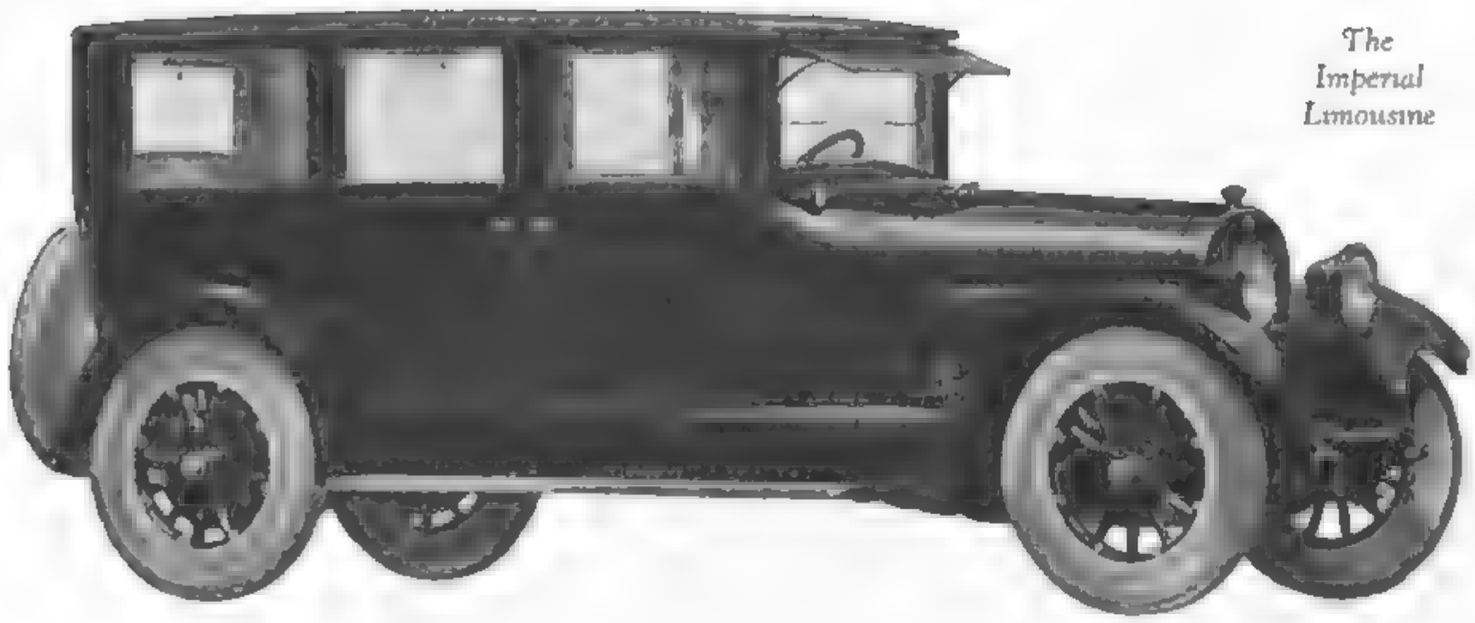
The Desk Men's Work

The Sun employed James E. Munson, well known in those days as the author of a system of stenography, to furnish a verbatim report of the testimony. Munson took every word, sending a bundle of notes at the end of each hour, to be transcribed in his office, and the entire report was on my desk by seven o'clock each night. Franklin Fyles, who afterward was dramatic critic of The Sun for years and who was the author of The Girl I Left Behind Me, wrote the introduction and general description in the trial reports.

My part of the performance was to sift out of this mass, which if printed in full would fill perhaps eighteen or twenty columns, whatever was thought to be interesting or important, and edit it into a running story of the day's session. Some days we printed a column, other days ten columns, nearly exhausting all the space available for news; for The Sun was then a four-page sheet. The trial lasted six months—January to July, 1875—and resulted in jury disagreement. I do not recall a trial in which the public was so deeply interested. The clamor to enter the courtroom was riotous. Everybody wanted to attend at least one session. Lawyers and clergymen and people came from afar. Special writers from every part of the country awaited their turn to be admitted. Beecher had been the most conspicuous American clergyman, had pleaded the cause of the North in Europe as well as in America in our great Civil War. His reputation was world-wide.

From reporting to copy reading is a natural step in the progress of the young man in journalism. Copy reading has the advantage of fixed hours, of permanent salary, of a minimum of emergency or extra work, and of permitting daily a few hours of recreation or study. It has the disadvantage of being routine work not especially interesting or inspiring, without pecuniary reward of importance—salaries are from forty to sixty-five dollars a week in big newspaper offices and as low as twenty-five dollars in small ones—and of having the attendant danger of getting a man in a rut. Every office has its veteran copy readers who for years have been content to do this work. To perform the service acceptably requires absorbing attention, unceasing vigil, a familiarity with current events, accurate judgment as to the news value of

(Continued on Page 26)



The Imperial Limousine

CADILLAC

It is particularly for the present or prospective owner of a chauffeured car, that the Type 61 Limousine holds strong and especial interest.

The qualities which have commanded for the Cadillac the high respect and regard of Europe, as well as America, are still further enhanced in this luxurious vehicle.

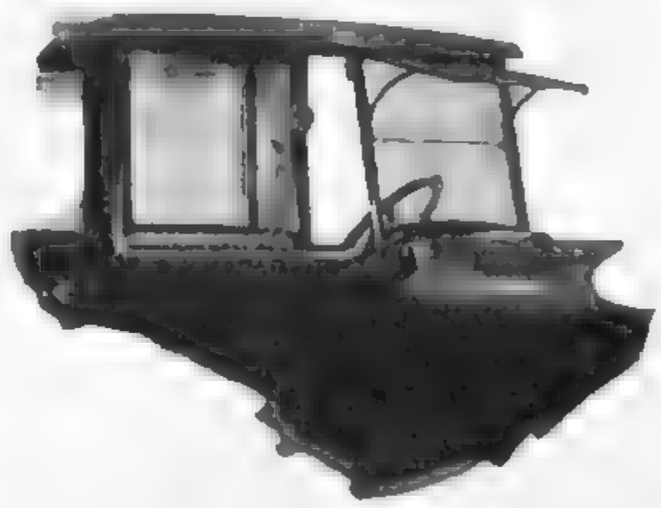
Every item of equipment and furnishing which can possibly contribute to the convenience and comfort of the passengers, is included in its appointments.

It reveals the infinite pains over the small details of coachwork, and the same fine engineering, which have made the Cadillac celebrated in the capitals of the old world as the equal of the best that Europe has produced.

In this new type, simple but fundamentally sound changes add still further to its regal appearance and to that smoothness of travel for which the Cadillac has always been noted.

Among these new Cadillac achievements in engineering are a lower center of gravity, realized without lessening road clearance; and a still greater increase in the swift, silent power which is one of the most pronounced characteristics of the Cadillac.

It may in truth be said of the Type 61 that it attains hitherto unrealized standards of performance, beauty, and delightful travel.



Driver's compartment of the standard open limousine. Passenger compartment is the same as in the Imperial Limousine illustrated above.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

The Standard of the World

(Continued from Page 24)

every article, and a genius for detecting errors of fact, of grammar or of any kind.

Col. John W. Forney said: "No man is competent to edit newspaper manuscript or reprint unless he has been an extensive and analytical reader. He should, moreover, have a quick and keen perception, as well as a retentive memory of notorious facts, of celebrated names and important dates. If he is in doubt he should never fail to consult reliable encyclopedias, technical books, pamphlets and like granaries of information and knowledge."

How does the copy reader exercise his ability? All news copy goes to the readers, the telegraph copy to the telegraph desk, the city copy to the city desk, and so on. The head reader glances at each article long enough to absorb a notion of its nature and make a memorandum of its length, and then passes it to one of the readers. This man edits it into the form in which it is to appear in the newspaper. If it is too long he reduces it by stripping it of its verbiage and unimportant facts, cutting out entire sentences and even paragraphs. Unconsciously he questions every statement made by the writer, so keen becomes his search for error. If the article is unimportant he kills it. Always he has in mind that the sheet is crowded, that there isn't room for half of what is offered. He acquires the knack of condensation, of making one word express the meaning of half a sentence, of connecting the vital words of three long sentences into one short sentence. He eliminates superfluous statements and obvious explanations and dull conclusions. If he be wise he rereads the article to confirm his own work. Always he seeks to improve it, to insert a snappy word, to give it life, to smooth the diction or make it more rugged, as befits the subject.

When reading news the copy reader must be alert for clews to additional information, for side issues to be added. "The assassin has lived in Canal Street, New York," said one of the Milwaukee dispatches—and instantly the copy reader informed the city editor, and a reporter was soon on his way to Canal Street to learn of the crazy man's record there. "Mrs. Roosevelt is at the Manhattan Hotel," said another message. A reporter was sent to her.

Valuable Experience

The copy reader must steel himself against the reporter who tries to be funny and isn't, against those persons so well known in every newspaper office who seek notoriety by getting their names in print, against the social climbers, against the men who want puffs and free advertising, against the wiles of the press agent and the preposterous stories about the people he is exalting, against the schemers whose success depends on newspaper publicity, the fake charity organizations, the spurious reform agitations, the organizations started merely to give salaries to the people who run them, the multitude of movements created to give someone notoriety, the constant attempts to fool the public—the list is endless.

The copy reader must be familiar with the big events attracting public attention, for he may be called to revise their next chapter. Many big cases drag on for months. Above all he should take sympathetic interest in every article he revises and in its writer. His every effort should be to improve the article.

Surely the copy reader fills an especially important post. It is mighty poor policy to intrust this work to incompetent men. Nevertheless, because of its requirements, it is a post not eagerly sought. It is thought to be a thankless task with little to show for results, with maximum opportunity for error and minimum for praise. The copy reader is unlikely to be sought for promotion. He does not mingle with the outside world as does the reporter. He sees no office visitors as do the editors. His work attracts little favorable attention. If he improves a manuscript the author, not the copy reader, usually gets the credit. But if you intend to follow the newspaper business by all means take a turn at copy reading, for it gives valuable experience and information, and the practice greatly improves your diction.

As the night advances the avalanche of copy increases, some nights in greater volume than others. It is a curious fact that news volume seems to ebb and flow like the ocean tide, although irregularly, not steadily. For days the news world will be calm, little of interest develops, nothing but routine news offers. And then for days at a time news breaks out from all directions, overwhelming the writing and the revising staffs, upsetting all plans and creating confusion.

It is then that the managing editor admonishes: "Gentlemen, the paper is already filled; you must cut everything rigidly"; and the head copy reader, pushing a column manuscript article toward an assistant, commands: "Put it in a quarter of a column"; and the perspiring night editor shouts from the composing room through the telephone: "Can't take another line except must stuff." "Must stuff" means matter that simply must be printed. "Stuff" is the common newspaper office vernacular for all copy, whether it be the profound article of the editor in chief or the incident of a crap game on the pavement. The amateur writer's sensibilities are shocked sometimes when his production is called stuff.

But whether the tide of copy is at ebb or flood, always there is too much of it and the copy reader's night ends in the contemplation of a mass of discarded manuscript and a ruin of reportorial reputation.

Efforts to Insure Accuracy

And on the morrow comes an awful hour of reckoning. The editor in chief misses from his own paper a bit of Washington political news that some other paper had printed. He speaks to the managing editor about it and the managing editor, knowing that the news was in the office and was not printed, damns the copy reader for throwing it away. The city editor, who had gone home with visions of two fine fat news features each of an embellished column in length, finds in their place two emaciated paragraphs containing naught but cold news facts with no juice in them. He damns the copy readers. The reporters who wrote the column stories, reduced to shreds, surcharge the place with spectacular profanity and damn the copy readers. The men who wrote twelve dollars' worth of stuff at space rates and had it cut down to three dollars' worth damn the copy readers. The reporters who wrote reams of routine stuff that did not appear at all damn the copy readers. Everybody damns the copy readers!

The respectable newspapers of America strive sincerely for accuracy of statement. Reporters are instructed constantly to be accurate. Copy readers and everyone else in the place are urged to vigil in the detection of error. The news rush and the consequent confusion in the last half hour before getting to press contribute to the danger of mistake, but always every newspaper article is carefully considered and repeatedly scrutinized. A news report of importance, for instance, is written by an experienced reporter. Usually it is scanned by the city editor. It is then revised by a copy reader who is supposed to be expert in preparing manuscript. The compositor puts it in type and the proofreader searches it ostensibly for errors in typing, but always must he note any error. He is expected to call to the attention of the night editor any misstatement of fact or violation of newspaper usage or rule of practice. Then, too, in almost every office is "the learned proofreader," who bothers himself not with typographical errors but who reads from revised proof sheets in searching quest of anything wrong—misused words, verbal or grammatical slips, misspelled proper names, distortion of any fact—and it is curious what a lot of errors he digs out that have passed everybody else. Likewise in many editorial rooms sits another all-wise man who in a semieditorial capacity reads proof sheets of all matter in the same search for the undesirable. The managing editor, the night editor and the night city editor also have proof sheets of all matter, which they read devoutly for a dozen reasons.

Nevertheless there appeared in one of our especially learned and correct New York newspapers a sentence written by a reporter and passed by the copy reader, the proofreader ordinaire, the learned proofreader, the editorial-room proofreader de luxe, the managing editor, the night editor and the night city editor—a sentence that read, "He had fractured her skull by hitting it with an empty bottle of beer."

The same newspaper's music constituency was moved to emotion one morning on reading that "applause followed the singing of The Soldier's Chorus by Faust." Whether the writer intended to say that Faust sang the chorus or the chorus was written by Faust or that it was from the opera of Faust probably never will be known, but the chances are that he inadvertently wrote "by Faust" when he intended to write "from Faust."

And he must be a callous critic indeed who would withhold sympathy from the Western editor who wrote:

> We wish to apologize to Mrs. Orlando Overlook. In our paper last week we had as a heading, "Mrs. Overlook's Big Feet." The word we had ought to have used is a French word pronounced the same way, but spelled fête. It means celebration and is considered a very tony word.

Truth is that human intelligence has not yet devised a way of keeping error out of printed publications.

The public does not understand the painstaking care with which news is presented by well-regulated newspapers; nor are the difficulties or the unfavorable conditions under which newspapers are made appreciated by people who read. Men of other professions have almost unlimited time for consideration. The lawyer may devote months to the preparation of his case. The clergyman may take seven days to perfect his sermon. The physician at times is called to quick action but usually he may ponder for hours or days over the condition of his patient.

But quick judgment and quick action are a daily necessity in the newspaper office. The biggest event of the month may explode an hour before time for going to press. The news must be prepared with frantic haste, with half the staff tumbling over one another, so to speak, in the rush to be on time. In afternoon sheets all news received after one o'clock, and in morning editions after midnight, is subject to this acceleration of mind and movement, and people who have not participated in the spasm can little appreciate the opportunity for error.

In these hours a man's experience, his general knowledge of the business, is of great assistance. It is then that his confidence or his distrust in the course of the information governs. Rumor is the busybody of the business, and her moments of greatest activity are just before the time for going to press.

It is true also that first accounts of great events are likely to be exaggerated, almost always are greatly exaggerated. The cable flash announcing the blowing up of the Maine in Havana Harbor said that not a man remained alive. The first brief telegram telling of the San Francisco earthquake reported that not a building remained standing. With the first report of the attempted assassination of Colonel Roosevelt came the statement that he was dead. First reports of losses of life in great disasters are usually double the actual loss.

A Notable Beat

It is a vital part of newspaper vigil to question all unusual or extraordinary statements, and news editors by habit come to doubt every statement made. This is meant to be said of honest editors; the dishonest ones seek to exaggerate the original exaggeration.

Nevertheless, on occasion comes the order to reporters: "Write all you can about it—string it out." This is when the event is of such absorbing interest that the public hungers and thirsts for every possible word of detail to be had.

Years ago, before the days of the telephone or the automobile or the subways, word was flashed just before midnight that an express train from Albany had been wrecked in the Spuyten Duyvil cut, and a score or more of conspicuous New York politicians who had taken the train after adjournment of the legislature had been killed; also that Webster Wagner had been killed in one of his own palace cars.

Then began a real race for the news. The scene of the accident was miles away, at the extreme end of Manhattan Island, and not accessible by street cars. The hour was late. Every newspaper office dispatched all available reporters to the place by all available means of transportation, summoned the emergency force to be ready for any service, made all possible preparations for quick work on a big disaster, and—waited. A long time must elapse before the reporters could reach the spot.

And while the bunch in the old Sun office were waiting, to their inexpressible joy in staggered Mr. A. W. Lyman, The Sun's Albany legislative correspondent. His clothes were torn, his hat was battered, his face was bruised and bleeding. He had been in the wreck. He had the important facts and a fairly complete list of the dead and the injured. But he was unable to write. They propped him up in a chair and made him as comfortable as possible.

Then whoever happened to be in charge gathered a few reporters around the disabled correspondent. To one he said: "You listen to Lyman and write a straightaway story of the disaster. String it out as long as you can." To another: "You write another account of it in as different language from that used by Lyman as you can—put it in the mouth of a passenger who escaped from the wreck. Head it 'Another account.'" To the night city editor: "Take that list of the dead and wounded and have something written about everyone of any account mentioned in it." To Mr. Lyman: "Now, Mr. Lyman, please begin with the starting of the train in Albany and tell us who were aboard and every scrap of everything that happened until you left the wreck."

Mr. Lyman thereupon dictated a long-drawn-out narrative of the accident. Repeatedly the reporters interrupted him with questions for added details on any points that occurred to them, and things went through with a rush.

It was the clearest sort of an occasion for expansion to the limit. The killed and injured included well-known New Yorkers as well as Senator Wagner, and it was a big beat on the other newspapers, for they could have no details except for special late editions. Fortune favored The Sun that morning.

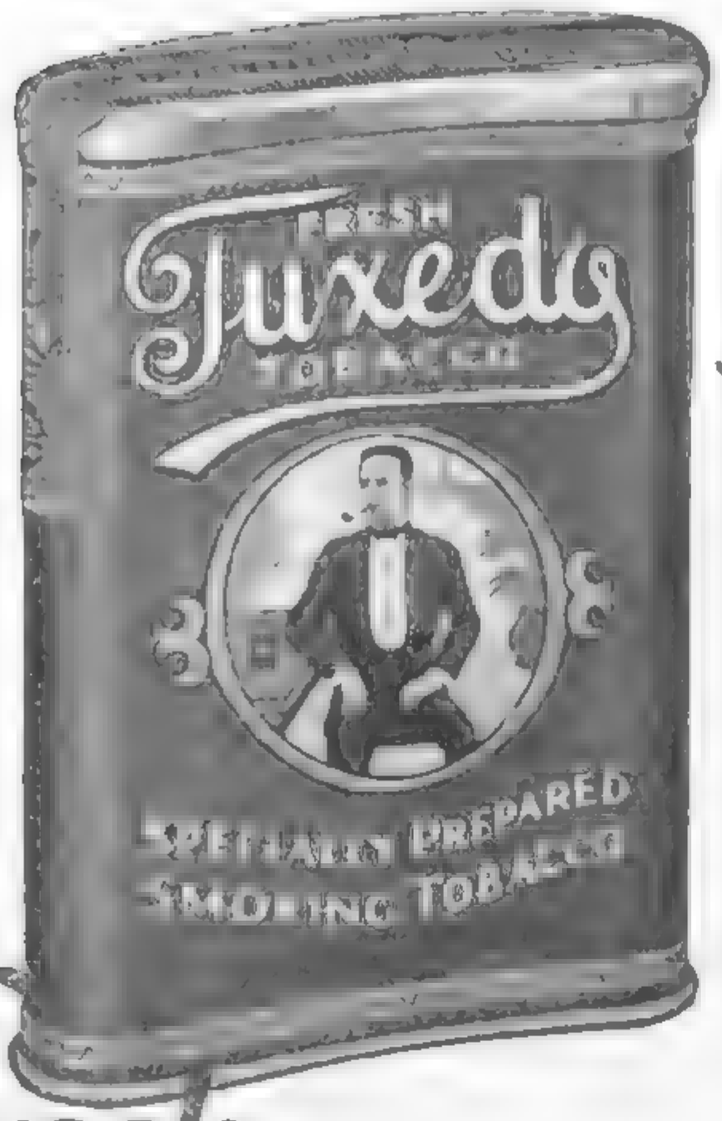
The Speed of Modern Methods

The preparation of newspaper copy in the last hour before going to press gives supreme test to the writer's power of concentration, his self-possession and his agility of mind. It happens frequently that the managing editor says to him "You have just eight minutes to finish that article," and a little later the night editor may cry out: "Close everything for this edition in five minutes." It is exceedingly disturbing to the young man who is beginning. The experienced men are unmoved. It is common enough for a man to write in an hour after midnight a column or more about a murder, a fire, a calamity or the obituary of a distinguished person. Men who do this rapid work at the last instant may have been on duty for ten or twelve hours and the climax to the day's labor calls for greater intensity than anything that has preceded. Physical endurance is involved, as well as mental celerity.

The invention of the typewriter has helped vastly to speed up newspaper completion. The reporter dictates his narrative. In the old days frequently he had to make a long journey to the newspaper office before beginning to work with pen or pencil. Nowadays, if need be, he dictates his report through the telephone to a typewriter in the office. Newspaper correspondents five hundred, one thousand miles away do this emergency telephoning.

Indeed it may be said that modern invention has revolutionized the processes of speeding up newspaper making. When I first went to New York the capacity of the improved newspaper printing press was eight pages. If a larger paper was wanted the extra pages were printed separately, as a supplement, many hours before the main eight-page sheet was put to press. To-day, thanks to the inventor of the multiple page press, the news editor may decide fifteen minutes before going to press whether to make a twelve-page newspaper or a twenty-page newspaper or even a thirty-two-page newspaper.

Indeed there is no more wonderful or fascinating story of mechanical triumph than that of modern printing machinery. As a result the big modern newspaper is made with a speed that is almost bewildering. Other inventions have helped, for in place of the old laborious journeying to the newspaper office, the writing of the news with pen or pencil, the typesetting of the same by hand and the old-style stereotyping process requiring half an hour, the printing of sheets limited to eight pages on presses that produced only about fifteen thousand an hour—in place of these clumsy processes news reports are dictated over the telephone from a thousand miles away, the matter is set by machinery in a fraction of the time formerly required, is stereotyped in six minutes, and is set going on half a dozen presses each with a capacity of thirty thousand or more copies an hour.



fresh
from the factory

We have always guaranteed the quality of TUXEDO—now we guarantee its condition when it reaches you.

To do this the American Tobacco Company has changed its entire plan of distribution. Every modern device for speed—fast trains, motor delivery, and telegrams—has been taken advantage of.

Nothing is overlooked that will clip minutes from the schedule on which TUXEDO is delivered from our factory to your pipe. All this is done because freshness is the essence of smoking tobacco quality.

Today TUXEDO is sold to every dealer in one dozen lots. This makes it necessary for the retail dealer to order TUXEDO continuously but it insures TUXEDO reaching you in fresh condition.

This means that every pipeful of TUXEDO is good and every pipeful alike. You need never smoke stale tobacco again.

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED
—which means that if you don't like TUXEDO tobacco you can get your money back from the dealer

fresh
from the factory

Read the little booklet attached to every tin—The story of FRESH TUXEDO.

FRESH
Tuxedo
TOBACCO

THE PRINT OF MY REMEMBRANCE

(Continued from Page 13)

document room the House bills that had been ordered printed, sometimes four or five at a time, and adding them to the individual files, so that each member of the two hundred and twenty-six then there, as he came to the daily session, found under his desk the measures that would come up for consideration. On the busy days work was generally through in an hour, and on other days there was nothing to do, which gave us always two or three hours before the gavel fell at noon.

The official guides now in the Capitol had not then been appointed; the page boys took visitors to the points of interest in the great building, from dome to crypt We showed them the Chamber of the Supreme Court, which in the early days had been the Senate Chamber, a comparatively little room, but the one in which Webster, Clay, Calhoun and others had spoken their great orations. We showed them what had been in former days the House of Representatives, but now in 1870 used only as a Hall of Statuary. The crypt, several floors lower than the rotunda, designed by the architects as a tomb for George Washington, and in 1865 unsuccessfully urged as a vault for Lincoln, was a chill, unlighted place containing at that time only a stately platform and comber pall that five years before had held the casket of the murdered Lincoln when his body lay in state at the White House.

This pall was now a neglected object, tattered by the vandal mutilations of the relic seekers.

A second source of revenue was autographs. Nearly every visitor had one or more favorite statesmen whose signatures he coveted. If for no other reason than that it was a favor to the boys, the members without exception were very glad to write their names, and perhaps publicity was valued even then. The only one who made any special fuss about his autograph was Mr. Clarkson N. Potter, of New York, who, being at the head of a large banking institution, had to be careful. His system was to write his name and then scratch a very positive cancellation of some kind on the back of it.

A third source of income, which probably still exists, was getting orders for printed speeches. A speaking member had the right to designate the boy who should circulate a subscription paper for his speech. An order blank was furnished and as an oratorical effort stirred the listening colleagues the boy in charge of it slipped from desk to desk gathering his orders, because many a brilliant effort once cold and in the Congressional Record was unmarketable. This list turned in to the printing company was good for three cents a hundred on all orders obtained. I have known a boy to make as high as one hundred dollars on some misleading effort; more than once I made ten or twelve myself, which was perhaps the average. The boys were able to estimate the value of a measure as it was introduced, and by knowing the chairman of the committee to which it would be referred to get far in advance the promise of the speeches that would be forthcoming. There was a kind of real political sagacity about it.

High Jinks in the House

These visitors sometimes paid the pages to go on with a certain impromptu show. In order that the human faculty of speech should be acquired and grow Nature ordained that childhood should be imitative. And whether, as Max Muller claims, the words "go" and "va" were instituted by the hungry and complaining cow, the child speech follows imitatively the sounds of the mother's voice. Much of juvenile fun is mimicry in all the wide range from polar bear to lady-come-to-see. Self-consciousness and chill criticism check this as we gather years until few old human dogs can learn new tricks; but the page boys were still responsive.

It was great fun, with only some score of other pages as audience, for a boy in the otherwise empty House to get into the place of a prominent member and spout ridiculous fragments of that member's speech the day before. Often this example would organize all sections of the chamber. One boy would get Mr. Blaine's gavel and smartly call for order, and the rest would scamper each to the seat where he felt sure of making the greatest hit. One would mouth and mush like General Butler; another would scold like Sunset Cox; a third, like Bingham, would wave the bloody shirt; and others would yell points of order and questions of privilege, with quite as much effect on legislation as any average night session. I've seen and heard as recognizable and as screamingly funny imitations of national legislators by those boys of thirteen to fifteen years of age as ever Nat Goodwin, Elsie Janis or Frank Fay gave of their selected celebrities. Once started, we were so intent on our mock session that visitors or early members sometimes caught us at it. I'm sure that I could now suggest any member more vividly by imitation than I can by description.

My thoughts jump ahead in the years to the only imitation I ever heard attempted of Abraham Lincoln, and because it is so related to my present subject in character and in time I hope I may be permitted to take it from its deferred date of later accident. The imitation was very respectfully made at the request of a number of men at a small dinner party in 1914. The host was Mr. Charles R. Flint, the father of the trusts. Among the eight or ten guests were Mr. Charles Schwab, the Hon. Martin Littleton, Patrick Francis Murphy, Robert H. Davis, then editor of Munsey's, and the late F. Hopkinson Smith, the distinguished novelist and artist, whom the country best remembers as author of Colonel Carter of Cartersville. Senator Chauncey M. Depew was the *raconteur* for the moment.

An Imitation of Mr. Lincoln

As Secretary of State of New York in 1864 it had been Mr. Depew's duty to spend some months in Washington endeavoring to get the result of the soldier vote in the presidential election of that year. His duty as well as his inclination threw him into very frequent intercourse with President Lincoln. Mr. Depew had begun to tell the celebrated Longnecker story, which I do not think has been in print, but as it is part of the senator's repertoire belongs in his recollections and not these. It was then that one of the men present asked him as to Lincoln's manner. The senator answered that the voice was moderately pitched and pleasant, the speech very slow, having about it, as he indicated, somewhat of the Mark Twain drawl which is so generally the manner with men in whom humor predominates, and proceeding with his story for a few phrases gave what he thought a very characteristic suggestion of the Lincoln manner.

I had been reading in Emerson's Journal, just published, the account of his visit to President Lincoln on the morning of January 31, 1862, in which he says: "The President impressed me more favorably than I had hoped; a frank, sincere, well-meaning man, with a lawyer's habit of mind: good, clear statement of his fact; correct enough; not vulgar, as described, but with a sort of boyish cheerfulness, or that kind of sincerity and jolly good meaning that our class meetings on commencement days show in telling our old stories over. When he has made his remark he looks up at you with great satisfaction, and shows all his white teeth, and laughs."

Mr. Depew's imitation, coupled with the swift description of the Lincoln manner by Mr. Emerson, have given me an impression of the great President that protects me against the occasional attempts to portray him lugubriously. If actor fashion, guided by Senator Depew's suggestion, one tries to realize that description of Emerson's—the quick, boyish, upward glance, the flash of the white teeth, followed by a laugh, the pathetic legend of Lincoln crumbles. One cannot convey in print Mr. Depew's pleasant imitation, and few writers have Emerson's genius for description; but the acceptability of impressions so attempted encourages me to think that descriptions of manner, especially as the manner fixes itself in the mind of an impressionable and as yet unprejudiced boy, may not be unwelcome. May I fortify this belief by another example from Emerson, a description of Daniel Webster in the Senate, seeking for a word that does not come?

"He pauses, puts his hand to his brow you would think then there was a mote in his eye. Still it comes not; then he puts his hands, American fashion, first into his breast under his waistcoat, deeper than I can—then to the bottom of his fobs, bends forward—then the word is bound to come; he throws back his head, and out it comes with a leap, and, I promise you, it has its full effect on the Senate."

Mr. Webster could hardly have been more pausy than Gen. Benjamin F. Butler of our Congress under similar conditions. General Butler's way to search for the proper word, which when found came with a marksman's precision to the bull's-eye, was to throw back his head until the undulating line from his nether lip to his collar button ran at the general angle of forty-five degrees; to drop his heavy eyelids for a curtained introspection; issue two or three inaudible poof-poofs as the mask wore the misleading effect of a broad grin, the mood of which was no more in the general's mind than playfulness was behind the permanent grimace of *l'Homme qui rit*, and then to blurt out his word with a rasping of the sibilants suggestive of artificial teeth. When indignant, as he often was, he spoke with this backward toss of the head and a pouting combination of flexible underlip and mustache that made difficult work for the stenographers.

My sponsor, Mr. Erastus Wells, had been shown a pencil drawing of General Blair that I had made on the train, and now in the House encouraged me in making caricatures of the members. There was no great demand or market for these productions until one day, knowing the calumnies against General Butler by the Southerners, who charged him with appropriating silver when he was in command of the army of occupation in the South, I made a profile drawing of the general sitting in the bowl of a large soup spoon with his feet extended along the handle. Some critic, writing of the general at that time, said that his head was like an egg laid sideways and so smooth that a phrenologist must pronounce it uniformly bad or monotonously good. That bald egg-shaped crown with its heavy fringe of clubbed hair was easy to draw. On the Democratic side of the House these caricatures were in demand, and on more than one occasion their cunning circulation took attention from Mr. Butler as he was speaking.

One of those afternoons the doorkeeper told me to stay after school. The members departed until only three or four were in the chamber finishing some belated correspondence. Among these was General Butler at his desk. The doorkeeper told me to follow him.

General Butler's Leniency

When he reached the desk he said, "General, this is the boy who has been making those caricatures."

The general laid down his pen, looked up either at me or the doorkeeper—he was very cross-eyed—and after an intimidating pause, rose to his feet. I watched both men. I won't pretend to interpret what passed between them.

The silence was broken by General Butler saying, "Go to the cloakroom and bring me my hat and cloak."

His cloak was a military cape, not so large as some I knew; the hat was of the kind subsequently called the Hancock because General Hancock wore it long after it had been abandoned by others; a high, soft crown, with a stiff, sharp, uncurved brim of felt. The gentleman from Massachusetts took his hat, regarded me calmly for a moment, blew his soft cheeks with a sudden puff, as John Drew does when making a comedy point, and then dropped the hat over my head with the brim resting on my shoulders. I can still revive the reeking bergamot with which it was redolent. My mother had used bergamot on my curls, and grandmother's antimacassars smelled of it. After a time of penance beneath this snuffer, where I feared to move, I heard the general's mushy voice:

"When you can fill that hat, young man, you make caricatures of General Butler."

I was sent home for the day with a caution from the doorkeeper instead of the dismissal I had earned. I have always remembered this act of generosity to a fresh kid who had been ignorantly circulating graphic repetitions of a heinous slander against an earnest and able patriot.

General Butler was a man of laconic and significant utterances. A speech of his, an example of these qualities, occurred in that session which was nation wide in its report and consequent enjoyment. At that distance from the war many songs were sung with more or less popularity, taking a comedy view of the soldier, songs of the Captain Jinks order. Among these was an inane doggerel called Shoo, Fly, of which the jingling chorus ran:

Shoo, fly, don't bother me,
Shoo, fly, don't bother me,
Shoo, fly, don't bother me,
For I belong to Company G.

In one of the debates Mr. Butler had made some remark that enraged Mr. Samuel S. Cox, a member from New York. Mr. Cox was known as Sunset Cox, because of a description of a sunset written by him for the Ohio Statesman, and his initials lent themselves to the name. He was a fiery, voluble little speaker, not more than five feet three inches tall, who apparently tried to overcome this defect of stature by a profusion of gesture. He had besides, in speaking, a cradling motion of the head combining emphasis with menace, very like the personal mannerism of our present talented State Senator J. J. Walker.

Interrupted Poker

Getting the chairman's recognition when General Butler offended him, Mr. Cox broke into one of the most vituperative and personal tirades ever heard in a parliamentary body. The House and the gallery were all attention, and more than one member was endeavoring to interrupt in the cause of decorum, but the general disposition was to let Mr. Butler answer. Cox took his seat amid a buzz of expectancy. General Butler looked over at him with that ambiguous gaze I have referred to, paused for a moment while the silence fell, and then half turning away as though the whole episode were closed, and with a wave of his left hand in dismissal of the little member from New York, he said: "I would reply to the gentleman as any newsboy on the street would answer him, 'Shoo, fly, don't bother me.'" Mr. Cox was on his feet in an instant, with a volleyed retort bitter and extended, but unheard by any except those nearest him as the House and the gallery rocked with laughter, and as the nation did the following day.

On strictly party measures the Democrats were incapable of any action other than to protect their record. The country paid more attention to the daily proceedings of Congress then than it seems to now, and on all important questions the votes were published. Democrats, unable to make a dent in the steam-roller progress of legislation and unwilling to listen to much of the debate upon a measure, frequently passed the time at draw poker.

Gen. Robert C. Schenck, of Ohio, who codified the rules of this noble national game, was a member of that Congress, and his very presence was a constant reminder of the recreation. Just across from the Capitol, where the Business Building of the House now stands, was a small brick hotel, with restaurant and café, called the Casparis. The highest games of poker outside of Chamberlain's were conducted there. When a measure reached a vote of record—that is to say, reached a call of the ayes and nays—it was my standing instruction to drop whatever was in hand and in the language of the sprightlier symbolists do a Paul Revere to the Casparis House and the adjacent committee rooms in the Capitol itself; to dash without ceremony into the rooms where the men were handling the chips and pasteboards and cry, "Calling the roll on the admission of Virginia," or whatever the measure happened to be. The players would then make the best time possible to their places in the House, where it was each member's privilege before the vote was announced to get the recognition of the chair and have his name, which in the case of his absence had been called twice by the clerk, again repeated and his answer registered. The roll call began with Adams, Allison, Ambler, and so on, and proceeded alphabetically. We could generally get our reserves into the House as the clerk was doing the Whitmans and Wilkinsons. The telegraph thereupon carried to his district this evidence of a member's vigilance which cost but slight interruption to the game.

(Continued on Page 31)

MORE MILES TRAVELED, MORE LOADS HAULED

Actual photograph of Goodyear Cord Truck Tire in the service of the Rumford Chemical Works, Rumford, Rhode Island

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"Since equipping with Goodyear Cord Truck Tires, we have increased our hauling radius. We cover territory more rapidly and haul more loads daily. Our trucks haul our products—acid phosphates for medicinal uses, and culinary phosphates, principally Rumford Baking Powder—from our plant to the wharves and freight houses of Providence. Emergency loads are hauled to New York or Boston. The shortest life of a Goodyear tire in our three years' experience has been 8,000 miles, and some have gone as high as 12,000 miles. They have real wearing quality."—Wm. L. Sweet, Treasurer, Rumford Chemical Works, Rumford, R. I.

THE advantage of selecting from a complete line of truck tires the particular tire best suited to your actual hauling conditions is forcefully illustrated in such experience as the Rumford Chemical Company reports with Goodyear Cord Truck Tires.

Active, swift-moving Goodyear Cords master the problem of trucking in narrow streets and on congested piers, make extra trips, cover more territory, and deliver more goods.

The tractive power and strength of their special design and construction enable them to stand up to varying road conditions—cobblestones, chuckholes, and worn pavements in summer, snow and slush in winter.

The long life of the Goodyear Cords and the cushioning protection they afford to the truck and its load, to the valuable mechanism and the perishable cargo, are the basic factors of their real economy in hauling.

Goodyear Cord Truck Tire

Goodyear All-Weather Tread Solid

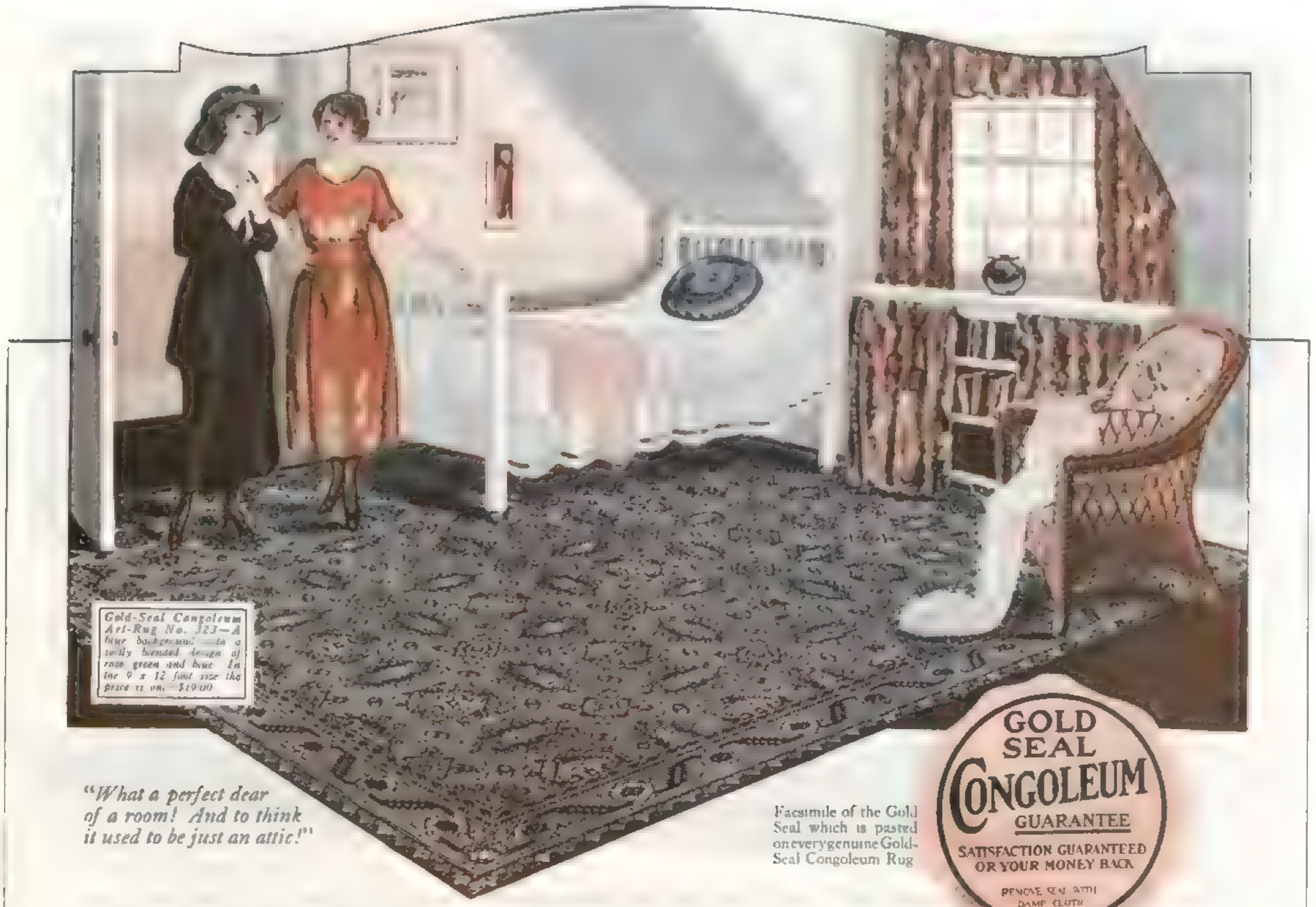
Goodyear Hollow Center Cushion Tire

Product of exclusive patented design and carefully developed construction, Goodyear Cord Truck Tires are stronger than ordinary pneumatic tires. They are thick and heavy through the bead, where ordinary pneumatics fail. Their All-Weather Tread gives them all-season, all-road usefulness.

Where traction, cushioning, and wide range of operation are desired, and where body clearances and loads permit, use Goodyear Cord Truck Tires as all 'round equipment on trucks up to three-ton capacity, and on the front wheels of heavy-duty trucks.

There are special Goodyear Truck Tires for every hauling need—Goodyear Cords, Goodyear All-Weather Tread Solids, Goodyear Cushion Tires. Call upon your Goodyear dealer for the benefit of his unbiased judgment in specifying the particular Goodyear Truck Tire that will serve you longest and best.

GOODYEAR


Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug No. 323—A blue background—in a softly blended design of rose green and blue. In the 9 x 12 foot size the price is only $19.50

"What a perfect dear of a room! And to think it used to be just an attic!"

Facsimile of the Gold Seal which is pasted on every genuine Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

You can do so much with an attic room—

LITTLE attic rooms, tucked under the eaves, waiting for the magic, transforming touch of the housewife. With a few simple furnishings she works her miracle—some colorful cretonnes, books, a few simple pieces of furniture, and on the floor—an attractive but inexpensive Gold-Seal Art-Rug.

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Women everywhere are brightening their homes with these beautiful Gold-Seal Art-Rugs. And besides the artistic charm they find Congoleum so practical—so sanitary, so durable, and so easy to clean. Just a few light strokes with a damp mop leave the surface clean as a whistle—the rich colors glowing like new.

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Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

(Continued from Page 28)

On one of these Marathon round-ups I made my last call at the room of the Committee on Indian Affairs. This committee was not in session; but two or three members, including Mr. Cox, were sharing with some of the visiting Indians whose claims were before the committee a bottle of fire water. Mr. Cox, who was just my own height, but protected from page-boy calls by as many whiskers as Secretary Hughes, did not need support; but he threw his arm around my neck, partly as a result of the entertainment they had been sharing and ostensibly to show to the petitioning chiefs that even a little boy was safe with him. The other arm he threw around the waist of Red Cloud himself, who on that formal visit was in buckskins, blanket and feathers, and in that fashion we marched abreast, the gentleman from New York in the middle, the big chief on his right, and on his left the unsophisticated page boy from Missouri, down the multicolored corridor, past the statue of Jefferson and past Emanuel Leutze's mural painting, Westward, Ho! We would have so appeared upon the floor if a doorkeeper in Grand Army uniform had not helped Red Cloud and me to get away.

General Butler's Excuse

Night sessions were pretty hard on the boys. We had come from school and home life, where thoughtful mothers would shepherd us at bedtime, and the night session, with its droning monotony of soporific drivel intended only for print, would sometimes lag on until two in the morning. There was little for the page boys to do at such a time but sleep on the marble steps of the Speaker's stand, so we took turns at night duty in squads of seven. These sessions were always thinly attended. Sometimes the attendance was so slack that it was impossible for a self-respecting orator to maintain the pretense that he was in any way persuading his colleagues. It was then within his right, if joined by a definite number of others, to demand a call of the House. This call was made by a sergeant at arms and his deputies, which force was for the time increased by the use of the pages present and on duty. Each was given a list of absent members with their addresses, and while the night session took a short recess these process servers moved throughout the city, hunting the delinquents.

On one of these calls my list contained the name of General Butler. He had a residence then somewhere in the neighborhood of the old Arlington. It was a snowy night. Although his house was brilliantly illuminated, I could make no impression with the front doorbell. Electric bells were then unknown, and servants were summoned to the front door by the old knob-and-wire bell pull. Failing at this device, I went to the side of the building. The house was on the corner, a protruding bay window some eight feet from the ground was protected by a stone balustrade. The Douglas Fairbanks scaling pictures had not at that time been run, but there were personal experiences in pantries and elsewhere that helped me to get to the top of this coping. Inside of the brilliantly lighted room stood General Butler at the head of a table surrounded by some fifteen or twenty members of Congress, many of whom I was surprised to see in such amiable relationship after their hostile attitude in the House. The food had disappeared. Coffee cups and crumpled napkins were on the cloth and a fine display of glassware. Servants who should have answered the doorbell were standing against the wall; all were evidently entertained.

It was a few minutes before my cold tapping on the window got attention above the words and laughter, and then like Poe's Raven I came in through the open window with my unwelcome message. One or two of the members got up as if to obey the call, but on the advice of General Butler they resumed their seats and I was sent back to report progress. At that time the rule of the House imposed a fine of ten dollars for a failure to respond to a call. The next day, among other gentlemen, our friends of the Butler dinner table passed in front of the Speaker briefly to render their different excuses.

When it came to the turn of General Butler himself he smiled up at the presiding officer, and waving a new ten-dollar greenback said: "Mr. Speaker, there is my excuse."

The method has been progressive. To-day, from Washington to Reno, few excuses go better.

That Congress was overwhelmingly Republican. In those days of the spoils system I think that very few Democrats were upon the appointive list. Certainly among the pages not any besides myself was there at the request of a Democratic delegation. This fact humorously and mildly singled me out for as much attention from the Republican members as from any of the minority. One Republican, who was at times inclined to wait until I could run his special errand for him, was Mr. Ebon C. Ingersoll, of Illinois, familiarly known to his friends by his middle name, Clark, which is what his brother, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, called him.

Speaker Blaine was rather partial to Mr. Ingersoll as a chairman when the House resolved itself into a committee of the whole. As this temporary presiding officer it was his job to listen to the long talks often made only for purposes of publicity and requiring little activity on the part of the chairman. As the season advanced and the weather grew warmer Mr. Ingersoll more than once intrusted to me the delicate mission of going to the restaurant in the basement, kept at that time by a mulatto named Downing, and bringing back to him one of the tall mint juleps of which he was fond. One door to the Hall of Representatives is immediately to the right of the Speaker's desk. By reaching this through what was called the Speaker's lobby a boy could pass from the door up four or five marble steps to the Speaker, completely hidden from two-thirds of the House, and, if he moved quietly, almost unnoticed by the rest.

Following the chairman's careful instructions I used to wrap the glass of julep, its crown of green and its protruding straws in a folded newspaper and pass it to him below the level of the desk. Here was a shelf on which the chairman might lay a book of reference or a manuscript. It was sufficiently depressed from the top of the desk to admit our julep glass.

With the beverage once there, Mr. Ingersoll would make one or two disarming passes of his handkerchief across his face and then sit with his hand over his mustache as though listening to the flood of oratory while the handkerchief fell from his hand to the desk top and masked the straws that he manipulated.

Clark Ingersoll's Humor

Clark Ingersoll had all the qualities that his brother attributed to him in that forever-memorable eulogy, and had besides a humor quite as keen as that of Colonel Bob himself. There was one stormy scene growing out of a clash between members, and with incidental unparliamentary language, which the magic of his humor transmuted. Some of the terms were so violent that seemingly disinterested members were asking for a rebuke from the chair.

Mr. Ingersoll evaded one or two demands, but when another member insisted upon his ruling upon the character of the remarks he answered, after a pause, "The chair decides that the language of the gentleman was certainly very"—then, after a moment's reflection with a search for the word, he added—"pungent."

This amiable characterization made everybody laugh, and out of the uproar there grew a resumption of the business and a tacit dismissal of the incident.

These men were then emerging from the bitterness of the Civil War. With many of them the intense emotional state thereby produced still existed to some degree. Their political problem was the reëstablishment of national conditions, as all nations are now confronted with the reëstablishment of order in the world. Some of the states that had seceded had been already readmitted to the Union under provisional governments. In that session Virginia, Georgia, Mississippi and Texas were asking to come back. In certain sections of the South recognized government was under negro domination, and testimony before committees was burdened with almost unbelievable stories of violence.

A most bitter speaker against the South was Mr. John A. Bingham, of Ohio. He was a nervous man, with a pale face that resembled the current pictures of Lord Alfred Tennyson. His seat was in the front row of desks immediately facing the Speaker and near the steps on which the page boys rested. We were always in for an almost dime-novel description of horrors whenever Mr. Bingham began upon the subject of the unregenerate South or the outrageous Ku-Klux Klan.

One of the most collected and methodical speakers in that Congress was Fernando Wood, of New York; seldom eloquent; never stirring that I can recall, but with an enameled precision and accuracy, and with that almost invariable note of regretful finality that accompanies the public utterances of our own Elihu Root.

Garfield's style was orotund, authoritative, Mid-Western and homely. He talked easily, often with one hand in his pocket, and generally with a kind of good humor in his manner that would have been completely winning except for the suspected presence of a condescension not easily separable from any genial reception of grave topics.

One member who never spoke but was always pointed out to the visitors was the ex-champion prize fighter, John Morrissey, of New York.

Proctor Knott's Great Speech

Mr. John F. Farnsworth, of Illinois, who wore a long beard and had the prairie tone in his vowels, was a mixture of revivalist and barker. If he hadn't preferred to be a statesman he could have taken a couple of beaded squaws and a band wagon and made an equal success anywhere west of the Mississippi with patent medicine.

And speakin' again of Injuns, it is interesting to note the debate pro and con on the measure passed at that session to send the Indians from Kansas to other reservations and to remove the Osage Indians to a territory that is now Oklahoma. According to current reports, in the present year of 1921, each of these Indians, owing to the oil struck in their territory, is individually worth thirty thousand dollars. I have recently seen numbers of them riding about in their own automobiles. Another legislative landmark which will help measure the rate of our progress is the law passed at that session to put a tax on brandy made in this country from apples, peaches or grapes.

I heard Proctor Knott deliver his celebrated Duluth speech in January of that session. It was unquestionably the most famous speech of the Forty-first Congress. Mr. Knott had decidedly the Mark Twain manner of the conscious humorist. As he proceeded with his speech and gained the confidence that palpable success brings to a speaker, he grew even more at ease and his mannerisms more pronounced. In appearance he had what might be called the Civil War make-up—plenty of hair, worn fairly long, parted on the side, and a mustache. The Duluth speech ran about five thousand words, and punctuated as it was by the laughter of his great audience, laughter growing more prolonged and hysterical as he progressed, must have in his slow manner easily consumed an hour. My sponsor, Mr. Wells, sat very near to Mr. Knott and the two were friendly. The men in that section of the House probably had some advance information on the effort, because shortly after Mr. Knott began to speak page boys were sent in various directions to call in absent members and even to notify the senators at the other end of the Capitol.

A trip to the Senate was among my assignments, and I made it in great haste in order to miss as little as possible of the speech. Ten minutes after the speech began more than half the senators were in the Representative chamber, clerks and employes had left the committee rooms and supply departments and crowded into the cloakroom. The galleries were full.

Mr. Knott pronounced the name "Duluth" with a caressing coo that was funny the first time and grew irresistible with the repetitions, of which there were some forty-two. The Speaker interrupted him when his time had expired, but there were loud calls from all parts of the House for him to go on, and in the absence of objection he did so.

His ridicule defeated the measure against which he spoke, which was to construct a St. Croix and Bayfield railroad, but his ironical references to the future of the city in a territory of wonderful resources, its beauty and future greatness, read now like prophecy instead of ridicule.

There was also a touch of antiquity for present-day readers when in his reference to possible future amendments to the Constitution that should cover the growing greatness of this Duluth he enumerated supposititious Seventeenth, Eighteenth and Nineteenth Articles, but said of a Sixteenth: "It is, of course, understood that it is to be appropriated to those blushing damsels who are day by day beseeching us to let them vote, hold office, drink cocktails, ride a-straddle and do everything else the men do."

None of these privileges are longer in debate.

James G. Blaine was a greater man at that end of the Capitol Building than he ever became in the Senate. The active work of the larger body gave finer opportunity for his extraordinary power. I have seen many presiding officers, but not any who was his equal for promptness of decision, clarity of its statement or vigor of its defense, if needed. On two or three occasions, when a legislative measure was before the House on which he wished to express himself more fully than would have been becoming to a presiding officer, he called a member to the chair and went upon the floor himself. I don't recall his equal in that body for swift and forceful statement of his views and aggressive attack upon the opposition.

Of all the orators in that brilliant galaxy, however, the idol of the page boys was John A. Logan, whose speeches did not read so well as those of more than one other, but he was personally so picturesque, and the fact that he was descended from Black Hawk and showed it in his tawny skin and jet-black hair, gave him a romantic interest that no other had. He had a fine voice and an earnest intensity we liked to believe characteristic of the Indian, with the added fire of a Spaniard or an Italian. And then we knew of him as Fighting John Logan too.

How many of those men were to us colossal from the nation's use of them as symbols of power! General Thomas was the Rock of Chickamauga; when Blair joined somebody it meant that food for an army had arrived; when Banks was to move against Mobile it was thirty thousand men that were moving, not alone that tall, scholarly looking man in the second row to the Speaker's left; when Logan joined somebody near Champion's Hill, a division thereby arrived; the enemy's retreat was cut off. There were giants in those days; men more interested in the conformation of the continent and in the majesty of the Constitution than in the distribution of garden seeds.

A Parting Gift

When I left Washington at the end of that July and started back for Missouri I said good-by to my uncle-grandfather, A. W., never to see him again. I have always been curious to know what prompted his parting gift to me. It was made with considerable impressment—a plate of copper about eight or ten inches in size, holding in bas-relief in the smallest agate type the full text of the Declaration of Independence set around a miniature circular medallion reproduction of Trumbull's picture of the signing of the document, and holding in an open margin of about an inch below the text almost microscopic but most accurate bas-reliefs of the autographic signatures to the document. A delicate raised molding of the same copper framed the entire plate. This work of art must have been the combination of several mechanical and manual processes, and is evidently one of several copies. Perhaps there are elsewhere in the United States other men who possess this passport and by its virtue belong to my lodge.

When I got home I found that my father estimated more highly than could any boy of my age the events with which I had had such modest association. The more bitter rancor of the Civil War was gone; I had witnessed the long session of the Reconstruction Congress; the seceding states had come again into the Union.

I wonder if there is really a world spirit brooding over all, and if the seemingly disconnected events are more wisely associated than we surmise. A mystic that autumn walking through his quiet path at Concord, from which a specific fruit takes its name, wrote in his private diary not meant for publication but for his own refreshment only, "The grape is fruitful this year that men may be genial and gentle and make better laws."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Thomas. The third will appear in an early issue.

THE POSTAGE STAMP

(Continued from Page 11)

identify some not particularly welcome strangers. His attitude was, indeed, so inhospitable that the moment would have been embarrassing had not Nicolette eased it by murmuring, "The gentlemen—your friends from Paris, father."

"Ah," said Brissot, "my friends from Paris!" and he had the grace at least to rise and bow.

The young man with him he presented to us as M. Paul Letestard, and he went on to catalogue him with an imitation of raillery that was too venomous to be jocular.

"Monsieur Letestard," said he, "is a devotee of all the arts—a painter, a sculptor, an actor, a poet and a musician; but since he is also the son of a very rich man, he excels only in the art of conversation."

Letestard flushed with excusable indignation and bestowed upon old Brissot a glance of hatred so apparent that involuntarily I started forward to forestall a blow. And yet I felt that if any elderly man ever deserved to be struck it was Aristide Brissot. Fortunately, perhaps, interference on my part was not necessary, for Letestard got control of himself quickly, bowed, achieved a smile and said, "The king is disposed to jest at my expense, messieurs, and when the king jests—well, we all must laugh."

"Fetch the port, Nicolette, and glasses," commanded Brissot sharply, and he muttered some additional words to her in an aside which—judging later by the vile quality of the port—I took to be instructions as to the brand and the year that he was willing to serve.

Nicolette obeyed him without a word. When she had left the room George immediately engaged young Letestard in conversation, drawing him a little to one side so that neither I nor Brissot could hear what they said. Thus abandoned by my perfidious nephew, I mounted Monsieur Brissot's hobby and broached the subject of postage stamps.

At my inquiry whether he had as yet bagged the elusive Brunswick, 1852, his face flamed up and his eyes became positively malignant. He did not need to tell me that he had not, but he did so tell me, and he added in a low voice:

"And would you believe it, the father of that young fool Letestard owns the stamp and will not sell it at any price! Bah! He is rich and a collector, and to him money means nothing—the collection everything. But I will obtain it, monsieur! I will obtain it if I am forced ——"

He stopped abruptly, fearful lest he had betrayed himself by his vehemence. I observed that his thin hands were trembling on his knees and that there was an unhealthy flush at his cheek bones, and I judged him fit for the psychopathic ward of a hospital.

Presently Nicolette returned, bearing a tray on which were glasses and the port bottle. She served us, moving among us silently and gracefully; moving as, we are told, a goddess moves. Then she sat down beside her father and me, settling herself in her chair as if to listen rather than to speak. But I forced her to speak, for it was my desire to learn more of her, to discover what manner of girl this avaricious old Brissot had fathered. It is perhaps needless to say that I was certain she resembled her mother.

I commenced with a few banalities about Senlis—the quaint, quiet beauty of the town, the fineness of the cathedral and what not—and then I asked her rather abruptly what she did with her days. She raised large, surprised eyes and said simply: "One has to work a great part of the day; there is so much to be done about the house.

"Often, however," she added quickly at sight of Brissot's frown—"often in the afternoon I walk by the river—the Nonette, you know. It is very beautiful—the river—at dusk, and it is restful."

"And in the evenings?" I ventured.

She glanced at her father, not uneasily but as if she was aware of his annoyance and could do nothing to abate it.

"In the evenings," said she, "I usually work at cataloguing my father's stamps."

"Young girls in France," broke in Brissot irritably, "are brought up to assist in the management of the house. They are not permitted to be idle and frivolous."

She nodded in acquiescence, and then said placidly, as though stating a simple and acknowledged fact, "Yes, that is the reason why young girls in France wish to marry as early as is possible."

"And you," I said, smiling, "are, I suppose, no exception?"

She returned the smile with her lips, but her color was high and her eyes were not smiling as she answered firmly, "No, monsieur, I am in no way an exception."

Brissot, at this, pounded on his chair arm sharply and grumbled something derogatory of her and of her sex in general, and even of the holy state of matrimony itself. I felt that he disapproved of everything in the universe except himself and postage stamps. But I noticed that the expression of his disapproval was almost without visible effect upon Nicolette, who sat quietly in her chair, her hands clasped in her lap, her eyes seeking young Letestard only slightly more often than was normal. And I was suddenly aware that I had been mistaken in my first hasty judgment of her—Monsieur Brissot had by no means succeeded in breaking her will. He forced her to obey him, yes; he made of her a servant in his house; he bullied her and raged at her without a doubt; and the result was only that he had bent her—he had not broken her.

I found myself looking at the girl with admiration, where formerly I had looked at her with pity. One does not pity people who are at heart dauntless and unconquered; one envies them and aspires to be like them.

One does not pity Joan of Arc except in her moments of weakness, when she was troubled with doubts. Henley's "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul," is surely, though his head be bloody, a song of triumph, not of despondency and resignation.

I cast about in my mind, seeking to discover whence she derived the force that buoyed her up; that enabled her to rise clear-eyed and serene above the harshness of her existence, and I came to the conclusion that it must be either love or religion.

It was the omniscient George who trampled scornfully on my alternative of religion and informed me that it was, of course, love.

"Didn't you see her look at Letestard?" he queried. "You did? Well, what more do you want?"

I replied very meekly that I supposed I wanted nothing more.

III

THE next day George left me alone while he went to keep an engagement with Letestard. What those two youthful sages discussed I could easily imagine; but it was not until some time later that George gave me their conversation in detail. George must have won the young Frenchman's confidence almost at once, or else the Frenchman must have been in extreme need of a confidant, for my nephew returned to our hotel with an intimate knowledge of the private and personal affairs not only of Letestard but also of the Brissots, father and daughter.

"Nicolette," George informed me, "has swept Paul Letestard completely off his feet. He's been in love with her ever since he can remember—says she was made for him."

"Not very original," I commented.

"No," agreed George; "that's what makes me believe he's really in love—that and other things just as unoriginal."

"Well, and what then? How about Nicolette?"

"Nicolette's in the same boat. She's been in love with Paul ever since she can remember."

"Why on earth don't they do something about it then?" I demanded querulously.

"Yes," said George with a sagacious nod, "why don't they? I'll tell you why they don't: It's because old man Brissot will not consent to their marriage except upon one condition—one condition."

"One condition?" I repeated. "What condition?"

George paused impressively.

"The condition is," he said, "that Paul's father give old Brissot a certain stamp which Brissot craves and which Paul's father has in his collection. I'll give you just one guess what that stamp is."

"The one-silbergroschen Brunswick, 1852," I said immediately.

"Correct!" said George. "Now what do you think of that?"

"I think," I answered, "that it's uncivilized—it's medieval. The old miser is selling his daughter—nothing less."

"Well," agreed George reflectively, "he's certainly not exactly giving her away free. He's sort of reversing the dowry idea. The worst of it is, she isn't of age yet to marry without his consent."

"I suppose that Letestard, Senior, won't agree to any such ridiculous bargain."

"You suppose right, and Paul doesn't blame him. Nobody with any sense would blame him. You see, old Letestard, I gather, is something of a stamp fanatic himself, and that stamp is a mighty proud possession of his. It seems he has been accustomed to rather gloat a bit over it in Brissot's presence—brings it out to point with pride at it and that sort of thing. Very tantalizing, of course, for Brissot."

"Well," I observed, "if a man owns a treasure it is only natural he should be proud to show it."

"Uh-huh," said George. "Only natural; natural and annoying. It's like men that show off their children. Nobody objects much unless they want children of their own; but if they do I suppose it makes them a little unhappy. Now I, for example—I don't want either children or an old postage stamp; but I am capable of understanding the feelings of those who do."

"Aren't you becoming a little muddled, George?" I suggested. "I fear I don't follow the analogy. The ownership of a postage stamp changes with its actual physical transfer from one individual to another, whereas no one can actually own another's child. Nor, I imagine, does one ever covet another's child."

"What?" demanded George.

I repeated my belief that although one might covet children in the abstract one never coveted the child of another.

"You're wrong," said George—"completely wrong. Haven't I just told you that Paul Letestard covets Nicolette, the child of old man Brissot? Well, there you are, and fortunately that brings me back to the point where you interrupted me by questioning one of my figures of speech. It all boils down to this: Paul covets Nicolette, who is the property of Brissot. Brissot covets the something-or-other Brunswick stamp, which is the property of Letestard, Senior. Now if young Paul Letestard owned the stamp it would be obvious that an exchange could be arranged without much difficulty. But he does not own it. You, however, own an excellent counterfeit ——"

"Stop!" I cried. "You must be mad! I can foresee what you're about to suggest, and I refuse definitely and firmly to be a party to any such deception."

"And very creditable of you, too those sentiments," said George cheerfully. "Only you don't foresee at all what I'm about to suggest."

"Well," I replied, rather weakly I fear, "I imagine that you had some idea of selling the fraudulent stamp to Paul Letestard. If that wasn't the idea, I willingly apologize."

"Your apology," said George, "is noted and accepted. My idea was totally different. My idea was to give—not sell—the counterfeit stamp to Paul's father, telling him frankly that it is imitation."

"And then?"

"And then—oh, and then it wouldn't outrage your sense of honor very greatly, would it, if Paul's father gave the thing to old man Brissot in exchange for Nicolette? You see, it wouldn't be your affair what happened to the stamp after you had given it away with no attempt to claim it was genuine."

I hesitated.

"It would be," I said gravely, "a breach of honor on the part of Monsieur Letestard, although I admit I should not condemn him very severely in the circumstances. But may I ask just why you are interesting yourself in this affair to the extent of giving away one of my stamps?"

George laughed gayly and said: "I see you appreciate my sacrifice. Well, I'm prompted to this by an overwhelming desire to see the triumph of love. Isn't that laudable enough, and natural enough, too, when you consider all the failures of love going on around us in the world?"

"I should think," I grumbled, "that a youth of your age would like to do a little triumphing in love for himself."

"Hush!" said George. "My triumph lies in evading it."

IV

ON THE following day George persuaded me, not without reluctance on my part, to pay a formal call on Monsieur Letestard. In a small leather-covered wallet in the breast pocket of my coat reposed the counterfeit one-silbergroschen rose Brunswick, 1852. I went, I say, reluctantly, although George assured me that he and Paul had already prepared Monsieur Letestard for my visit.

Letestard, a prosperous merchant in a small way, lived around the corner from his *Boulangeries-Patisseries* shop. It was a tempting shop, and I had already frequented it on several occasions before I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with its owner. "The pleasure," I have written, and use the words sincerely and not merely to round out a conventional phrase. Yes, it was indubitably a pleasure to know Monsieur Letestard.

He was a fat man of about sixty, with a bald head and a gleam of malice in his young blue eyes. Unlike most fat men, he was not ebullient; not the kind to slap one on the back or to make a clown of himself simply to gain a laugh. He was intelligent and, more than that, he was educated. He knew not only his fellow men but, what is more rare, he knew books. In short, he had formed his own opinions of humanity, and in addition had studied the opinions of wiser men than he. Putting them all together, he had, he assured us, arrived at the conclusion that the world was evil, and worth living in only because it was evil; and as a consequence of this happy conviction he was able to live cheerfully and contentedly, since, expecting the worst, he was seldom disappointed in any of his neighbors or friends.

Young Paul Letestard, who was, of course, present when George and I arrived, proclaimed his utter disagreement with his father's philosophy—proclaimed it as loudly as only a lover can who is convinced that he is acquainted with human perfection—and appeared uneasy lest our Anglo-Saxon sensibilities be shocked.

"My son," said Monsieur Letestard, "informs me that you have been kind to him; that your nephew and he are good friends. I am grateful that it is so. But he has hinted to me that you have come here for something perhaps even more important than a visit of amity; in fact, if you will permit me to proceed directly to the point, that you have come to discuss a matter of a postage stamp. Gentlemen, I await your words and I am at your service."

Although Monsieur Letestard included both George and myself in the gesture of his plump white hands, I considered that on George alone fell by rights the duty of broaching the scheme. It was George's scheme; Paul was George's friend; everything pointed to George. But George—the elusive George—not for the first time in his life, abandoned me.

"It is my uncle's stamp that is in question," said George, bowing gracefully in my direction.

"Ah!" said Letestard, and waited.

"Monsieur," I said after a space, "I am given to understand by my nephew—indiscreetly, perhaps, by my nephew—that your son could consummate an—an arrangement greatly desired on his part were he in possession of a certain postage stamp."

Letestard raised amused brows above his youthful eyes as I paused, at a loss how best to continue, and he glanced quickly from myself to Paul, to George.

"It is perhaps true, monsieur," he said. "I trust that my son, however, has not been beating his breast and tearing his hair in the presence of you and your nephew."

"He has not," interposed George. "I encountered great difficulty, on the contrary, in extracting the information both from him and from Nicolette."

"Ah?" queried Letestard. "A maiden from whom it is difficult to extract information? Does such a one exist?"

"She emphatically does," said George with spirit. "She is an extraordinary girl."

"Undoubtedly," agreed Letestard with a grave smile. "I am behind no one in my admiration of Nicolette. But perhaps,"

(Continued on Page 34

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(Continued from Page 32)

he added, turning to me—"perhaps we have strayed from the immediate subject."

"Monsieur," I said simply, "I have come to offer you that stamp—the one-silbergroschen rose Brunswick, 1852."

I drew out my little wallet from my breast pocket, extended the stamp and passed it over to Letestard.

"Unfortunately," I said, "the stamp is a counterfeit—a good one, to be sure, but nevertheless a counterfeit, and hence worthless. In presenting it to you I am, therefore, making a valueless gift—valueless at least intrinsically. What use you choose to make of it—well, shall we say its potential value?—rests completely with you. The stamp once out of my hands, I wash those hands of its destiny."

Letestard sat in silence, examining the stamp, turning it about in his fingers. Then he produced a pocket lens and made an even more minute inspection. Then he nodded his head and smiled a little.

"It is, as you observe," said he, "an excellent imitation. The color is possibly a trifle too dark and the S seems to be imperfect; but it is small wonder you were deceived."

"I can scarcely term myself a connoisseur," I explained, "and I bought the stamp before submitting it to experts. It was perforce a hurried purchase, since the owner was departing unexpectedly for South America. Needless to say, he departed."

"Of course," agreed Letestard. "And now I understand that you wish me to accept the stamp as a gift from you to be used as my son or I decide?"

"I do."

He pondered the affair for a while, his brows knitted, his hands drumming on the table. Then he said:

"Monsieur, you have made a most generous offer, and I am tempted to accept. You foresee, undoubtedly, that what I should do with the stamp would involve a small deception; excusable, perhaps, but a deception nevertheless. I am influenced by two emotions; I am pulled in two directions. My affection for my son and my wish to see him secure the wife that he desires urge me to bribe this ignoble Brissot with the stamp that he covets; but my pride and my sense of fitness tell me that it is humiliating and cowardly to obtain a wife for my son by even appearing to pay a price. You see my predicament, monsieur. However, I will confess to you what you have already no doubt divined—I dislike Monsieur Brissot most heartily; and there enters the personal equation. I dislike Monsieur Brissot so heartily that I should rejoice to discomfit him—to cheat the cheater. Monsieur Brissot is a worm. On this world we are all of us worms, crawling about in the slime; but Monsieur Brissot is a peculiarly objectionable worm. It is desirable, if only for the sake of Nicolette, that he be crushed; and so, monsieur, if you will allow it, I will reflect upon this matter overnight and to-morrow you shall have my decision. In the meantime you have my most cordial thanks."

I, of course, made no objection to Letestard's desire to meditate at leisure, and shortly afterward we left the house, George and I walking back to our hotel through the quiet, crooked streets.

On the way we encountered Nicolette, a market basket over her arm. She was bareheaded, and the sun glinted ruddily on her black hair. One envied young Paul Letestard. She seemed pleased to see us, bestowing on us her tranquil smile—the smile of a woman on the lips of a child. George seized her basket immediately and we turned and escorted her back to her father's house.

"We come from Monsieur Letestard," said George, "and we found him a very amicable gentleman."

"Yes," she said simply, "I love Monsieur Letestard—everyone loves him, although he claims to love no one. You saw Paul? Paul tells me that he and you are good friends. I am glad."

"Yes, we saw Paul. The bridegroom-elect seemed cheerful."

Now this remark of my nephew's struck me as being impertinent—what he himself would call fresh. It certainly would have set most silly girls to blushing. But Nicolette did not blush, nor did she attempt to deny the imputation. Instead she merely raised her eyebrows interrogatively.

"We have been conspiring," George informed her in answer to her mute question—"we have been conspiring, my uncle and I, and before long we may have some good news for you. Meanwhile, like all conspirators, we must exude an atmosphere of mystery. Do we not look mysterious, mademoiselle?"

She gave a little laugh, and I was suddenly aware that I had not heard her laugh before.

"You Americans," she exclaimed—"do you always joke?"

"Yes, indeed," my nephew assured her gravely—"boast and joke; that's all we do. Sometimes we dance a little. I intend, mademoiselle, to dance at your wedding in a very few days."

She glanced at him quickly, puzzled no doubt, uncertain whether he was in earnest. Then she said gravely, "I hope, monsieur, that you may." And then we left her at her door in the archway.

■

THAT Monsieur Letestard had reached a decision in regard to the matter of accepting my stamp, and that the decision was unfavorable to the hopes of his son Paul, was apparent when that young man burst in on us at our hotel on the following morning, his face as gloomy as that of a prospective suicide. But, like all Frenchmen, he was vehement and gesticulatory even in his gloom.

"We have lost!" he cried. "My father decides to return to you your stamp. I have it here. He thanks you; he is grateful; he is regretful; but he is firm. What an obstinacy!"

"Sit down," urged George.

Paul sat down and put his head in his hands, a very miserable young lover.

"Now," George continued, "tell us just what your father said."

"He did not say much," groaned Paul; "merely that he had decided that he could not take advantage of your generosity. He gave me the stamp and requested that I return it. Here it is, monsieur," and he handed me the counterfeit one-silbergroschen rose. "We are at the end," he added. "I must give up Nicolette."

George crossed the room to him and clapped him vigorously on the back.

"Give up?" he exclaimed. "Never give up! We must devise some other scheme, that is all. And at the worst, remember that Nicolette will come of age before long, and then you can marry without Brissot's consent. You can thumb your nose at the old idiot and march gayly up to the altar, although personally I'm of the opinion that no man but a fool marches gayly up to the altar."

George always enjoys a cynical jab at matrimony, the bonds of which, even to this day, he has successfully avoided. That he has succeeded in avoiding them is cause for wonder if not for admiration, for he is an orphan, rich and a philanderer, with an eye ever receptive to pulchritude.

"George," I said severely, "this is scarcely the time to be facetious. One who has never felt a wound should not jest at scars."

"Matrimony being, I suppose, the scar of love? You are not very fortunate, Uncle Foster, in your metaphors."

Letestard, I am sure, paid no heed to this inanity, but sat motionless and miserable and mute.

"I almost forgot," said he at length—"I almost forgot to inform you that my father requests you will do him the honor of dining with him this evening. I suppose that he wishes to thank you in person for your generosity. May I tell him that you will come?"

We accepted readily enough, for we suspected that Monsieur Letestard might have more to say about the matter in hand than Paul had been able to reveal.

When Paul had left us George and I spent a quiet, dejected day, endeavoring to devise new stratagems by which to outwit old Brissot. But even George's fertile young brain hit upon nothing adequate, and in the evening we took our way to Letestard's empty-headed.

You can perhaps imagine our surprise when, on our arrival, we found that Brissot and Nicolette were already present; Brissot in a more amiable mood than I had hitherto seen him, and Nicolette unquiet for once, flushed and mystified and expectant. As for Monsieur Letestard, he appeared grave but satisfied—like a widower, George whispered to me.

The meal proceeded agreeably enough, owing chiefly to Brissot's newly acquired good humor and to George's unflagging ebulliency.

When we had finished the *pré-salé*—and a delicious *pré-salé* it was, too—Letestard exchanged nods with Brissot, pushed back his chair and stood up.

"Mademoiselle," he said, with a bow to Nicolette, "and messieurs, as you may perhaps have divined, this little dinner was not planned with the sole idea of assembling congenial friends in order that they might eat together. Behind it, I assure you, there lies a motive nobler than that. We are told in the Bible that marriage is an honorable institution, and the passages in which it is advocated are numerous. Saint Paul himself says in his Epistle to the Corinthians, I believe, that it is better to marry than to burn. Against such testimony the gibes of the scoffers cannot prevail.

"That fact, then, being decided, it is my honor and my pleasure to announce, with the consent of Monsieur Brissot, the betrothal of Nicolette, his daughter, and Paul, my son. I drink to the health of the happy pair and I request, messieurs, that you join me."

Of course we did so, but I for one was so astounded at the unexpected turn things had taken that I could scarcely find my feet or my wine glass. Nicolette and Paul were gazing at each other, fearful to believe in their happiness. George emitted a long "Yeah-h-h!" followed by a hearty "Atta-boy!" and emptied his glass at a gulp.

When the toast had been drunk, Letestard, still standing, requested an instant of silence.

"We all," he said, "contemplate with pleasure the prospect of this felicitous union. That is apparent. It is my desire to express my own pleasure in a material form—in a form less fugitive than looks, less transient than words. In short, it is my desire to bestow a gift, not upon the adorable Nicolette, not upon the adoring Paul, but, messieurs, upon Monsieur Aristide Brissot, my worthy friend and neighbor and father of the bride-to-be."

Letestard motioned to the servant and whispered a command in her ear. Old Brissot licked his pale lips in anticipation, for, as I discovered later, he well knew what was coming. It had all been arranged beforehand between him and Letestard.

Presently the servant returned, bearing in her two hands an enormous postage-stamp album, which she placed reverently on the table in front of Letestard. It was apparent that during her years of servitude she had been taught to regard the album as a sort of sacred relic, the most precious treasure in the household.

Deliberately, amid a complete silence, Letestard opened the album, turning its pages slowly and with extreme care. I could see that he passed by the A's to the B's, and it was not difficult to suspect that he was seeking Brunswick. So he had capitulated, after all. In order to secure his son's happiness he had surrendered to the greed of old Brissot—he was coming to the sacrifice, and old Brissot was licking anticipatory lips.

As I had surmised, Letestard's hand ceased to turn the pages when the caption "Brunswick" had been reached. Now Brunswick has but few stamps, and I perceived at a glance that Letestard possessed them all—a remarkable collection. Among them I saw the one-silbergroschen rose of the issue of 1852.

Letestard raised his head and began to speak.

"Monsieur Brissot, I have before me the gift to which I referred. In order that there shall be no misunderstanding"—and here his voice took on, I thought, a severer, sharper tone—"in order, I say, that there shall be no misunderstanding, I desire, in the presence of these gentlemen, to stress the word 'gift.' In other words, it is understood that I am not trading this stamp—I am giving it away; and I am giving it away freely and under no compulsion. I am sure, however, that I could give it to no one who would cherish it better or value it more highly than Monsieur Brissot."

As he concluded this extraordinary speech he tore the rose-colored stamp from the page—deftly and with fingers that did not tremble—and he handed it with a bow to old Brissot. The latter's hand was already outstretched to receive it. He bowed jerkily and said suavely, "Thank you, Monsieur Letestard, for the gift. You could have hit upon nothing that I should more desire."

"The wedding," observed Letestard, "is set for three days hence."

VI

GEORGE, as he had promised Nicolette, danced at the wedding. Although it was held in the middle of the day, we wore dress clothes to conform to the French custom; and George, stimulated, I fear, by the sweet champagne which Letestard provided in abundance, danced so strenuously that his collar hung down limp over his shirt bosom.

Everyone was happy, including Letestard, who appeared to harbor no regrets of his sacrifice. Nicolette was transformed. In place of resignation there now glowed expectancy upon her. The door of her cell had been unlocked and she was now standing in the sun.

When the bridal pair had driven away and the festivities were at an end, Letestard approached me and invited me to follow him into his library—a small, comfortable room considerably removed from the formal salon.

"Monsieur," said he, motioning me to a seat, "I cannot have you leave Senlis without expressing my thanks to you for what you have done."

"But I have done nothing," I disclaimed. "It is you who have wrought happiness for those two."

He nodded leisurely.

"Perhaps," he agreed—"perhaps. But it was you who planted the seed of the idea. It was upon your suggestion that I acted."

"My suggestion!" I echoed. "Why, monsieur, you would have nothing to do with my suggestion!"

"Pardon," he said, "but in a way I acted upon it. I had not thought before, you see, of offering the stamp to Monsieur Brissot, and had it not been for you I fear I should never have done so. You must understand that I have owned that stamp for many years, and that for exactly that many years Brissot had been consumed with desire for it. It has, I confess," he continued with a hint of a smile, "given me no little pleasure to show Brissot that stamp. It has amused me to see him writhe with covetousness. Alas, I shall have that pleasure, that amusement, no more!"

"You were generous, monsieur. You sacrificed yourself for the happiness of your son. For his sake you parted with your greatest treasure."

The hint of a smile developed upon his lips and his blue eyes snapped and twinkled amazingly.

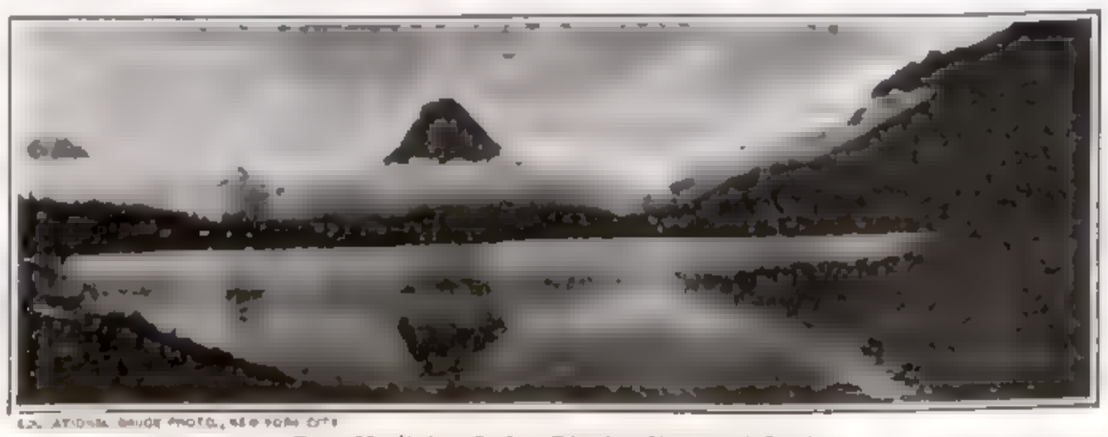
"My greatest treasure?" he questioned. "Well, no, monsieur; my greatest source of amusement, perhaps, but not my greatest treasure."

"You have stamps, then, of greater value?"

"Hundreds, monsieur—thousands! You see, my one-silbergroschen rose Brunswick, 1852, was, like yours, unfortunately a counterfeit."

I stared and then I stood up and shook him by the hand.

"A gift," he mused—"it was understood that it was to be merely a gift. And surely, monsieur, it is not the value of a gift that counts—it is the sentiment that accompanies it."



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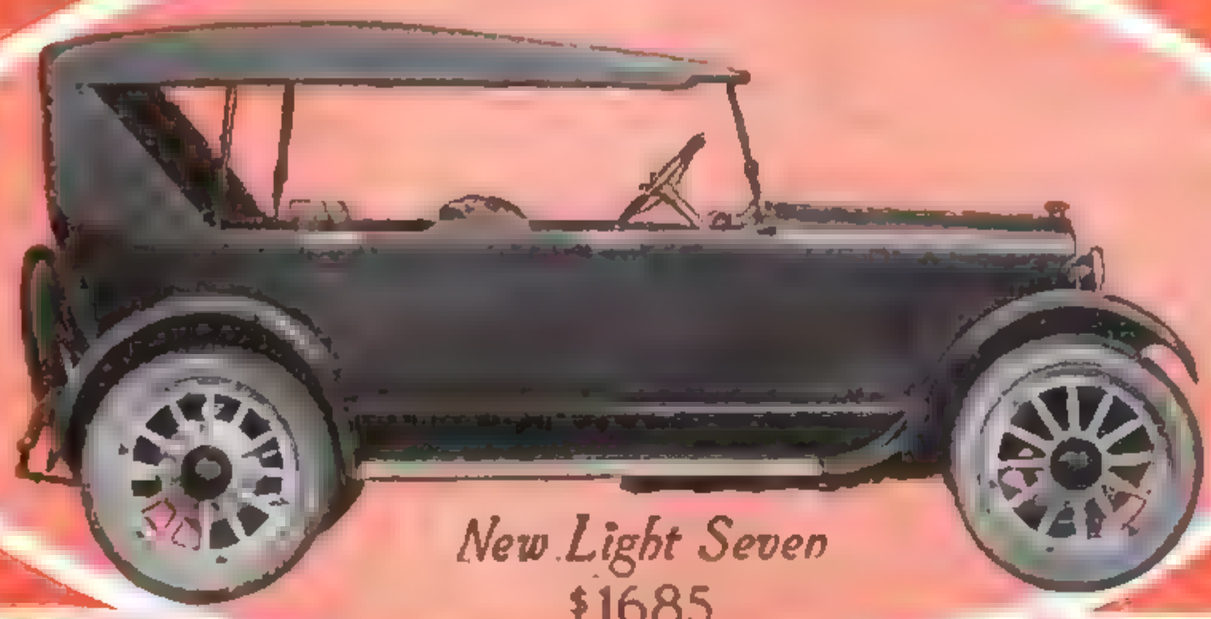

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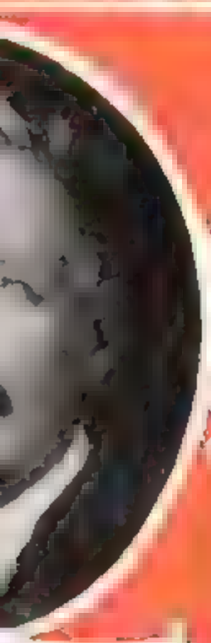

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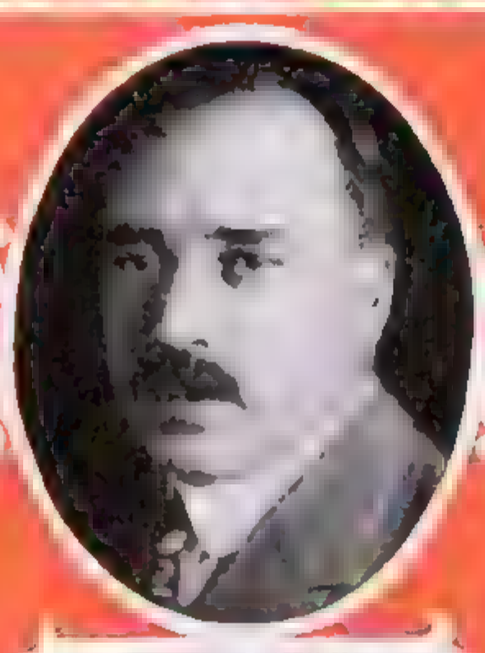

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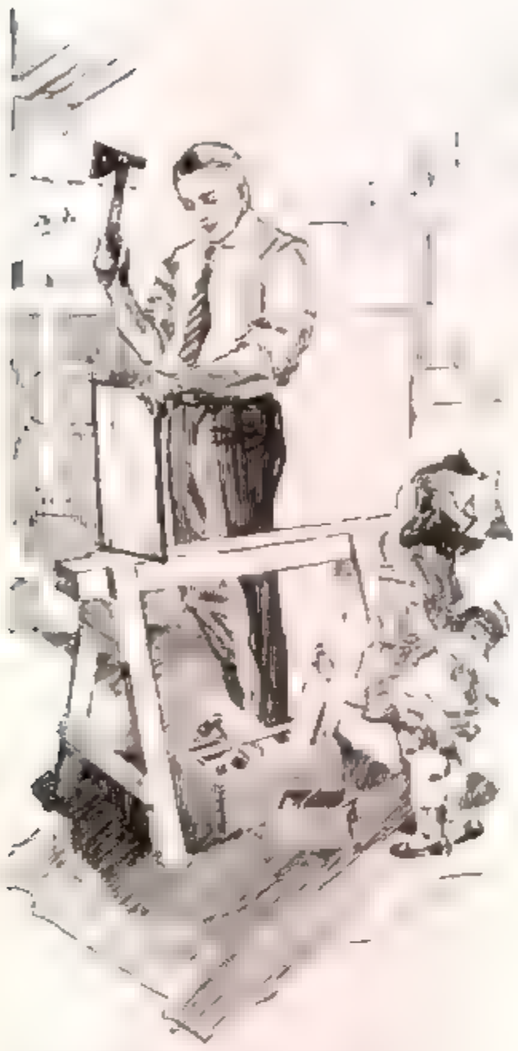

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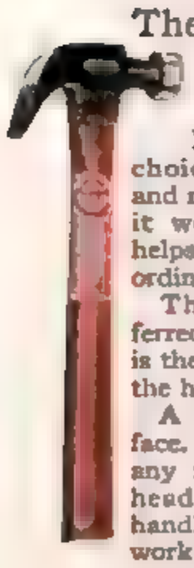

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THE PRODIGAL FATHER

(Continued from Page 5)

genius, positive genius, but not an ounce of anything back of it—no character, no judgment, no sense. Yes, I married for love, and where am I now? You'll never regret this step, I'm sure, for Sam Merkle told me Benny has a million cold that he made in the cement, and nobody can touch it but him, and not a chick or child, though married twice, only relatives that he hates like poison."

"Yes, yes, Julie. Let's get down to breakfast."

"I'll call Benny up and he can take us out somewhere. Now, dearie, you know I never tried to influence you one way or the other, but it's just as well to let Benny think it was me talked you into it—if I'm to get that eight thousand, I mean. You don't mind, darling?"

"No, I don't mind," said Lilla.

Her face seemed as old as Julie's. There were black circles about her eyes. She heard Julie in the next room, calling Benny's number. She had done it now!

Benny puffed in half an hour later, sleek, businesslike, grinning, with his face blue-black from the closest possible shave. Julie received him in the sitting room.

"Say, this is great news! Fine, fine!" he chortled.

"Don't you think it wasn't some job to talk her into it," Julie told him. "I've been working for you, Benny Leroy, that I have! Rooting for you from the first. It's a big wrench to lose her—to hand my little girl over to you. She's all I've got, you know that, and we been like sisters together. All I got—except my career. And speaking of that ——"

She told him of Graff and the proposed engagement. At mention of eight thousand dollars his smile faded suddenly, but she lured it back. In the end he agreed to furnish the money.

"You won't have to pay for three weeks," she told him. "But you might just give me a letter to Graff, saying you're good for it. Sit down there and write it while I get Lilla." She went into the bedroom. "Lilla, dear, Benny's come," he heard her say.

Benny sat at the desk, moistened his thick lips with his tongue and wrote. As he finished and rose Lilla came in. He stood staring at her.

"Well, Lilla, I hear you're going to take me."

"Yes, Benny."

"That's—great! You won't regret it. Everything you want, little girl—everything money can buy." He came close and put his short arms about her. "A little kiss, eh, to seal the bargain?" His breath, redolent of stale cigar smoke and bootlegger's gin, was on her cheek.

"No, no!" she cried, and pushed him away. "Not now!"

"All right," said Benny Leroy. "I can wait." After a moment she lifted her eyes to his. There was nothing of the faithful dog in Benny's eyes now. Little Red Riding Hood, out of her experience with animals, could have supplied a truer simile.

II

THAT night Benny gave Lilla and Julie a party to celebrate the betrothal. It was past midnight when he brought them home. Whatever the feelings of Lilla, pale and silent through the festivities, Julie Kerr was in high good humor. Things were going her way at last. Before her stretched once more the high road of her career. She could travel it unhampered. Old? She'd show them! To-morrow her rehearsals began. A third owner of the show! She knew only too well the advantage that would give her. She meant to enjoy it to the full. No nonsense from anybody.

Her mind was playing with such pleasant thoughts as these as she entered the almost deserted lobby of the hotel and walked toward the elevator some distance ahead of the other two. Suddenly she was aware of a long thin man disentangling himself and rising from a chair near the desk. He advanced to meet her. There was something familiar in his walk. He removed the hat that had been low over his eyes, and she saw again that old, cynical smile.

"Well, Julie," he said.

"Dick Paton!" she cried.

"What a marvelous memory for faces, Julie!" he laughed. "I hardly expected you'd know me—it has been so many years since ——"

"Since you ran away."

"Ran, my dear? Really, you credit me with an energy it has never been my good fortune to possess. Not ran—hardly that. Strolled off into the distance, say, being a bit fed up with matrimony and all that. Weak of me—oh, very weak! Weak character always. Owe you a thousand apologies."

"You owe me more than that."

"Ah, yes, dear heart, if you must speak of sordid things ——"

"You owe me fourteen years' alimony. You've got a nerve to come back!"

"Yes, haven't I? Rather admire myself, you know. As for the—er—alimony, I fancied you'd mention it; but when you know all—the uphill fight, playing in the sticks—many a night I lay awake wishing I had a penny to send you."

Lilla and Benny came up. Julie Kerr sank weakly into a chair.

"What!" cried Paton, turning. "It's little Lilla, as I live! By Jove, Julie, she's a credit to you—or to us, shall I say? No—well, perhaps not. At any rate, she's you all over again, and who could be fairer than that? Lilla, will you shake hands with—your father?"

He held out his hand and stood with that charming whimsical smile no woman had ever had the heart to resist. Lilla felt herself smiling too—for the first time that night. She gave him her hand. He held it firmly for a moment, then drew her slim body to him and kissed her on the cheek. For some unknown reason the heart of Julie Kerr, watching, became suddenly like lead. Julie got wearily to her feet.

"Meet Mr. Leroy," she said.

"Ah, yes," Dick Paton answered, seizing Benny's plump hand. "Mr. Leroy. Going to marry Lilla—I picked that up at the club. Frightful gossips, the men at the club. Love's young dream and all that sort of thing, eh, what? Look here, my boy, I used to know your wife—your first, I think she was. Jolly girl. Little did I dream that some day her husband would grow up to marry my baby, but such is life among the players."

"I'd better be going," growled Mr. Leroy.

"No doubt—no doubt. Feel a bit of an intruder on this touching scene, I fancy. The return of the prodigal—back from the husks—again in the bosom of his family. Well, look in on us, old chap. Look in on us often."

"Good night," said Benny Leroy. "See you to-morrow," he added to Lilla, and went out.

"Charming fellow," Dick Paton commented. "A bit passé, perhaps, but even the loveliest flowers must fade. Eh, Julie?"

"What do you want?" asked Julie Kerr coldly. "Why have you come back?"

"Ah, Julie, there you have me," he smiled. "It's difficult to put into words. Got to thinking of you—of Lilla—especially of Lilla. Something indefinite, intangible, pulled me back. I felt a sort of responsibility ——"

"Ha-ha—that's good!" she laughed mirthlessly.

"Good that it came at last, you mean. Yes, isn't it? Well, it came, so I've drifted in to see if there's anything I can do ——"

"Just fourteen years too late," said Julie.

"Fourteen years too late so far as you're concerned," he said gently. "But in Lilla's case—well, really, who can say?"

She stared at him. What did he mean by that? She must get rid of him, but how? Just like him, this was, strolling debonairly into her life at the one moment in all the fourteen years when she wanted him least. She hated him. At least she ought to hate him. He was good-looking, though. Tall, straight, beautifully tailored as always, distinguished. The years that had dealt so unkindly with her had only served to increase his fascination.

"I'd like a chat with you both, really I would," he was saying. "But not in this public place, if you don't mind. All I require, Julie, to complete my happiness is an invitation to your rooms."

"You'll not get it. You're not my husband, you know. And at this hour ——"

"But Lilla can chaperon us. Why not?"

Julie hesitated. "So many things to talk over," Paton smiled. "Come, Julie."

She found herself obeying him once more. A moment later they were all seated in the bare little sitting room.

"Perhaps you want to know what I've been doing these past fourteen years," said Paton, "perhaps not. I'll tell you, anyhow. I've been about a bit. Went out with a Bandmann troupe—Gibraltar, Algiers, Calcutta, the Federated Malay States, Hong-Kong—God knows where. Tried stock on the Coast—Portland, Frisco, even Honolulu. Went out to Australia—was there when the war broke. Joined up with the artillery—had to go, really, you know—it was England. Served the war out. After the war I landed a shop in the West End, made good, got real money ——" Julie raised her eyes and looked at him keenly. "Oh, no, my dear," he smiled. "It's all gone—like chaff before the wind. Never could hang onto it. Owe a chap in London for my passage money here—God knows if he'll ever get it back."

"The same old Dick," she murmured. Somehow the spell of his presence softened her tone.

"Same old sixpence," he admitted. "You know, Julie, the London critics said it too. Said I had genius, I mean. Used to sit and think about it—about this gift I had—and wonder. Just a gift, that's all. Nothing more. No business sense, no perseverance, no backbone, really. A wonderful gift—squandered. Other chaps with not half my ability—oh, damn it all, what's the use?"

"What are you going to do now?" Julie asked.

"Don't know. Ramble round hunting an engagement here, I fancy."

"I suppose you know I could put you in jail—the alimony, I mean."

"Might be a good idea too. Free room and board, plenty of leisure to loaf and invite the soul, and read. Chaps tell me I really ought to bone up on H. G. Wells. What an opportunity for Wells—jail!"

"Julie!" cried Lilla.

"Oh, I shan't do it," Julie said. "It wouldn't do any good."

"Sensible girl," smiled Paton. "Not an iota of good, my dear. Harm, rather. Since you're still pretending to be sweet and twenty, think of it—the headlines—'Julie Kerr Jails Her ex-Husband—Fourteen Years Behind in His Alimony—Married Twenty-two Years Ago—A Daughter of Twenty.' Not precisely the type of publicity you crave, is it, Julie?"

Julie stood up. "Is there anything more to be said?" she asked.

He passed his hand uncertainly over his gray hair.

"One thing more, it seems to me. I told you it was thinking of Lilla brought me here. I said I felt a sort of responsibility—and you laughed. Very good. I arrive to find she's on the point of marrying one Benny Leroy. I won't insult her by asking if she's fond of him. Naturally she's not. Then why marry him?"

"I'll tell you why," said Julie. "She's going to marry him because she's sick and tired of being broke, of never having a penny, of having to dodge round corners to escape the landlord. And if that's been her life, if she's never had a chance like other girls, whose fault is it, I'd like to know?"

Dick Paton's head had fallen forward on his breast.

"I'll tell you," he said gently. "It's my fault. I'm to blame." He lifted his eyes and smiled half-heartedly. "I'm a pretty rotten sort of father, aren't I, Lilla?"

"Why, I think you're wonderful!" said Lilla, and it was perhaps the greatest tribute ever paid his personality that she had intended to say no such thing.

With his jaunty air regained, Paton leaped to his feet.

"There you have it, Julie!" he cried. "The secret of my great success. The women—the girls, God bless 'em—they all love me. Why? I can't say. But there it is. Thank you, Lilla. I'll try to be worthy of you. And now, if you'll go into the other room, I'd like a few words with your mother."

Lilla nodded and stepped into the bedroom, closing the door behind her. Dick Paton stood staring after her.

"By Jove," he said, "it's remarkable! The resemblance to you, Julie—as you were at her age, I mean. I rather thought she might be on the stage. With us for parents, you know ——"

"Poor child," Julie answered, "she's crazy to act. I let her try one or two small parts. But she's hopeless—quite hopeless. Strange, isn't it?"

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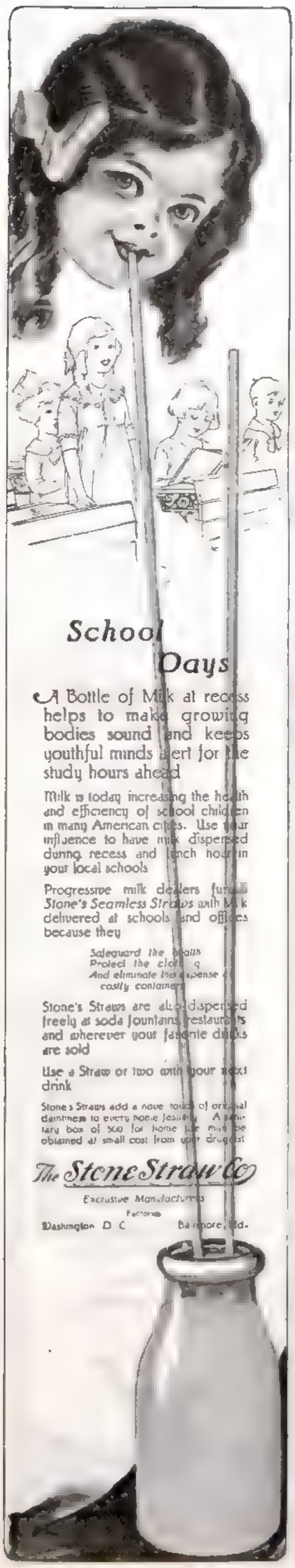
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He looked at her keenly.

"Very strange. But lucky for you, eh, what?"

"I'm afraid I don't get er follow you."

"Well, it seemed better to keep her in the dark, didn't it?—for the sake of your own career. Tell me, what have you been doing?"

"Struggling along, trying to keep body and soul together, to pay for Lilla's schooling. And if you think it's been easy ——"

"Odd you never married again, Julie," he cut in. "Must have had plenty of chances, and it would have been such a load off my mind. Oh, don't laugh! I worried about the alimony, even if I never sent anything."

"I had my career. I married once. That was plenty."

He strolled to the mantel.

"Not a bad picture of Bob Gleason," he said, nodding toward a photograph.

She started.

"What do you know about Bob Gleason?" she asked.

"Know all about him. A very good friend of mine. He was living in Honolulu when I played there in stock. Used to invite me out to his cottage at Waikiki for a swim. We'd sit on the *lanai* at night, with the stars so low it seemed you could reach up and touch 'em, and the breakers crashing at our feet. And he'd rave—he'd rave about you, Julie. He was mad about you. By the way, he must have come along soon after I left."

"About that time."

"He thought you the noblest of God's creatures, my dear. I never even mentioned I knew you. Wanted to marry you, didn't he?"

"I preferred my career."

"Yes, especially after you found out he didn't have a cent."

"You're at liberty to think that if you like."

"You made a mistake, my girl. Bob's been wonderfully successful. Owns sugar plantations, acres of pineapples, everything. Lives in Frisco six months a year—fine old house on Nob Hill."

"He never married?"

"No, he has been faithful to you, Julie, in his fashion."

"Bob Gleason's in the past."

"To be sure." He came over and sat down. "And it's the future I want to talk about—Lilla's future. I see what's happened to the girl. You've submerged her—sunk her almost without a trace. You're the same old Julie—out to get what you want, and the Lord help those about you."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I'll explain. The chaps at the club are old women for gossip. I hear you've got a part in Graff's new piece, and that you're paying eight thousand for it. Benny Leroy's money—am I right?"

"What if you are?"

"Same old Julie. Self, self, self! Oh, I lived with you eight years—I ought to know! Don't think I've forgotten that last year when we played together—how green your face got whenever I won a bit of applause, how I caught you ruining my scenes by all the tricks you knew, dropping your handkerchief, working your hands behind your back, rattling a teacup on my best lines. I stood for it, though I despised you. But now you're proposing to sacrifice Lilla, and I won't have it!"

"That's right, insult me. Fourteen years away, and now you come back ——"

"Wait a minute! This is the way I look at it: We're a pretty rotten brace of parents—we never should have had the kid. However, she's here, and it's time we did something for her—both of us. I'll do my share if you'll do yours."

"Your share!"

"Yes, my share. But first, about you: Give up this silly pretense that the years can't touch you. Bow to the inevitable. I've bowed. I no longer play the young and dashing hero." He lowered his head. "As you can see, the hair's a bit thin. Soon I shall have my high top bald with dry antiquity. Shakspere, my dear. I note your own hair's gray near the roots." She tried to interrupt. "Just a moment! For Lilla's sake, I ask you to withdraw from this production. Tell the girl to send Benny Leroy about his business. Then go out after the sort of part you should be playing—a woman of forty, charming, well-preserved, yes, but frankly forty. I know a man who would take you on those terms to-morrow. I'll fix it for you. I—I feel a sort of responsibility."

"Ah, yes," said Julie Kerr coldly. "And your contribution?"

"It's this: I've been offered two years in the pictures at three-fifty a week. I don't care for the pictures. I swore I'd never go into them. I love the theater, the actual audience; I want to use my voice—my best asset. I'll put all these considerations aside, sign up in the morning, sell myself and turn over half my salary weekly to you and the girl. I'll arrange to have it paid direct." He got up. "What do you say?"

"You'd better be going," she answered. "My rehearsals begin in the morning."

"I thought so," he said. "It's yourself, always yourself. You can't change now. Very good. I've given you your chance and you've refused. That means war."

He went over and knocked at the bedroom door. It opened and Lilla stood there in some sort of lacy negligée, so sweet and alluring, so like the Julie Kerr of long ago that Paton gave a little gasp of surprise.

"Lilla, my dear," he said, "I'm planning a luncheon to-morrow. Will you come?" The girl hesitated and looked toward Julie. "Oh, your mother's invited too. A family reunion—mother, father and daughter. What a happy party we shall be!"

"I'll be at rehearsal," said Julie. "I can't come."

"And Lilla?" He turned to the girl. She stood staring at him. She had been thinking him over in the bedroom. She perceived that her judgment was correct; he was a father to be proud of—so far as the eye went, at any rate. "There's no reason why Lilla can't come," he said.

"Of course not," smiled Lilla.

"Thank you. Meet me at—no"—he saw Julie's face—"I'll call for you here a quarter before one. Good night, my dear."

Lilla, murmuring her good night, closed the door.

"So," cried Julie Kerr, "you're going to try and win her away from me, after all I've done for her, all the sacrifices I've made ——"

"Not at all," he smiled. "But I'll share her with you if you don't mind." He came over and stood before her. "One last chance," he said. "For the girl's sake ——"

"Never!" she cried angrily. "Never!"

"Very good. We'll meet again, my dear. Good night."

He went out and left her sitting wide-eyed in her chair. He walked unheeding through the bedraggled Forties. The problem that confronted him was so big—appalling.

Lilla! Poor little Lilla! He thought of her as she had stood there framed in the doorway, Julie Kerr as she was in her youth, but without Julie's blemishes. The Julie Kerr he had once thought himself in love with, the Julie Kerr Bob Gleason had raved about those nights at Waikiki—warm nights like to-night.

By Jove, Bob Gleason! The actor stopped dead in his tracks before the window of a cheap specialty shop and stood staring with unseeing eyes at the display of lingerie within. Gleason was only thirty-eight, a fine, upstanding fellow, a white man. Suppose Gleason came to New York, met Lilla, saw in her the image of the woman whose memory he still carried in his heart. What would happen then?

Paton turned into a telegraph office and wrote a message to Gleason's place of business on Pine Street, San Francisco:

"Would you cross the continent to renew your youth? Of course—who wouldn't? Take the next train and meet me at the club ten minutes after you land."

The beetle-browed New Yorker at the telegraph desk stolidly accepted this message, and, paying from a rather slim purse, Dick Paton returned to the street. He was still smiling as he crossed over to his club. At the door a sudden recollection brought a frown to his face. He looked at his watch; was it too late, he wondered, to arrange a game of poker? He had just recalled that if he was to see Bob Gleason again he had need of a hundred dollars, for that was the sum Bob had loaned him to get out of Honolulu when the stock company went on the rocks.

III

THE following morning Gleason telegraphed that he was on his way. It was characteristic of Dick Paton that he at once regarded the problem of Lilla's future as solved.

Of course, here was a situation that called for delicate handling; but that was precisely the handling he proposed to give it. He would inaugurate the affair with a luncheon at a smart hotel. Into Bob Gleason's life he would lead the slim and lovely Lilla. Already he saw the Westerner's start of surprise, his face lighting up like a Waikiki sunrise, his heart racing back through the years. Enough! The father's work was done! Already he rehearsed in his mind a subsequent scene—Bob Gleason coming to him mad with adoration.

"All right, old chap, go in and win her."

"But the girl—surely she cares nothing for me?" Dick Paton's smiling answer: "Oh, yes, she does! Confound it, I shouldn't have said that; but I had a little talk with her to-day." Bob's cry of happiness. "Of course, there are obstacles—she's already engaged." "Obstacles? I eat them!" from Bob. Beautiful—beautiful! All the responsibility on Bob's shoulders. Paton loved the idea—Lord, how he had always hated responsibility! All right now, though. Bob would assume the burden.

Five days later, all unknowing of what awaited him, Gleason rolled into New York. At seven o'clock that night Dick Paton met him at the club. The first sight of his friend was a bit of a shock to the actor; somehow Bob had aged more than he expected. His hair was grayish at the temples, his step not quite so vigorous. But the old-time twinkle was in his eyes.

"Hullo, trouper!" he cried. "By gad, you're looking well! Bonny Prince Charley, as always."

"Thanks," smiled Paton. "I aim to please the eye. It's my profession, you know. I'm mighty glad to see you, Bob."

"Say, that was some telegram you sent me!" Bob said. "If it had come from anybody but you I'd have turned it over to the police."

They went in and sat down at a table in the club grillroom. Bob Gleason leaned back and smiled at his friend.

"All right, Thurston," he remarked, "start the magic. You promised me my youth. Produce!"

"Easy, boy, easy! You can't shoot back into your youth on high. Look about you. Absorb New York. How many years since you saw it last?"

"Thirteen," Bob told him. "Yes, sir, it's been thirteen years since I walked these pavements ——"

"Dreaming of Julie Kerr."

"Yes, Julie Kerr. She's been in my mind all day. I wonder where she is. I wonder what she's doing."

"To-morrow at one," said Paton slowly, "I shall take you to lunch. Can you stand it? Is your heart strong? For there will be a third party at the table—Julie Kerr as you knew her thirteen years ago—Julie, young and beautiful."

"Lunch—with Julie?" Gleason cried. "Say, now you're talking! And young as ever? But why not? The years could never touch her!"

"Just a moment," Paton smiled. "It won't be really Julie—Julie's daughter."

"What—her daughter?"

"Yes. Bob, I've got a shock for you—might as well get it over with. When you knew Julie in the old days she mentioned a husband, I believe—an ex-husband."

"She did. Some worthless fool who'd run away and left her."

"Take a good look at me, old chap. I was the worthless fool."

"What? You? But why in heaven's name—you never told me ——"

"No. Somehow, it didn't seem to fit into your wild talk at Waikiki. But it's true. I married Julie—and I went away. I came back the other afternoon for the first time in fourteen years, and I found Lilla—our daughter—grown up. She's twenty, Bob."

"Twenty!" cried Gleason, amazed. "Julie Kerr with a daughter of twenty! It doesn't seem right, somehow. Oh, look here—you must know where Julie is?"

"I do. She's still busy with that eternal career of hers. I—I sort of wanted you to meet Lilla, Bob. She's her mother all over again. That's what I meant about giving you back your youth. When you sit and look at Lilla, old man, you'll feel as I did. The years will roll away, and you'll be back in the old days—with Julie."

"Ah—er—yes," said Gleason. He ran a dubious hand through his thinning hair.

"So I've arranged this luncheon," the actor went on. "You and I and Lilla ——"

"And Julie?" Gleason asked.

"I'm afraid not." Damn Julie, he thought. "Julie's very busy, rehearsing a new piece. She's as deep in her work as ever—no time for men. But Lilla—Lilla's

(Continued on Page 42)

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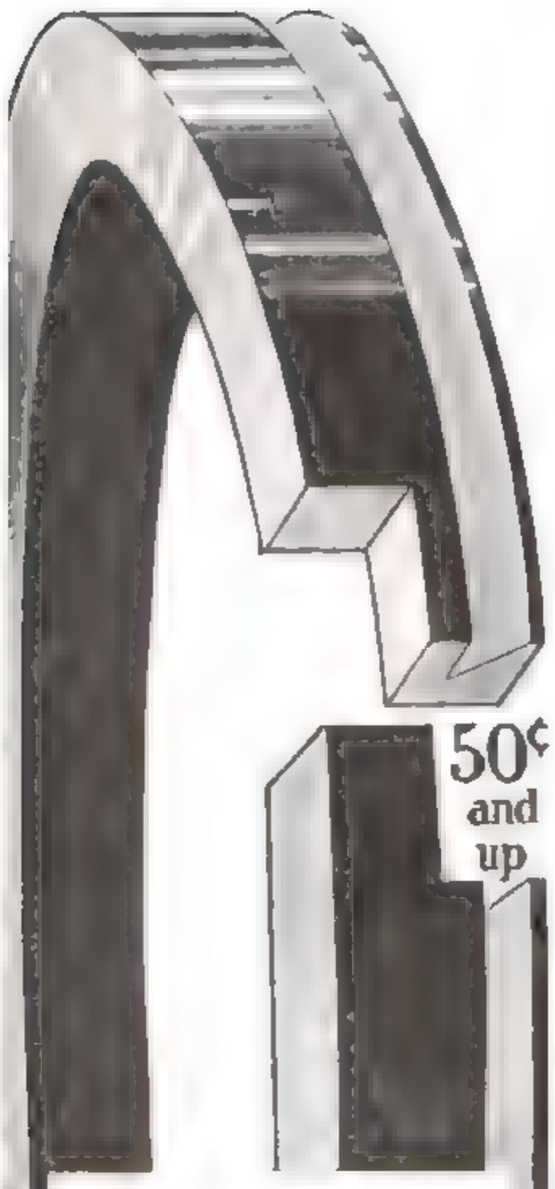

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NO-LEAK-O PISTON RINGS

(Continued from Page 40)

wonderful—a deuced sweet girl, Bob. Got all her mother's charm, and something besides; something you don't pick up in Utica—breeding, distinction. My people were—well, I've told you about them. Yes, Lilla—but you'll see for yourself to-morrow at lunch." He paused, suddenly remembering. "By the way, when we parted last I borrowed a hundred from you."

"Oh, forget it!" said Gleason.

"Rather not." Paton took a roll of bills from his pocket. "There you are—and a thousand thanks." He sighed his relief. "Thank heaven, that's wiped out—settled at last!"

"Off the slate," agreed Gleason amiably. He put the bills in his wallet and restored the wallet to his pocket.

"I've worried about it," Paton told him. "I'd wake up in the night —— I must be getting old—responsibilities bother me. Well, that's one less." He ate on for a moment in silence. "And now, if you don't mind, I'd like to borrow fifty."

Gleason, laughing, brought forth the wallet.

"All you want," he offered.

"Fifty will be plenty. It dates from to-night, this loan."

"Absolutely!" Gleason told him.

"Fine! Won't have to worry about it for some time. Finish your dinner and we'll take a stroll. Might drop in on a show."

"Julie isn't playing, you say?"

"No—no. Just rehearsing."

He stared at his old friend accusingly. The man didn't seem to get the idea at all. But that, he told himself in his room late that night, was because Bob had not yet seen Lilla. The luncheon would prove the big moment, the turning point. And, indeed, it began that way. At sight of Lilla Bob Gleason behaved according to schedule. He gave a gasp of surprise and pleasure, his face lighted up, the ear of a doctor at his breast would no doubt have detected a racing heart. It was no wonder. Lilla, as though to help her father's plot, was from the start a marvel of gayety and youth. She fairly swept along on a wave of giddy chatter, and Gleason, pulling himself together, tore after her. He told her of the West, of Hawaii, "the loveliest fleet of islands anchored in any ocean." He hoped she might visit there some day. Always, she cried, always she had dreamed of it. Dick Paton leaned back in his chair and squared his shoulders. Almost he could feel the burden being lifted.

When he had paid the check with Bob's money, he suggested they all meet that evening for the theater. He could drop out at the last moment, he reflected, send them off alone.

"I can't go," Lilla said. "Sorry—I've an engagement with Benny Leroy. The man I'm going to marry," she explained to Gleason.

"Oh, well, that's not settled," remarked Paton with obvious haste.

"It looks rather settled to me," the girl replied.

The sparkle was gone from their party. Bob Gleason left them on Fifth Avenue, and Paton walked with his daughter to her hotel.

"You shouldn't have brought Leroy into it," he said gloomily.

Lilla looked at him sideways from under her saucy little hat and laughed. "Poor old dad!" she said. "You're as transparent as glass."

"What do you mean?"

"You can't fool me. You want to save me from Benny, so you rushed poor Mr. Gleason on here, hoping he'd snatch me away. Now, didn't you?"

"What if I did?"

"Oh, nothing. Only it won't work."

"Why not?"

"Lots of reasons. Chief among them—I wouldn't marry Mr. Gleason. He's altogether too nice."

"Too nice! I may be stupid, my dear, but to me your remarks have no meaning."

"He's too nice. It would be a crime to marry him—unless I loved him, and I never could. Why, he's he's almost your age!"

"You don't love Benny Leroy."

"Of course not. But a man like Benny marrying him is a favor, whatever one's motive." They walked along. Paton's shoulders were drooping. The same old burden! "Poor dad!" said Lilla. "It was sweet of you to try and fix things. I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world, but your plan isn't any better than Julie's. It's the same idea, really. Marrying me off—offering me round like a plate of sandwiches at a tea. And oh, dad, can't you see? I don't want to marry anybody. I want a career—like Julie's—like yours."

"You're fond of the stage, your mother said."

"How could I help but be, with you and Julie in my blood. Oh, I love it—I want my chance! My chance to show what I can do!"

They were in the hotel lobby.

"Poor kid," he said. "I'm sorry."

"You meant well, dad."

"Ah, child—the streets I've paved in hell!" Back on the sidewalk, alone, he reflected bitterly: "A sporting chance. I took it—and I lost!"

He had lost, indeed. That evening at seven he encountered a sad and gloomy Gleason at the club.

"See here, Dick," said the Westerner, "your dope's all wrong."

"Wrong? How's that?"

"About giving me back my youth, I mean. Oh, it looked good, I'll admit! Getting me on here, introducing me to the daughter of—of the girl I used to know. So like her too. You thought I'd lose my head—go raring through the Forties—maybe you even thought I'd marry the child!"

"Maybe I did," said Paton.

"I did consider it," Gleason admitted. "For a few wild minutes it seemed the thing to do—forget my age, sweep her off her feet, carry her off. Ha-ha!"

"What's the joke?"

"The joke is that since then I've been thinking it over, and I'm not up to it. No, Dick, I'm not doing any sweeping now, thank you. Your little girl is mighty neat and sweet, but, confound it all, we can't retrace our steps—we can't recapture those first wild ecstasies. I've been tramping these pavements, trying to manage it—but there's nothing doing, and the girl's onto me. She knows I'm thirty-eight." He shook his head. "They expect a lot of a husband, these modern kids. Excitement, adventure, life one long jazz picnic. I've reached the age where I like to sit by the fire."

"I know, Bob. I'd like to sit by a fire myself—if I had one."

"It was mighty kind of you," said Gleason. "You did your share. You offered me my youth. It wasn't your fault if I stumbled when I reached for it. I'm depressed as hell. I think I'll go back to San Francisco to-morrow night." He was silent for a moment. "By the way, who is this Benny person she's going to marry?"

"Oh, Benny's the pride of the cabarets. More or less of a yellow dog. It's a shame, Bob. The kid's being forced into it."

"Why who's forcing her?"

"Oh er just circumstances"

"Say I'm sorry! If there s anything I can do ——"

Paton sat for a moment, staring straight ahead.

"By gad, there is, Bob!" he said suddenly.

"Name it!"

"Lend me eight thousand dollars. No, I'll need expense money—eight thousand five hundred."

"I'll wire for it to-night."

"You're a white man, Bob—a prince. But I'm not going to take all that without security. I've been offered a movie job at three-fifty a week, and I'll sign over two hundred of it to you till you're paid in full."

"Nonsense!"

"Yes, I will. Paid to you direct every week—I'll never get my hands on it. That's it! That's the solution! By George, it's strange I never thought of it before!"

He led the way to the bar, where he ordered delightedly. Life was looking up. Everything came out all right if you only gave it time.

By noon next day Dick Paton had bartered away two years of his life, and Bob Gleason's money was in his pocket. At two o'clock he managed to gain an entrance to the carefully guarded sanctum of Dan Graff. Ten minutes later—Mr. Graff was not one given to debate when eight thousand in cash lay on his desk—he had pocketed Benny Leroy's letter written at Julie's request and was himself the owner of that third interest in Happy Days, now known by the title of Girlie Girl—Mr. Graff's own inspiration and, he submitted, a humdinger.

Paton walked back to his club at peace with the world. His responsibilities to his family, which had for some time been vaguely troubling him, were now discharged. Later in the afternoon, when Julie was home from rehearsal, he would call round at the hotel. He really needed a long white beard, for his rôle would be that of Santa Claus. His first gift would be to Lilla—her freedom from Benny Leroy. Then—and this was the moment he looked forward to most gleefully—he would turn to Julie.

"And how is the new piece going, my dear? Give us your best, won't you, old girl? You're working for me, you know."

At four o'clock that afternoon he was seated in the deserted club grill when a tall, red-haired man came up.

"Dick Paton," he cried. "I'm glad to see you, man! Heard you were back." He dropped into a chair and deposited a leather brief case on the table. "Oh, Lord, I'm done up!"

Paton recalled him as one Leavitt, a stager of musical shows.

"Rehearsing something?" he inquired.

"Working for Dan Graff," the other said. "A bad year—we take what we can get. I'm putting on that Girlie Girl thing of his. Ye gods!"

"What's the trouble?" asked Paton with sudden interest.

"All trouble. Especially the lead." He removed his hat and mopped his brow. "You know, I admire a game fight as much as any man, but there are limits. When a woman of more than forty tries to play sweet nineteen something is bound to break somewhere. It's Julie Kerr I'm speaking of. She's driving us all mad. Temperament, hysterics, fireworks all the time. She can't do it, and she knows it, and she's taking it out on the rest of us. She and Roberts fight like tigers. He's staging the dances—a bit rough with her—but he's up against the impossible. Her dancing days are done."

"Too bad," said Paton.

"Yes, it's rather pathetic, in a way. And we can't get her out—somebody has bought in on the show for her. Well, he'll lose his money, that's all I've got to say. Dan Graff isn't given to successes, but this one's a flop right now. Can I get you one of those accursed soft drinks?"

"No, thanks," said Paton.

Leavitt got up and went over to the bar. For a moment Paton thought, staring into the future. Actorlike, he had not paused to look ahead. But now he saw what was coming—a dismal, damning failure; Julie worse off than ever; Lilla too—and himself out on the Coast, slaving to pay back money forever lost. He was saving Lilla from Benny Leroy—yes. But what happened next? The girl's situation would shortly be as desperate as ever.

Leavitt came back and stood a glass on the table.

"You know—I just remembered," he remarked. "I'm mighty sorry if I've said anything—you were married to Julie Kerr once, I believe."

"Divorced long ago," answered Paton. "That's all right."

"Well, she is game. I said so and I meant it. But it's all so useless."

"Look here, I'd like to ask you something," Paton began. "I fancy that, like all good stage directors, you see all the plays, keep an eye out for new talent. I wonder if you ever saw my little girl Lilla—Lilla Paton."

Leavitt took out a small notebook.

"Keep them all listed," he explained—"good, bad and indifferent. Ingénue, I suppose. I seem to recall the name." He thumbed the book. "'Paton, Lilla, small part of maid in Never Again.' Here's what I wrote—oh, by George, I remember her now—'Slim, graceful, blond type, unusual distinction and ability, needs good direction, possibilities great.'"

"Not little Lilla!" cried Paton, amazed.

"A charming kid," Leavitt said, closing the book. "I recollect now I was quite enthusiastic about her. Yes, sir, she's a comer; but there's nothing strange about that. Julie Kerr gave her the looks, but you gave her something Kerr never had—a poise, an air, the easy nonchalance of the artist. Put her in a good part, with the right direction, and I'll gamble my shirt on the outcome."

"Thanks," said Paton. "I'm delighted to hear that from you."

He went out into the streets, where he walked about for an hour, thinking and planning. When, at five o'clock, he knocked at Julie Kerr's door he was prepared for the fight of his life. Julie herself let him into the dimly lighted sitting room. She had a crumpled handkerchief in her hand, and he knew she had been crying. *(Continued on Page 45)*

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69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC

(Continued from Page 42)

"What do you want?" she demanded.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, Julie," he said. "Really I am."

"Then why not let me alone?" she suggested. "Why come here again to rake up the past?"

"It's that damned sense of responsibility," he smiled. "Crept on me like some dread disease. You can't tell me I wasn't better off without it. You can't tell me any man isn't better off. There should be doctors to cure it."

"Yes, yes," she broke in.

"Where's Lilla?"

"Gone out to get some milk for our dinner," she told him. "That's about all we eat now—crackers and milk. I haven't been able to get a cent out of Graff."

"Ah, yes—reminds me." He took out a roll of bills and laid it on the table. "Manna has fallen from heaven upon my unworthy head. Silly old sense of responsibility forces me to share it with you."

"Speaking for myself," said Julie, staring at the money, "I'd die before I'd touch a cent of yours. I've got my pride, I guess. You walked out on me, and that's that, and you can go to the devil for all I care." She took up the bills and tucked them into her bosom. "But there's Lilla. She's your daughter as much as she is mine, though nobody would have dreamed it these last fourteen years. So if you want to do something for her at last I'll accept it, though God knows it comes pretty late."

"So it does," he admitted. "I'll sit down if you don't mind. I—I've ——"

He hesitated. How he hated a row! Confound it, what was he doing here, anyhow? Why hadn't he stayed in London, where everything was pleasant?

Julie dropped onto a sofa. She leaned back and closed her eyes.

"I'm all in," she said. "Rehearsals all day—they're killing us."

He came back from London.

"Oh, yes, your rehearsals. They aren't going any too well, I hear. Hysterics, Julie? That's bad, very bad. Dances are bothering you, eh, what?"

"That's no affair of yours."

"Maybe not. I want to say I admire your fight. It's deuced sporting of you; but hopeless—quite hopeless. Why not face the facts?"

"I tell you it's no business of yours."

"I wish with all my heart it wasn't. But it is." He pulled himself together; might as well take the plunge—get it over. "Julie, I've news for you. Benny Leroy isn't going to buy in on your show. He's out."

"Benny's out!" Her face, as she realized this, was pitiful. "Then who—who takes his place?"

"I do," said Dick Paton without triumph. "I own that third interest. Bought it this noon."

"You? Ridiculous! Where would you get—oh, I see! You lied. You had money all the time. You came here and found us practically starving—your own flesh and blood you'd neglected all these years—and you had eight thousand dollars ——"

"No, I didn't. I borrowed it."

"Borrowed it? Ha-ha! Who would trust you?"

"That doesn't matter, Julie. I own that interest, and here's Graff's paper to prove it." He put it in her hand. "You'll see from this that it's my privilege to name the leading woman—for the run of the show."

Her hand trembled as she held the paper. For the first time her situation really came home to her. But she said nothing. Dick Paton rose and walked nervously about.

"In all kindness, Julie," he began uncertainly, "in all kindness, for your own sake as much as anybody's, I don't choose you. You're out. You're finished. Yes, my dear," he added, regaining a bit of his assurance, "I'm little old Gibraltar on that point."

"Of course," she cried, "I'd expect that. You hate me. You always did. Jealous of me—that's what you are. You almost wrecked my life before, and now you've come back to finish the job. I'll ask no favors of you. I've got my pride. You've somebody in mind, I'm sure of that; some woman, some brainless little fool."

"Someone I'm rather fond of," he finished—"Lilla!"

"Lilla! You're giving it to Lilla! So you've won her away from me, after all I've done for her. A few minutes of you and it's all wiped out. She'd snatch the bread from my mouth, ruin my career, fling me on the ash heap."

"Be reasonable. Lilla doesn't know anything about this. And unless I'm very much mistaken she'll never consent to it unless you go to her and offer it to her voluntarily—beg her to take it. And, by the way, that's what you're going to do."

She stared at him.

"You're mad!" she announced. "Me beg Lilla? You're insane, Dick Paton! If the child had talent—if she could get away with it—I'm sure I'd never stand in her way; I'm not that kind. But without experience ——"

"I'll answer for Lilla. She's born to act. And as for experience, what experience had you behind you that night you flashed on the town at the old Herald Square in '98?" He went over to her. "I'm sorry, Julie," he said. "But you've had your day. The curtain's down. I'm not enjoying this myself; I'm mighty sorry I have to do it. But it's Lilla's chance, as I see it. Whatever happens to the piece, it's her opportunity to get a start. I've sold myself into pictures to pay for it, and now it's up to you. Give Lilla your blessing—and the part. I can promise you it will be Lilla or a stranger. It will never be you."

She began to cry.

"Why do you hate me so?"

"Bless you, my dear, I don't hate you. Once, long ago, but that's all over now. I was mighty fond of you, but with you your career was always first. Somehow I got the feeling there was nothing on earth you wouldn't sell—your husband, your kid, anything—just so you could keep on climbing. Perhaps I've wronged you. This is where you can prove it if I have. Give Lilla the part and I'll beg your pardon—on my knees."

Julie rose and walked to the window. She stood with her back to her husband.

"If you say I'm out I'm out," she said, thinking aloud. "The rest of them will be glad enough to hear it. Oh, I've had a cruel time of it! I'd like to show them, to open, to enjoy one more first night. But you've robbed me of it. Eight thousand dollars! It's hard to believe you could borrow all that."

"Isn't it?" he agreed. "I've not amounted to much, but I've made friends, Julie—very good friends." Involuntarily his eyes had turned to the picture of Bob Gleason above the mantel. Julie swung round in time to see. A phrase from another conversation recurred to her: "I know all about him. He's a very good friend of mine."

"You got it from Bob Gleason!" she cried triumphantly.

He hesitated. But what harm? Gleason would be on his way West in a few hours' time. And there was an irony in the situation he would like to impress on Julie.

"Yes, I got it from Gleason, if you must know."

"He's in New York?"

"He was. He leaves to-day."

"So it was Bob helped you to finish me. Rather funny, isn't it?" There was no mirth in Julie's voice. "How pleased they'll all be to hear I'm out. Dick, I can't give it up. I won't! I won't quit!" Her voice rose shrilly. She came over and seized the lapels of his coat. "Dick, Dick, if you loved me once, don't take this from me. Give me one last chance! I'll make good! I swear it! I'll put this thing over! Dick, all my pride—it's gone—smashed! I'm begging, Dick!"

"You make it very difficult for me, Julie," he said.

"Then you refuse?"

"I've got to," he said softly.

The door opened and Lilla came in. Julie went back to the window. Paton turned to Lilla.

"I've got news for you, honey," he said. "Here's a letter Benny Leroy wrote to Graff, promising to buy in on the show. That's all off. You can send this back to Benny and tell him you've reconsidered—that you're not going to marry him, after all."

"Why—why, dad, that's wonderful! How did you manage it?" He told her. "You splendid old dad!" she cried. "Everything's perfect, isn't it? Things couldn't be better. You one of the backers, and Julie playing the lead!"

"Julie's not going to play the lead," he said gravely. "She wants to speak to you about that. Eh, Julie?"

For a long moment Julie did not stir. Then she came over and picked up a rather soiled roll of manuscript in a blue paper cover from the center table. She handed it to Lilla.

"What's this?" the girl asked.

"The part I've been rehearsing," Julie said. "I've decided it doesn't suit me, after all. Your father wants—you to have it."

"Me! But, Julie, you—how about you?"

"Oh, I'm not acting any more. I'm leaving the stage. I'm through." She was, indeed, not acting any more. The tragedy in her voice was real.

"But, Julie, I can never do it. The lead ——"

"Nonsense!" her father cried. "Of course you can! We'll coach you—every silly line, every inflection. Julie and I will get you through. You told me you wanted a chance to show what you could do ——"

"I do, I do!" cried Lilla. "Only ——"

She looked toward her mother.

"Bring the part," said Paton. He sought to be brisk and businesslike; something warned him delays were dangerous. "We'll go over to Graff's office this minute and settle it. I'll have her back in a jiffy."

"Julie," said Lilla, and went to her. "Mother, this is sweet of you."

"Good luck, Lilla," said Julie, and kissed her.

Out in the hall, "Wait here," Paton said, and returned to the sitting room. Julie was standing, dry-eyed now, in the center of the room. He went over and knelt at her feet.

"As I promised, my dear," he said, "on my knees—forgive me."

"Get up, you idiot!" said Julie, and never even looked at him.

He rejoined Lilla. The girl was alternately thrilled and dubious, eager and afraid.

"Oh, dad, but do you think I can get away with it?"

"I'm sure of it. I'll rehearse you myself. And Julie—Julie will help."

"Poor Julie. It's such a relief—to have her see things clearly at last. I've sat in the back row at rehearsals and heard the things they said about her. I was humiliated, furious, ashamed. But that's all over, and she's chosen the dignified way out. Wasn't she sweet—just wonderful?"

"Just wonderful," he repeated. "It wasn't like her," he added to himself.

In his hour of triumph he was a puzzled man. Julie unselfish, renouncing for her child. Great—if she was on the level. But she couldn't be. That wasn't Julie. She couldn't change her character as she would change her dress. He walked along, trying to figure it out. Back in her bedroom on West Forty-eighth Street, Julie sat before her dressing table. The bottles and jars were open before her, the curling iron in her hand. Once again she prepared herself for conquest.

IV

THE next morning at rehearsal the cast of Girlie Girl welcomed Lilla with enthusiasm. Here and there an eyebrow was lifted at her lack of experience; each of the women felt that she herself was entitled to the part—but all agreed that the elimination of Julie Kerr was the act of a kindly Providence.

"At any rate," said the leading man, "this little girl won't make a fool of the title."

As for Leavitt, he was near to tears in his joy.

"We got something now!" he shouted. "Let's go!"

They went. There followed an anxious two weeks for Lilla and Dick Paton. Julie refused to appear on the scene of her losing struggle, and they could hardly blame her for that. The father saw that it was up to him. He was not due to start West until the morning after the date set for the Broadway opening, so he devoted himself to Girlie Girl.

He sat all day in the dark auditorium studying the piece in rehearsal, finding out what Leavitt was trying to do, and after the regular rehearsal was over he conducted a private one for his girl.

Things drifted on toward the opening with little attention from Mr. Dan Graff. That gentleman was involved in numerous lawsuits over his last failure, and was at the moment in hiding from process servers. He crept into the theater now and then, preceded by faithful scouts, and left protected by a loyal rear guard. Everything was fine, fine! A knock-out! He showed no anxiety; he left that to Mr. Feldmann and to certain furtive souls who prowled about at rehearsals: shabby, anxious little people. Among them Paton recognized the head barber in a Broadway shop. Now and then one of them rose timidly to make a suggestion—"That place in the second act where she says she loved him all the time—something ought to be done there. It don't sound right."

The harassed Leavitt would want to know what the hell this person was doing there.

Whereupon the person would answer with pride, "I got a piece of the show."

It was evident that Mr. Graff's third interest had been apportioned among the proletariat.

They were to play a preliminary week in Atlantic City. Still Julie refused to appear, and Paton went along with Lilla and the troupe. They opened to a pitiful house, and to her father's keen disappointment Lilla failed to score. She was mentioned in a review as adequate.

Mr. Graff, elated at being over on the Jersey side and for the moment safe from pursuit, assured Mr. Feldmann that there was no cause for worry. What the leading rôle needed, he whispered, was a big name. Blandly ignoring his agreement, he engaged a well-known woman, who arrived on Wednesday and asked Lilla for the part. Had the girl been alone she would have been done for, but Paton fought for his rights, took the woman aside for a talk and himself bought her return ticket to New York. Mr. Graff said nothing. It had been worth a chance; if he couldn't get away with it all right, let it go!

It seemed to Paton that Lilla improved through the week, which was played out to dwindling audiences, while Feldmann wrung his hands, and Graff wondered whether to try another musical show or a farce. On Saturday night after the performance they returned to New York, ready to open on Tuesday in a theater Graff had engaged on ruinous terms. Early Sunday morning Paton took Lilla to the hotel. Julie was up, strangely enough, and eager for news.

"How did it go?" she asked.

"Not so good," said Lilla. She was despondent, on the verge of tears, worn out by that awful week.

"Nonsense!" cried Paton. "It looks good to me." Lilla went into the bedroom. "I've done all I can," he said. "The kid's all right, but she lacks confidence—egotism. If she only thought she was wonderful she would be. Have a go at her, Julie."

"I understand," she answered. "If anybody can teach her confidence, you think I can."

"I didn't say so. But a certain amount of it is necessary—you know that. Go over the part with her, buck her up—for her sake."

"I'll do my best," Julie answered amiably. Paton stared at her. What a good sport she was, after all! And how well she was looking!

On the opening night, when he went to Lilla's dressing room with his arms full of flowers, Paton found Julie in charge, the dominant personality in the room. She was hooking the girl into her first-act gown, talking incessantly the while. It reminded her of her own first night on Broadway. She was sure Lilla would triumph. How could she help it?—the daughter of Julie Kerr! Lilla was frightened, pale, her eyes unnaturally brilliant; but Paton knew she was receiving the proper treatment from the aggressive Julie. He kissed the girl and went out front. From his perch in the last row of the second balcony he saw the curtain go up. His spine was chilly, a cold sweat on his brow. Below him in even rows sat the hard-boiled first-nighters, hoping for the worst.

He gradually emerged from his daze to find that history was repeating itself. Julie Kerr, twenty again, was there on the stage with all her pert confidence in her own power to charm. The piece was failing dismally; but, as often happens, from out the inane ruins of book and lyrics and stolen music was emerging a personality, a new star, a shining pillar of youthful fire and grace. The simple-minded New Yorkers were in an ecstasy of discovery. Youth and innocence—how they love it, when at rare intervals they meet up with it. And here it was, the authentic article. They were for it, they adored it, they cheered it on. Lilla, inspired by their approval, played better and better, danced with more and more abandon, carried all before her. In their aisle seats the weary critics reflected that if they confined their remarks to this new performer they'd find it easy to be kind. Which was, of course, their aim.

(Continued on Page 48)

MO

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(Continued from Page 45)

When the final curtain fell, Paton went and stood in the lobby. He heard no praise of the piece—no mention of it. Lilla was the topic. Over and over three words were repeated—"Julie Kerr's daughter." Was it Lilla's night or Julie's? Certainly it was not his; no one remembered him. He recalled suddenly that he was to start for the Coast at ten in the morning. He went round to the stage door and encountered Julie just inside. She was flushed, radiant, triumphant.

"What did I tell you?" she cried. "She's a knock-out! A riot! Of course! My daughter!"

"Naturally," he smiled. "I wish you'd been out front, Julie," he added. "It was your night, really. They were all talking about you. They saw you again in Lilla. Another big opening for you."

"No," she said. "My finish. I know that."

He pitied her. She looked suddenly tired and worn.

"Julie," he said, "I want to tell you how wonderful I think you've been."

"Listen," she cut in. "I was waiting for you. Take Lilla home. I've got a date with some friends for supper, and Lilla didn't feel up to it. She's worn out, naturally. See you later."

She hurried past him and out the door. He went on toward Lilla's room. On the way he encountered Feldmann, a gloomy vision.

"Dan Graff's got one of his big successes," said the capitalist. "We close on Saturday night. I'm out—I'm through. After this I stick to cloaks and suits."

"My little girl got over," said Paton proudly.

"What? Oh, yes, I guess she did. But how about me?"

Paton went on. In another moment he had opened Lilla's door and she was crying wildly on his shirt front.

"Oh, dad, is it true? Did I really land?"

"Absolutely," he told her. "You're fixed for life, Lilla. No more worry about money."

When they left her dressing room three men were waiting. All were agents who wanted to handle the girl's engagements in future. Paton brushed them aside. As they were crossing the stage together Lilla stopped him.

"Oh, dad, draw a long breath," she said. They stood close. "This is the moment when I love the theater best—after the show, the lights down, the curtain up again, the shadows, the banging of the stage door—only the watchman and the cat where everything was so gay a moment before."

He nodded.

"It's the moment I always loved best too, Lilla," he said. "By the way, there's something I want you to know. I haven't been much of a sensation as a husband and father. Even as an artist—there are others so much more successful. But always remember this: I've carried the banner far these past years, but I've always carried it clean. No matter what God-forsaken corner of the world I've been playing in, I've never let down, never stooped, never mugged for an easy laugh. I gave them the best I had—no hokum. It's—it's something, isn't it, Lilla?"

"It's everything!" she cried. She gazed at him proudly.

"Take a last look about you, honey," he said. "You'll never know another night like this. Youth and success! Together!"

He stood there, his shoulders drooping, his handsome face a bit haggard and old.

"It's you who are taking the last look," said Lilla softly. "I haven't forgotten, darling. You've given this all up—for me; sold yourself into bondage for two years. How you will hate it! Dear old dad—best in the world."

"That more than pays me," he answered, smiling. They went out into the alley. "Don't you worry about me. I'll try Broadway again at the end of two years—and they'll have to engage me. I'll be Lilla Paton's father."

Back in the hotel sitting room he began his good night.

"Wait a minute, dad," said the girl. "I forgot to tell you. Meyers sent me a note to-night—he wants me for a new piece when this one closes. He spoke of a three-year contract. I'm going to have work, I guess—money—why can't I pay back that eight thousand?"

He shook his head.

"Not a chance," he told her. "Everything's all settled. I couldn't escape if I wanted to—and I don't want to, my dear. I want to know I did that much for you. I've—I've felt a sort of responsibility." He smiled at her. "Well, you've landed, honey. You've started on the road. What it will lead to—that's up to you. Don't—don't get too enamored of your sweet self, my child. Think of others too."

"Always—of you," she smiled. "I'm coming down to the train in the morning to wave you into exile."

"No, no! You'll be tired. It's too early—ten o'clock."

"Rot! I'll be there. Kiss me good night."

He left her and went out into the hall. He was mighty happy—mighty happy for Lilla. But Julie? How about Julie? What was to become of her? She was finished, she had said, and it was true. How well she had taken it! Really he had wronged Julie—a game little woman—sweet girl always. To-night he had seen Julie as she used to be, there on the stage. The old spell of her presence, the old fascination—could it be possible? His aged heart? Bah! But God grant he didn't meet Julie while this mood was on him! He met her as he stepped from the elevator.

"Must say good night—run along," he thought. Instead he took her hand and led her into a deserted parlor.

"Just a moment, my dear," he said. By gad, she was looking wonderful. "I'm leaving in the morning—shan't see you again. I've been thinking things over. What's to become of you?"

"As if you cared!" she cried.

"But I do. I feel a sort of responsibility. It all came back to me to-night, Julie. The old days. Our first year together ——"

"Really?"

"Perhaps you'll think I'm mad—what I'm going to say—but why can't we try it again? As I watched Lilla to-night—and thought of you—confound it, I could still be fond of you, old girl. Marry me! Come out West!"

He stopped, appalled. What was this? Madness, his neck in the noose—more responsibilities?

Julie was smiling at him, not unkindly.

"It's sweet of you to suggest it," she said. "You always were rather a dear, Dick, but hopeless—hopeless. I'm too old to gamble at my age. I'm playing a sure thing this time. I'm through with the stage—and glad of it—and I'll be well taken care of the rest of my life."

"How's that?"

"I'm marrying Bob Gleason on Saturday, and we leave for the West the same night."

He sighed deeply. Relief or disappointment? He didn't know—oh, yes, he did—relief. A moment of madness, but he was saved, saved! A lucky escape! He stared at Julie. Under the remnants of beauty in her face he saw the old, hard, selfish look. Clever Julie, scheming and plotting for herself, as always. By Jove, that sweet renunciation, that lovely sacrifice for Lilla—here was the answer.

"You seem surprised," said Julie.

"Yes. I knew Bob was still hanging round New York, but I didn't dream—I say, Julie, I'm delighted. Bob's a prince—he'll look after you." On Bob's shoulders, after all!

"Bob's wonderful," said Julie. "He adores me. Always has, always will, so he says."

"Good for him," said Paton. Poor Bob—oh well, he was old enough to know what he was doing. "I wish you all the happiness in the world, Julie," he went on. His hand in his overcoat pocket encountered a jeweler's box. He was so pleased with life in general that he withdrew the box. Opening it, he took out a sapphire bracelet. Julie's face brightened at sight of it.

"Put it on," he said. "A wedding present from me."

"Oh, Dick—but how did you happen to have this?"

"I bought it for Lilla. Her birthday's next week, you know. I was going to give it to her to-night—so excited I forgot. It's all right. I want you to take this. I'll wire her some flowers. She's got enough, anyhow."

"But I can't take Lilla's present," said Julie. She turned the bracelet about on her wrist, staring at it approvingly.

"Oh, yes, you can—and will," Dick Paton thought. "I know you, my girl." Aloud he said: "Nonsense, it's yours! A wedding present from old Dick Paton. Good night, and good luck!"

"Thanks, Dick."

He turned back.

"Oh, by the way, you'll keep an eye on Lilla?"

"Oh, sure! I'll be on to New York now and then. We'll look out for her. Bob's quite fond of her, and she ought to be very grateful to him. It was his money, you know, that gave her this chance."

"So it was," he smiled. "I'd forgotten for a moment. Good-by."

He went out into the street a happy man. This was magnificent. Everything certainly came out all right if you only gave it time. Lilla on the high road; Julie off his mind forever; no more lying awake at night and worrying about the alimony; not a responsibility in the world—not one.

He stopped. There was, indeed, just one. A trivial matter, but it must be attended to soon. He wondered if there would be any poker on the train going West. He hoped so. For quite aside from the loan that had given Lilla her opportunity, there was the three hundred he had later borrowed from Bob Gleason to buy that sapphire bracelet.

HIS OWN TERRITORY

(Continued from Page 7)

that, of all who danced attendance upon her, Lydia had treated him with the scantest courtesy—had found herself least able to abide him. He was a little-minded, pompous, mean man, cute and cunning—the sort the power companies might consider useful to them. And he was clever enough to stand beyond reproach in anything he did, if a man could, although he might be guilty of any small or vengeful or even crooked act. Tutwiler could see the whole picture: Nestor was sitting back now, waiting for the old outlaw to come and speak softly to him—was waiting for overtures. The district attorney knew well enough that Lydia would do anything for Tutwiler; the inference was plain.

"I'd see him frying in hell first!" the old man suddenly exclaimed.

The girl nodded.

"I thought you'd say that, Uncle Hep," she observed. "Nestor is getting even with me. But wouldn't that be the best thing to do? I'd stand anything ——"

"I won't dicker with that coyote; that's certain sure!"

Lydia stretched a hand across the table to touch his arm.

"It'll mean leaving here, then," she suggested.

He did not answer for a time. He looked around the room once more, rose and went to a window.

A big moon was coming up over the shoulder of the mountain, bathing the rolling landscape in a bluish light that softened every angle into a curve, that made every tree a vague, soft picture. Above the house one of the yearlings bawled lonesomely, and the Rhode Island Red cock, wakened by the untimely light, crowed twice with strident note.

Then there succeeded a deep stillness, made friendly and cozy by the soft purring of the teakettle inside on the black stove. Hep Tutwiler sighed.

"I'll figure it out, honey," he said. And after a pause: "You're happy here, ain't you, girl?"

"You know I am, Uncle Hep."

"All the time?"

"Sometimes I get to thinking about the city. I like excitement. But mostly I'm happier than I ever was in my life."

"I reckoned it was like that," he said. "I've got to study about this."

He went outside. For a time the girl sat wearily at the table, weighted down by a feeling of powerlessness. Then her nature, quick and impatient, asserted itself; bitterly she raged against the unfairness of life.

Fate seemed always to put people into pleasant paths, only to turn those paths into blind alleys from which there was no

(Continued on Page 50)

A Sermon — inspired by a Weed Chain Advertisement

The Slip-Shod Driver

TEXT: —"*And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country; and there wasted his substance in riotous living.*" LUKE 15:13.

WHY did the prodigal go into the far country? To escape home standards and the influence of his father's God—to leave behind the restraints centuries of love and wisdom have formed to steady those who live in slippery places. More terrible than any automobile is a carelessly driven life—the higher powered, the more terrible. The wisdom of God and man combine to form the many linked safe-guards that home and religion seek to throw around each life. These are the tire chains. The man who is leaving these out of his life is leaving the "tire chains in the locker." He is a slip-shod liver. *Put on the tire chains.* ¶ The slip-shod liver "comes recklessly out of the side streets" . . . of life. He "cuts the corners" of others' rights. He disregards the rules for making and keeping the honest life, the true home, the square business, the clean city and nation. He "Lets 'er go so long as he gets by with it." Drive carefully. For example, when a man marries the finest girl in town (as we all do) and so prevents any other fellow from making her a good husband, it is up to him to give her the very best husband any girl has. So, *Put on the tire chains and run carefully.* ¶ "The slip-shod driver never inspects his brakes and steering gear." That is, heedless men or women never really consider their own lives carefully, never inspect their self-control—either as to their ability to direct their lives into sane courses or to say and act "No" when they ought to do so for their own good and that of others. One of the primary things in true, sane living is, "*Know thy self.*" And a second, "*Control thy self.*" ¶ Again, "The slip-shod driver does not give signals." He goes over the road as though his were the only car on the way. So the slip-shod liver has no time for conventions, for what people will think, for the peace and quiet of other lives. Often by this breach of the rules of orderly society he puts lady friends in embarrassing positions and, at times, starts uncalled for scandals that wreck reputations and homes. He may get men companions, dependent for their standing on their reputations, into positions that class them with rakes and social outcasts. Possibly no wrong is done or intended, but conventions are violated—the proper social signals are not given—and sharp tongued critics do the rest. In this way, misunderstood and misrepresented, many lives have been wrecked, more yet have been injured. Respect the forms of right conduct. *Give the signals.* ¶ "*The greatest menace*"—are the talented men and women of high position or "good family" who are so intent on their own wilful way that, claiming all the prestige which their position gives, they sneer at laws and customs that they should respect and obey, and run amuck with pleasures and passions, or grasping and greed. The greatest menace to America today is LAWLESSNESS of one type or another on the part of her own citizens. ¶ THE REMEDY—is the endless chain of interlinked self-control under the laws of God and man—voluntary upholding of law because everything else is lawbreaking; voluntary doing right because everything else is wrong; voluntary being wise because everything else is foolish.

RESIDENCE 321 S. MOORE STREET TELEPHONE NO. 799

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
ALGONA, IOWA
B. M. SOUTHGATE, MINISTER

Oct. 28, 1921.

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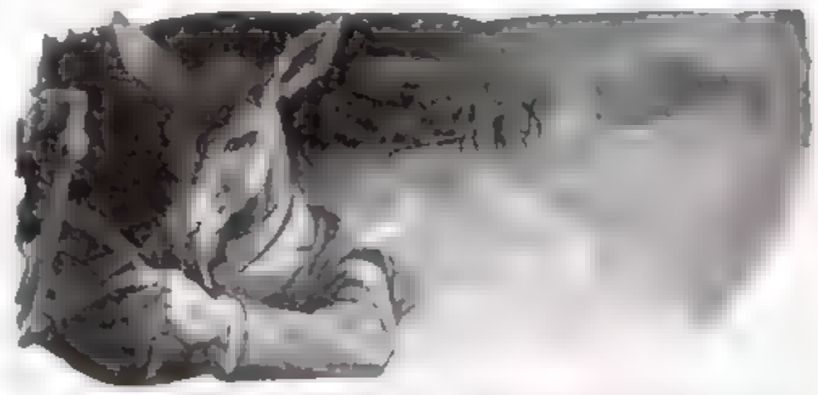
Cordially yours,

B. M. Southgate



The *Slip*-Shod Driver

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Show this advertisement to all *slip*-shod drivers you meet and ask them to spread its doctrines to others in their class.

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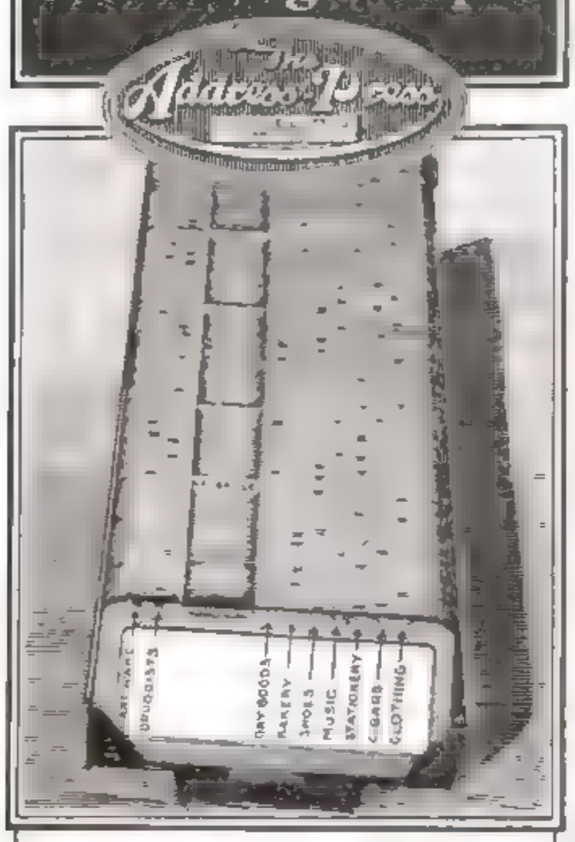

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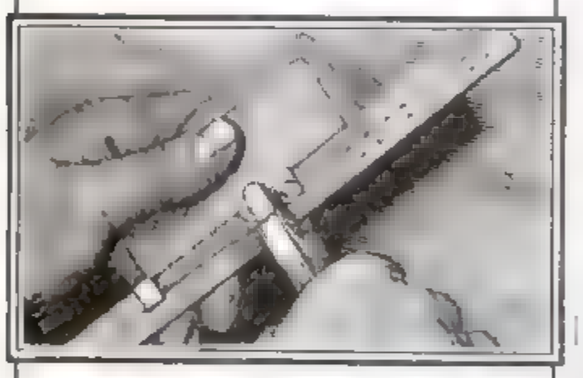

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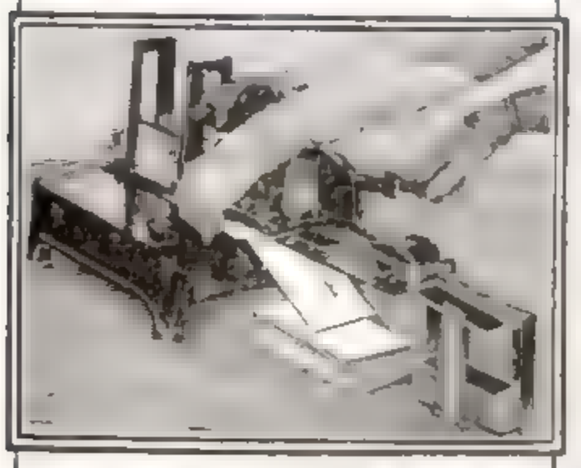

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The Elliott Co.

146 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.

(Continued from Page 48)

escape. This old man had been a loving and self-sacrificing father to her; for her sake he had taken the risk of coming back here into this forbidden territory; because of her it was now being made impossible for him to stay unless he sacrificed her. That, she knew, he would not do. Even if she went in to Harris Nestor and offered terms Tutwiler would repudiate them. There was, in short, nothing she could do. He must do it all.

Then her anger flamed against the men operating this cruel law of life in the case; her hatred for Harris Nestor swelled, and, unreasonably enough perhaps, she included Fisk Swain, the undersheriff, in her indictment. She was city bred though, and had been raised in an atmosphere where the whole machine of the law was anathema, so that her inclusion of the helpless peace officer was not unnatural. Swain, to be sure, was giving the old man his chance to escape—"I'll be back tomorrow, 'long about ten, say"—but that was little enough to do. She didn't know just how such things were done, but she did know that in the city they had been done. Notably for little, dark, neat, swaggering Dick Stoermer, the gunman and gangster, who had snapped his fingers at indictments. Perhaps if they were back in the city ——

When the dishes were washed and put away and the kitchen swept she went into the screen porch to call Tutwiler. She saw the glow of his pipe out by the barn, where he was sitting on the ground, his knees hitched up, his mind absorbed, apparently, by this problem. She closed the door quietly and went in and to bed, although it was a long time before she slept.

There was a slip of paper under her door when she wakened. It was in Tutwiler's sprawling hand:

Honey: I can't do a business like this in one night. If I ain't back by ten tell Swain he'll hear from me. Don't you fret none either.

UNCLE HEP.

His Blaze Away horse was gone when she went to the barn to see. A pail of milk sat inside the kitchen door, its froth dried against the sides, the cream beginning to rise. The stock had been fed; the chickens eyed her with confusion and puzzlement when she threw them a handful of grain, so that she knew they had been fed hours before. He must have been up all night, she thought; had found himself unable to face her still, and had gone riding. He often told her he could think better that way.

It was not in her nature to cry, but she went about her work with heavy heart, a little sullen. She drank a cup of coffee and nibbled at toast, but she was not hungry. Only by driving herself could she keep from sitting down and giving way to the melancholy anger she felt.

She had been up two hours—it was half past seven—when an automobile roared up the steep grade from the meadows and drew in towards the house. Her first thought on hearing it was that Fisk Swain had returned to surprise Tutwiler—trap him; and she was furiously angry before she could get to the window to see.

Then she forgot Swain and, for the moment, the trouble he had brought to this home the day before. The driver of the car was Dago Louie, a taxicab operator in the city, and in the seat beside him was the young chief of the gang with which Louie trailed and worked—Dick Stoermer. In the rear seat were two similarly well-dressed men, somewhat older, but with the same smart, keen, knowing air; she had no hesitation in deciding that they were members of the same unregenerate band. Unaccountably she was glad to see them—rushed impetuously to the door.

"Hello, Dick!" she called. "Welcome to the tall timber!"

Dick Stoermer jumped from the car on the far side. As he came around and walked towards her she saw him drop his right hand into the pocket of the heavy swagger English overcoat he wore, and she knew that he gripped an automatic there, ready for any eventuality.

"Hello, kid!" he replied. But he was alert, looking beyond her into the house. "The old man here?" he asked, his foot on a step.

"No. He's out riding somewhere. How did you find us?"

Stoermer came up to the porch, still cautious.

"That's straight, is it?" he demanded.

"About Uncle Hep? Sure it is. What do you think I am?"

For answer he stepped close and seized her. Before she had decided whether she was glad to see him now or whether there was something lacking in her feeling, he had pulled her to him, bent her head back, and was kissing violently her parted lips. She closed them with an effort against his, struggled. He held her tightly, babbling as he kissed her again and again. One hand shifted and began to creep up between them; with a cry she wrenched hers free and threw him back.

"What ails you?" she exclaimed angrily. "What did you do that for?"

He pulled himself together.

"Say, listen, kid," he said. "Don't you think I'm human? Where can we go to talk?"

She hesitated only a moment. She was not in the least afraid of this thug—she could take plenty of care of herself! But did she want to talk to him? What was there for him to say? Perhaps something had happened in the city.

"You can come in if you want to," she said indifferently.

Stoermer put out his hands with a peculiar gesture or signal to the men in the car, came in, closed the door. In the darkened little parlor he raised a front window shade so that he could watch the gate; then he dropped into a chair and took a cigarette from a handsome gold case.

"Sit down, Lyd," he said in his soft, caressing voice. "Smoke?"

"No. I'm off them."

"That's good. Well!" He sighed contentedly, inhaled and blew out blue smoke in a thin stream and looked around. "You got plenty of country here, I'll tell the cockeyed world. But you're glad to see me, though?"

"How did you find us?" she repeated evasively.

"Hell, kid, you didn't think you could hide out on me, did you? When I want to find anybody as bad as I wanted to find you it's a pipe. I just walked right here like it was the middle of Market Street."

"What did you come for?"

"Sit down, woman. You're as friendly as a desk sergeant, you are! Sit down and talk."

"All right," she said off-handedly, and seated herself on a lounge. "Now, what did you come for?"

"You," he said.

"What do you mean by that?"

"What I say. I want you, kid. Ain't that all I've got to say?"

She shook her head.

"What you want means nothing in my young life."

He started to rise, but she was up instantly and on her guard.

"You stay where you are, Dick Stoermer!" she cried sharply. "If you want to talk go on. But you keep your hands off me!"

From the first moment she had addressed him in the old vernacular of the city's underworld and sporting life; her whole attitude was the defensive one she had learned from her father and that, for so many months now, she had sloughed off. She was not conscious of this reversion; she only knew that she was vaguely irritated, and not Hep Tutwiler's pal. She watched Stoermer keenly until he settled back in his chair again.

"You don't need to spit like a cat!" the man growled. But instantly his tone changed. "Anything you say goes, baby. Only it's hard for me to keep away from you, after a year. See? Now I'll behave. Sit down."

She obeyed, but she did not relax. Stoermer drew on his cigarette again, tossed it into the narrow fireplace.

"Know a man named Nestor in the Falls?" he asked abruptly.

She started.

"Yes. What about him?"

"I'll give you the low-down, girlie. It was him told me the old man was here. Nestor's fell for you—I suppose you know that."

She nodded.

"Well, he was in the city the other day to find out if I and you were sweeties." He laughed shortly. "I guess he knows now!"

"Go on," she said.

"I threw a scare into him. Then he began to talk soft. He's right—Nestor is. You know he's district attorney?"

"Yes."

"Well, I talked business with him."

"About me"

"Don't kid yourself, woman. My line of business." He jerked his head, indicating the automobile that stood in the yard. "I brought up McCombs and Yid Stein. The Yid is a strong-arm guy; McCombs is a two-timer that knows more about the express companies than the Willies that own 'em. We've got a plant."

"We!" she said scornfully. "Where do you get in?"

"Say, kid, listen; I'm the brains of this gang. The rest of them got bone in the head. Have you forgot how good I am?"

"In the city perhaps," she said. "You'd better operate there."

Distaste for the man was growing in her. She had been brought up in an atmosphere of this sort of thing and this kind of man; she had lived on the border of the law with her renegade father, and until recently had known nothing else. Even now she had no highly developed sense of social morality. But here, in the mountains, with their sweep and bigness, this flippant and braggadocian conspiracy was out of place—revolting. She resented Stoermer's cocksureness; as a mountain woman she wished him ill of his venture.

"You'd better pull your stuff in the city," she said again emphatically. "Don't run away with the idea that that little shrimp, Nestor, could protect you here. The men in this country would run you down before your tracks were cold. Take it from me, Dick, you've got a bum steer."

He laughed.

"These rubes?" he inquired with a shrug. "I'll take out their back teeth if I want 'em. Don't worry about me, kid."

His conceit and his air of proprietorship were an untimely combination. The instant he had spoken, leaning back and taking out another cigarette, crossing his smartly tailored knees and swinging his silk-hosed ankles, her disappointment in him grew to an active dislike. She remembered having thought him quite a figure of a man in the city; now she compared him with—well, take Fisk Swain. Swain would make a mouthful of him! In the city he held a certain place in the underworld by virtue of being a successful thief and gunman; he worked with an organization, he carried out his villainies under protection, he escaped the consequences of what he did through connivance between public officials and a machine made up of bail-bond brokers, cheap politicians and shyster lawyers. Fisk Swain, in the city, might have stared at tall buildings or been worried by street traffic, but he would be a full-sized man. Dick Stoermer, once a hero to her, seemed now insignificant—footling.

"I guess we've got to have this out right now, Dick," she said abruptly. "I've changed this year. I'm through with the city. I'm through with you. There's no hard feelings; just take your jolt and go." She stood up, facing him.

The little crook looked at her in amazement. His jaw dropped, and his cigarette, hanging from a limp hand, began to scorch the frame of his chair. He stared stupidly. Then his lips tightened and his eyes grew steely.

"Listen, Lyd," he said sharply; "I didn't come up here to get the tin can tied to me—not by you. I know too much about you and this mush-hearted old sap you're trailing with." He rose, darted across the room before she could move and seized her wrist. "I'm going out to turn that trick now, and when I come back to-night I want you ready to go with me. Get that? If you don't I'll send Tutwiler to the pen and I'll make a workingwoman out of you. Do you know what that means, or shall I ——"

A slow voice spoke from the door.

"If you hurry," Hep Tutwiler interrupted, and his hand was slipped inside his vest, "you maybe'll be lucky enough to get off the place before I start target practice, Stoermer!"

The gangster flung about. Instinctively he had dropped his fingers towards his right coat pocket, but he thought better of that maneuver and slightly raised his hands.

"Why, listen, Tut——" he began in a whining tone.

Hep Tutwiler suddenly released a bellow that filled the room.

"You move!" he thundered, and his gun was in his hand.

With an oath the intruder whipped past him, broke from the front door and ran for

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Westinghouse

STARTING, LIGHTING & IGNITION EQUIPMENT

What Every Car Builder Knows

One of the best informed men in the Automotive Industry says that the public's knowledge of automobile mechanism shows real gains every day, with the one exception; that is, the average motorist shows comparatively little knowledge of his electrical apparatus.

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Beware of Parasite Parts-Makers.

830

At what age should a man begin to grow old?

Science says it depends on two basic needs his food should supply

FROM infancy onward, we are building up our body tissues, developing health and strength for our work in later life.

But somewhere along the way—and often while we are still young—there is a downward turn. We begin to lose vigor. Our bodies are actually beginning to grow old.

When will this happen? At thirty? Or forty? It may happen even at twenty.

Science has made the startling discovery that it depends not on age but on what we eat.

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Beware of untested yeast-vitamine preparations that contain drugs or other mixtures. Fleischmann's Yeast (fresh) is a pure food, rich in vitamine, in which it measures up to the high standards set by laboratories and hospitals. *The familiar tin-foil package with the yellow label is the only form in which Fleischmann's Yeast for Health is sold.*

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A noted specialist, in his latest book, says of fresh, compressed yeast "It should be much more frequently given in illness in which there is intestinal disturbance . . ." This is especially true in cases where the condition requires the constant use of laxatives.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a corrective food, always fresh, and better suited to the stomach and intestines than laxatives. It restores and maintains normal functions.

Eat from 2 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day.

Skin disorders cleared up

Many physicians and hospitals are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast for impurities of the skin. In one series of tests forty-one out of forty-two such cases were improved or cured, in some instances in a remarkably short time.

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his machine. A shout from him galvanized the driver; the engine was spun, and the car began to back, gathering speed. Stoermer leaped to the running board and fairly fell over into the rear, atop the two men already there. Tutwiler standing grimly on his porch saw the little crook strike down a gun that one of the two passengers drew. With the careless manner of one who sights at a flying rabbit the old mountain man took snap aim at the rear of the machine and pulled. A tire exploded with a report almost as loud as that of the revolver. The taxi driver whirled the machine about at the gate and sent it roaring down the grade. Tutwiler shot again from the porch. A splinter of rock flew up just beyond the road, at which the old man snorted.

"I'm getting sure careless in my gunning!" he murmured lugubriously, and turned to Lydia.

She ran to him, clung about his neck, burying her face against his rough mackinaw coat.

"Now we've got to move, Uncle Hep!" she cried. "And it's all my fault. Dick says — "

"I heard him," he interrupted soothingly. "He thinks he can come into my country and run things, does he?" His voice rose with his indignation. "Why, dog-gone him, with his soft-fingered thugs and his automobiles and his brass knucks and gas pipes! This is a man's country—and no place for back-alley-newsboy gangs. What kind of a job did he say he was figuring to pull, honey?"

"I don't know," Lydia said scornfully. "But from what he told me it's a stick-up."

"What—that bunch? A stick-up in my territory? Where I used to ride alone and hold up a limited train with my face uncovered and ride away and stand off two posses of dead shots for three months at a time and laugh at them? Why, damn his little civet-cat heart, I wouldn't let him rob a clothesline in my county! I've got a little pride left, anyhow, even if I can't shoot straight!"

He was so tragically offended that the girl held herself from him and laughed.

"What can you do, Uncle Hep? You don't know which way he'll go, and even if you did it's four miles to a telephone."

"Telephone, hell! Blaze Away ain't dead yet. Now listen to me, child."

"I'm listening."

"Fisk Swain said he was coming back at ten, didn't he? Then he'll be here at ten. Tell him to fog back to my lookout. You know where it is, at the summit."

"I'll ride down the cañon to meet him and take him there."

"That's the ticket! From there he'll be able to see anything worth seeing. Have him wait there till he locates me or Stoermer's gang or gets some word from me. After that he'll know best what to do."

"Where you going?"

He broke his revolver, threw out the empty cartridges and refilled the chambers. He twirled the cylinder with his thumb, closed and pocketed the gun, and gave the girl one of his rib-crushing bear hugs.

"I'm a-going where glory waits, Lydie!" he cried. "We may have to leave the country, girl; but if we do we'll take some company along. I've got a little pride left, I have. And this is still my territory Dick Stoermer's trespassing onto. So long!"

III

THE express messenger on the westbound limited that makes connections with the China Mail was sitting by the open door of his car, his feet on a bracket, his pipe in his mouth and his soul at peace as the train thundered down the grade below the snowsheds. He had opened the doors to let out the smoke and smudge that always accumulate in the thirty miles of almost uninterrupted sheds, and now the fresh mountain air, warm and scented, came rushing in and filled the car. The messenger breathed deeply and settled himself more comfortably in his cushions. There was only one stop in several hours and not a delivery to be made. Generally speaking, he was having it pretty soft!

Then his heart missed a beat and his pipe dropped from his lips. He had heard a footstep behind him. With every muscle taut he leaped up. But he was too late. Something like a sledge hammer crushed in the side of his head, he heard a singing sound, and he fell through space into complete darkness. His unconscious body pitched to the floor at the very sill of the open door.

Frank Stein, better known in certain select circles as The Yid, who had caused this phenomenon to occur, stepped back and coolly dropped his blackjack into a coat pocket. From behind a crate in one corner came Dick Stoermer, propelling at pistol point a very pale young brakeman—the man who, under potent compulsion, had admitted the two gangsters to the car during the thunderous passage through the snowsheds. From the roof, like a monkey, Bull McCombs swung in through the door and dropped.

"It's a pipe!" Dick Stoermer exclaimed out of one corner of his mouth. "This is your lay, Bull. Hop to it!"

It was undoubtedly McCombs' lay. He put expert hands on the express matter, running through it as a woman runs through hose on a bargain counter. Dick Stoermer ripped the keys from the belt of the unconscious messenger and went to the strong box. In a moment it was open. He flung out bulky articles and non-negotiable items; into their place Bull McCombs dropped selected matter from the shelves above. The Yid had partly closed the car door and now he stood near it, revolver in hand, with one eye on the flying landscape and one on the white and impotent brakeman. Presently he turned.

"There's the white barn!" he called.

"All right," McCombs replied. "I'm set."

The two looters relocked the box and dragged it to the door. Stoermer put away the keys in his own pocket; he turned on the trainman.

"If you start anything, Jack," he said, "I'll croak you inside of the next three weeks. So stay right where you are when we jump—understand?"

The train was slowing down for a particularly bad curve. At the beginning of this curve McCombs shoved the express box through the door to the ground and followed it himself. The Yid went on his heels. They rolled over and over, but came up unhurt and ran for the box.

Dick Stoermer, still in the car, stepped across the inert body of the messenger, but his heel caught. With an angry blasphemy he kicked out at that helpless form viciously. The brakeman uttered a cry of protest almost involuntarily. Dick, the gangster, whipped out his automatic and brought it down clubwise on the brakeman's head and the man went down dumbly. Stoermer jumped. He landed awkwardly, stumbled up with a whine of pain and angry curses, and began hobbling desperately towards the road.

The Yid and McCombs came panting up, lugging the box between them.

"What's the matter, Dick?" McCombs said guardedly.

"I've twisted my leg. I never have no luck!"

"Wait there and I'll come back for you."

"What do you think this is—a duck hunt? You beat it!"

"It's about a duck hunt!" McCombs retorted airily. "It's a cinch, isn't it?"

"So far," The Yid added. He was the conservative of the party. "There's the car. You can make it, eh, Dick?"

And he went hurrying on, panting with the unaccustomed labor of this toilsome climb, heavily burdened. Of the three he was the only one who continued to carry a weapon ready in his hand.

They reached the automobile with difficulty, coming up directly under where it stood at the edge of the road. In the driver's seat Dago Louie, sitting in a peculiarly wooden fashion, turned his head slightly. His face wore a strange, set expression and the horrible grimace he made was succeeded by a wince. Bull McCombs stared at him.

"What in the ——" he began.

Then he grunted with a peculiar bleating noise and dropped his end of the express box.

From the far side of the machine, with his body protected by that of Dago Louie, rose Hep Tutwiler like an evil old ghost, and in each hand he held a revolver. One was his own; the other had been, until a few minutes before, the property of Dago Louie, surrendered by that expert city driver and thugs' consort only after a struggle in which he had been painfully hurt in the clutches of the old bandit. The face of Hep Tutwiler was red and angry.

"You're riding my range up here, Stoermer," he said harshly. "That's a mistake."

Their surprise had been so complete that in the first half second of time no one of the three city gangsters could move or think. The Yid found himself first. He fired at random, his bullet ripping through the top of the machine, then leaped from the road. As he left the ground Hep Tutwiler blazed at him and Stein went rolling into the brush. But he was up instantly and away, stumbling and tearing his clothes and hands, but taking great leaps that carried him into the cañon as a stone falls.

Dick Stoermer, with his ankle torturing him, sat down beside the road, his face yellow with fear. McCombs, hardy and desperate, tried to edge towards the rear of the car. But Hep Tutwiler, with a hand as steady as a steel rod, shot him through the right shoulder cleanly.

"Put up your good paw, there, and keep it up!" the old man roared. "I need practice, and if you wharf rats give me an excuse I'm going to get it. Now climb in!"

With his right arm hanging dead at his side Bull McCombs obeyed, sinking back into the tonneau and gritting his teeth with the pain. Dick Stoermer complained that he couldn't walk.

"You just think you can't," Tutwiler retorted intolerantly.

And to prove it he fired two shots into the bank on which the young thug sat. With alacrity Stoermer stumbled up and fell into his place beside the driver.

"And now," Tutwiler said coldly, "we'll turn in all knives, blackjacks and guns, and then we'll move."

He searched them with speed and precision, dropping their weapons into a door pocket. With one hand he caught up an end of the express box and swung it into the rear; then he took his seat beside McCombs.

"Straight ahead, Dago," he said curtly. "And my idea of the speed limit on mountain roads is twenty miles an hour. When you get above that I'll practice on you a little—and I'm a pretty fair shot at three feet!"

The driver, whose teeth were chattering and whose hands had lost their cunning, fumbled with his starter, mishandled his gears, and finally killed his engine. The inexorable old man behind him, holding Dago Louie's own automatic carelessly on his lap in his left hand, suddenly let it blaze out. The driver's cap went into the windshield, which was splintered by the bullet, and the sleek black head was furrowed with a streak that began to redden immediately. Dago Louie shrank down, babbling for mercy, but he found his gears speedily and the car rolled down the grade.

Dick Stoermer, shaking himself, tried to regain his lost composure—his bravado.

"You've made a good stool pigeon out of that Brand skirt!" he sneered, glancing back at his captor with slanting eyes.

"It's risky for you to talk at all, you messenger boy!" Hep Tutwiler retorted. "But it's sure death for you to even mention that girl's name."

And with unnecessary force he slapped the dapper little gangster over the head with the revolver. A bloody wale was left; the young renegade cried out like a whipped child and began to rock in his seat with pain.

Hep Tutwiler watched him for a moment, then he spoke again remorselessly.

"You belong in the city, as Lydia told you," he said. "I worked this road when it took nerve; I went out alone and did my jobs and I gave the men I held up an even break. Now'days you cheap yeggs run in gangs, you plan your meannesses in hotel rooms and you ride to 'em in automobiles. You don't make a move till you can pick out a holdup that's safe for your cowardly skins, and if something slips and you get caught your gang has a crooked lawyer in your cell before the ink's dry on the police-station blotter! I won't say I'm any too moral—leastwise I didn't use to be—but when I was a bandit I took the breaks as they came, good and bad, and I never used a blackjack in my life.

"I came in the back way this morning when you was with Lydia, and I overheard you bragging to her. She was right—you wouldn't have got away with it. That fellow I pinked won't get away. There's an undersheriff named Swain up here this morning, and he'll ride that little alley cat down and have him in the Falls before night.

"Just one more thing: Don't fool yourselves about getting out from under in this county. I heard you talking about a frame-up with Nestor, that four-ply city crook who is district attorney. Well, that's as far as it will go. You're on your way to the pen right now, just the same as though the commitment was signed. In the next fifteen or twenty years you'll have quite a spell of time to think over what Lydia told you. Now that's all the talking we'll do. Leave your head alone and drive, you I-talian barber, or you'll be losing a couple of fingers along the road here!"

IV

WHEN the three broken and cringing city gangsters were safe in the patent steel cells in the brand-new county jail at the Falls, and while their wounds and injuries were receiving the rough and callous attentions of old Doc Hepburn, who accompanied them with a homily on the liabilities of a life of crime in a strange county, Hep Tutwiler came out to the front office and confronted big Hank Stull, the veteran jailer. Hank grinned at the one-time bandit and offered him a cigar from a mahogany humidor on his gleaming mahogany desk.

"Too bad Clarke Smith and the rest ain't here, Hep," he observed comfortably. "They organized and got going about four minutes after the limited pulled in and told the story. They took the river road, figgering these fellows would most likely come that way and cut over the hogback. They'll be disappointed that you had all the fun to yourself. Wouldn't be surprised if they'd be kind of sore on you!"

The old man chuckled at the possibility, and Tutwiler abetted him with a smile.

"Well, it's my territory by rights, you see, Hank," he explained. "I couldn't let these city toughs come out here and infringe, as you might say. No, you can see that. But that's not the point, right now."

"What is, then?" the jailer inquired with a deep puff.

Tutwiler cleared his throat and eased himself against the highly finished woodwork of the door jamb.

"You've got a warrant for me, Hank. I've been thinking it over, and I've made up my mind to give myself up. Been kind of absent-minded about it to-day or I'd been in earlier. So if you ain't settled down too comfortable you might lock me up and have the thing over with."

The jailer's face flushed. He laid down his cigar and spoke with an angry growl in his voice.

"Now, listen here, Hep Tutwiler!" he grumbled. "That's about enough of that kind of talk! Nobody in the county wanted that warrant dug up, and nobody would have served it if Nestor hadn't been so mule-headed. But now, after to-day——"

"But to-day ain't got anything to do with it," Tutwiler interrupted. "I'm wanted, and I'm here, and only thing you've got to do is to lock me up. Come on, Hank—this isn't any too pleasant to talk about, any way you look at it."

The jailer brought his fist down on his new desk with a thump. His indignation was genuine, his anger real.

"By grab—no!" he shouted. "You take yourself out of this jail, Hep Tutwiler! I've been jailer here for twenty years, and now I've got the new building I've been working for so long, I'm going to run it, and not take any lip from any ding-barked old calf rustler from the mountains like you! I don't want you here and, by gravy, I won't have you here! Git, now, or I'll git you!"

Tutwiler's voice was husky when he answered.

"Your heart's all right, Hank Stull," he said slowly. "You're aiming to do a kindness, and I'm much obliged. That's all I can say. We'll let it ride there. I'm going down to the Oyster Palace for a bite, and then I'll come back and you'll think better of it. So long!"

He went out, moving slowly and with weighted heels. He had seen the new gray cells, he had heard the shuffling of feet on concrete and the clanging of barred doors, and the smell of all prisons, new or old, was clogging his nostrils. He did not want to go to jail. But when he had made up his mind that morning to surrender to Fisk Swain at ten he had closed the incident. On the steps of the new county building he took a long breath of the crisp mountain air, blinked once or twice, then straightened his shoulders and moved away briskly. His last meal in freedom was to be chowder and a hangtown fry at the Oyster Palace, and towards it he went with what courage he might.

It was an hour later when he returned. Hank Stull admitted him, grinning in recognition, but saying nothing. The two turned into the jailer's office.

Hep found himself suddenly enveloped by the firm sweet arms of a girl and almost collapsed by the rush with which Lydia Brand greeted him. She was laughing and crying by turns, but of what she said no single word was intelligible to him. Fisk Swain crossed and shook his hand; the sheriff and two or three others crowded in and did the same thing. Somehow Lydia was separated from him and when he next discovered her she was standing to one side, holding hands in a perfectly shameless and unconcealed manner with the undersheriff of the county.

There was a lot of talking—a lot of praise for him. Out of it all he gathered confusedly that Yid Stein had been captured by Swain and the girl and had been brought in more dead than alive; that the railroad and the express company had offered a thousand-dollar reward for the arrest of the bandits and that the money had already been turned over to the sheriff for transmittal to Tutwiler himself. He realized presently that Harris Nestor, the district attorney, was standing in one corner of the room like a man at bay, listening to something the sheriff had to say, with a white face and a staring and frightened manner that seemed incompatible with the general atmosphere of the place. Tutwiler brushed his hand across his eyes.

"Well, I guess I ain't as fast in the head as I used to be," he said clumsily to any who would listen. "But there's a warrant out against me ——"

"Now, you shut up, Tutwiler!" Hank Stull, the jailer, interrupted, rising threateningly from his place at his showy desk. "'Bout two more words out of you ——"

"Mr. Nestor," Tutwiler interrupted, turning to the district attorney, "I'm told you've got a warrant for me on an old charge. Is that right?"

The district attorney gulped, looked helplessly from Tutwiler to the jailer, and from the jailer to big Clarke Smith, the sheriff, opened his mouth to speak, thought better of it and reached for his hat, which lay near him on a table. The sheriff, smiling a little, turned to answer Tutwiler:

"I've just been telling Mr. Nestor that I thought probably he'd be resigning sometime to-night or to-morrow early, and I guess he figures I'm about right. So, as far as the district attorney is concerned, Hep, there isn't much for him to say."

Tutwiler frowned, stood puzzling. Harris Nestor quietly let himself out at a side door and disappeared. Someone laughed.

"You ain't treating me just right, folks," Tutwiler said painfully. He had a single-track mind and at the moment a heavy and saddened one. "It don't make much difference who's district attorney, I guess, does it, if I'm wanted? I'd like for you——"

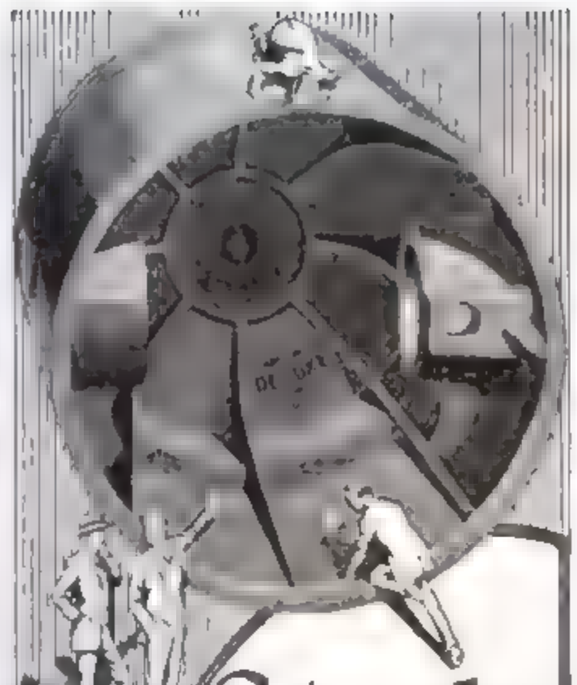
Judge Matt Gardy, thirty years on the bench of the county, and looked up to and admired and respected by everyone in the big county, stood suddenly in the open door from the corridor. He blinked a little in the light, saw Hep Tutwiler, and crossed to him, his heels striking the thick new linoleum measuredly.

"Want to shake hands with you, Tutwiler," he said boomingly. "Proud of you, my boy—proud of you! And I want to say to all of you that Hank Stull here is quite right—entirely right. Tutwiler has been in the state ten years and more without being apprehended. The statute runs for that time—the old charge against Tutwiler has been outlawed for seven years and more. Couldn't arrest him on it if you had a warrant from the Supreme Court of the United States. Couldn't be done. It's the legal maxim: *Lex vigilantibus non dormientibus subvenit*—the law aids the vigilant ——"

Hep Tutwiler looked vacantly about. All the faces around him were friendly and smiling faces. What the judge was saying was vague and mystifying. But the old bandit's eye was caught by a quick movement. He turned to see Fisk Swain holding Lydia Brand in his arms and kissing her—actually kissing her on the lips. The old man grinned and cleared his throat.

"Well," he said with some difficulty, "I reckon that settles it."

Lydia Brand looked over at him guiltily, blushed, tore herself away from the undersheriff and started unsteadily towards her foster father. She had a feeling that what Hep Tutwiler meant was not what the judge was saying so ponderously. But she knew that it was settled anyway.



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This DELUXE Piston is made of cast iron—it has minimum expansion and can be fitted very close, preventing oil pumping.

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This DELUXE Piston is scientifically built and reinforced with bridge-like ribs.

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Being lighter in weight and fitted closer, DELUXE Pistons eliminate vibration excessive wear on moving parts, and noisy piston slap.

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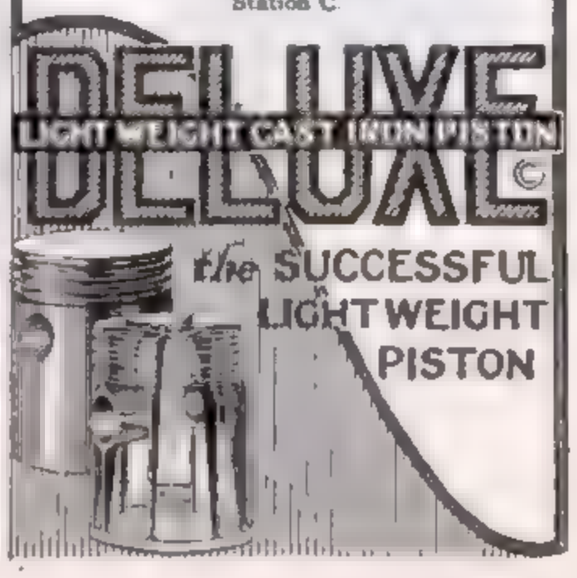

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When a friend—or even a relative—says "Lend me your car," he puts friendship to a severe test. It doesn't make it any easier if his own car is one of those that always seems to be out of order at the time it's most needed, and yours is a reliable one—thanks to good judgment in buying and good care afterwards.

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"Jim wants to borrow our car tonight. The garage man has just telephoned that he can't finish repairing Jim's car till tomorrow, and here they are invited out to dinner and no car."

"What!—again? This is the third time in a month! That's what comes of his trying to save two hundred when he bought the car. He's spent twice as much already to keep it running."

* * * *

So it goes. The man who doesn't know what he's buying seldom drives a good bargain.

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No tarry mass. No hard carbon cake. Just light, dry soot—and very little at that. As a matter of fact, the slight carbon from Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is almost entirely expelled through the exhaust.

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Even on the coldest day Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" feeds freely to every friction surface. This protection is vital. At this time of year a heavier oil is apt to congeal in a Ford engine and cause difficulty in starting and other operating troubles.

When changing to Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" do not flush the engine with kerosene. A part of the kerosene will remain in the splash troughs and tend to destroy the lubricating qualities of the new oil. Draw off the old oil after engine has been running and while hot.

In the differential of your Ford use Gargoyle Mobiloil "CC" or Mobilubricant as specified by the Chart of Recommendations.

IN BUYING *Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container.*

The Vacuum Oil Company's Chart specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils for every make and model of car. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the correct grade for Fords. If you drive another make of car send for our booklet, "Correct Lubrication."

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

MEN OF AFFAIRS

(Continued from Page 15)

added a pinch of cigar ash from a convenient stump—a concoction which in the absence of more potent drugs will produce very gratifying results.

While he was so employed Mr. Royston descanted freely on the subject of lovely women, in the choice of which he declared himself to be an epicure.

"See that one—pho' frame—piano. Tho'bred—perfect tho'bred—a darling—love 'er—love 'em all."

"That's the talk," said Harrison Smith, who was cursing the enforced delay. "Drink her health, old man, and no heel taps."

Mr. Royston rose nobly to the occasion and swallowed the contents of his glass at a single gulp.

"Blesh 'em!" he said. "Blesh 'em!"

He seized the arm of his chair while the room spun round him in a dizzy whirl.

"Blast you, Petersh!" he cried. "Thash prewar whisky. Sh-shot me clean through the brain pan. C-caught in the brewersh web."

He swayed a little and settled down on the floor by sections. Harrison Smith stooped and put a cushion beneath his head.

"All ri' soon—qui' all ri'. Fac' is I'm one of the ruins Crom'll knocked about a bit." The voice tailed away into a deep, slumberous groan.

A minute later Harrison Smith was at the door of Barraclough's flat on the landing below. The fourth key on the bunch turned the latch, and silently as a cat he slipped into the hall. A quick observation of the chambers above had given him a fair idea of which room was which, and he had no trouble in locating the study door in the dark. Before turning on a light he assured himself that the window curtains were drawn. He realized the need to be very silent in all his actions, since Barraclough's servant was in all probability sleeping on the premises and ex-service men of the regular army have an awkward knack of sleeping lightly.

He closed the door without even a click from the latch, then turned up a standard lamp that stood on the writing table. In the pen tray beneath the lamp was a blue pencil—a new one—since obviously it had never been sharpened and the chalk point was scarcely worn at all. The other end of the pencil had been deeply bitten in a dozen places, a circumstance which he noted with satisfaction. The other pencils and pens in the tray bore no teeth marks. It was reasonable, therefore, to surmise that its owner had been engaged in some knotty and puzzling problem at the time of use.

"I believe the girl was on the right track," he muttered to himself, and turned his attention to the bookshelves. One of the cases was given over entirely to a collection of local guidebooks surprisingly complete in map and detail. There were four volumes dealing with Cornwall, and it was only the matter of a moment to find the one to which Isabel had referred. Bringing it to the light he hastily turned over the pages until he came to the squared map that showed the village of Polperro. But here disappointment awaited him, for not a sign of the blue pencil mark showed upon the page. He was on the point of closing the book and seeking a fresh one when he made a discovery.

The light striking across the paper revealed the fact that the surface in places bore a polished appearance. The reason was significant. Barraclough, leaving nothing to chance, had erased the pencil marks with India rubber. If anything could emphasize the value of his discovery, surely it was this, and Harrison Smith fairly tingled with excitement. He picked up a magnifying glass and closely examined the erasement. There had been a line drawn round the village, and on the outskirts, where three cottages clustered together, was the impression of a single dot. At roughly a mile inland from the village where a footpath converged with the road was another dot, seemingly situated in the middle of a clump of trees.

Harrison Smith was satisfied. He hastily dropped the book into his pocket, restored its fellows to their former positions on the shelves and tiptoed across the room to extinguish the light. Thus far Fortune had favored him, but she is a capricious lady, wont to change her allegiance with startling suddenness. If there had been a length of yellow flex to the electric standard the accident would never have happened. It is simply asking for trouble to use red flex on a red carpet. Harrison Smith's foot tangled in the wire and down came the table lamp with a crash. Simultaneously there came a shout from another part of the flat. For a second he stood spellbound at the disaster he had caused, robbed of the power of action.

It was the sound of bare feet pattering on the parquet of the hall that restored his senses, and as the door of the room flew open he stamped on the still burning electric bulb lying at his feet. The detonation as it flew into fragments came simultaneously with the sharp, stinging report of a small-caliber pistol. The room was plunged into utter darkness, in which could be heard the sound of two men breathing and the zinging of the mantelpiece brasses from the double explosion. Then silence—no movement—and the mind of Harrison Smith worked like a streak of lightning. His hand was on the back of a heavy armchair and the touch of it suggested an idea.

He gave a thin, whispering sigh and cried out in a high-pitched voice: "My God! You've killed me!"

Then he tilted back the armchair and allowed it to fall with a soft thud to the floor.

Another silence, then the sound of a man moving forward. Harrison Smith sidestepped and, keeping in touch with the wall, navigated through the darkness toward the door.

"Serve you damn well right," said Doran in a voice that was startlingly near.

Harrison Smith's luck had returned. He found the door and passed through it and down the hall as quietly as a draft. He heard a click as Doran switched up the lights, followed by an oath. Then he streaked down the main stairway with a flight and a half start. A second was lost at the hall door fumbling for the latch, and in that second Doran fired again but missed. As Harrison Smith shot out into Albemarle Street he collided heavily with a constable, attracted to the scene by the noise of the shots; but him he overturned to such good effect that he was crossing Piccadilly before the blast of the inevitable whistle screeched through the night. There was no further opposition to his progress, and in St. James' Street he fell into a walk and finally entered his own apartment unobserved.

A little breathless but entirely satisfied he flung himself on the bed for a couple of hours' repose.

XXI

IN THE summertime all the best people, and many who fall short of perfection, repair westward to the Cornish Riviera. It is the thing to do. The taxi, the station bus, the private automobile, and even the almost extinct four-wheeler, high laden with luggage, by common consent roll down the slope into Paddington and deliver up their cargoes. Long are the queues at the booking offices, thronged the platforms and loud the voices of those who command. Each little party of voyagers would seem to have its own alarums as an inevitable adjunct to excursion. The genius for organizing is manifest on all sides, with its resultant chaos. Orders and injunctions are flung broadcast—misinterpreted and sometimes abused. The germ of panic infects the multitude.

There was nothing Freddie Dirk liked better than a holiday crowd. They inspired in him a sense of profound gratitude. Their generosity was boundless. To a gentleman of his skill in the matter of property exchange they represented a fortune. Whatsoever the imagination might picture and the heart of man covet could be had at the mere turn of a hand.

His appointment with Harrison Smith was for 9:50, but Freddie Dirk arrived half an hour ahead of time, and those thirty minutes he put to excellent account. He had learned from Bolt that Cornwall was their destination, wherefore his first care was to procure the two first-class tickets for Plymouth from the cuff of a gentleman's raincoat—a feat in strict accordance with the laws of economy. The high cost of living had of late reduced his supply of ready cash, on which account he could hardly be blamed for taking possession of a wad of notes carelessly intrusted to a side pocket by another passenger who was seeking to

economize by carrying his own bag. Being an essentially practical man Freddie Dirk resisted the temptation to acquire a suitcase in crocodile. Reticence in the matter did him credit and he rewarded himself with a single-stone diamond scarf pin that would greatly enhance the appearance of his own cravat. He was debating with himself the question of a string of pearls of no very great value when Harrison Smith's hand fell upon his shoulder.

"That's a blame silly thing to do," said Dirk when he had recovered from his initial surprise. "Blame silly. Might 'ave a bit more respec' for a man's nerves."

Harrison Smith cursed him fluently as he led the way to a flivver which was standing in the yard.

"Lot of use to me you'd have been if the splits had got you. It's a big job we're tackling, and I don't want it spoiled by damn-fool sneak-thief tricks."

Freddie Dirk apologized and explained his distaste for idleness.

"Ain't we going by train—'cause I got the tickets?"

"No."

"Well, 'ang on a minute while I gets the money back."

But even this business coup was denied, and with a sense of opportunity lost he entered the car.

There was nothing prepossessing in Freddie Dirk's appearance. He was of the low-brow, heavy-jaw, bruiser type. The term "tough" fits him closely. He had a punch like a kick from a dray horse, but when called upon to use his hands he preferred to rely upon his mascot to insure success. Freddie's mascot was a few lengths of whalebone bound with twine and socketed into a pear-shaped lump of lead. Scientifically wielded it would go through the helmet of a city policeman like a hot knife through butter. He had a healthy dislike for firearms, which was perhaps the primary cause of his failure to serve king and country in the late war. His skill as a draft dodger had earned him a great reputation among many of his fellows equally diffident in their will to serve.

"I've got you into this," said Harrison Smith as they chugged up the station incline, "because I want a man who'll stick at nothing."

Dirk nodded.

"There's a chance we may have to ——"

"That's orl right; least said soonest mended."

"Barraclough is a bit of a bearcat, and if he's got the concession on him you can lay odds he'll fight."

"If he's got the blinking thing, don't see 'ow we're going to make much aht of it."

"Wouldn't his own side pay a goodish check? And wouldn't old Van cash in to have it destroyed?"

Dirk grinned very prettily, revealing his broken front teeth in all the glory of the morning sun.

"I get you. A private deal, like, favoring whichever market pays best."

"That's the idea. There's a fortune in it if we get him tucked away in some quiet place."

"It's a treat to work with you," said Dirk enthusiastically. "I'll lay a quart there ain't a finer 'eadpiece than yours from 'Oxton to 'Ammersmith."

"Thank you," said Harrison Smith. "Try and remember that, and obey orders quick as you get 'em."

"That's right, captain, that's the talk. Give me a man wot talks strite."

A flivver is a marvelous eater up of miles, and Harrison Smith did not spare his engine nor linger upon the way. Evening was falling when at last they descended the hill into the little fishing village of Polperro. They ran into the inn yard and tried to bespeak a lodging for the night; but in this they were unlucky, for there was no accommodation to be had. The best that could be obtained was a shakedown in the stable loft, granted on a promise to refrain from smoking. Having refilled the petrol tank and assured themselves that the car was in sound running order against the morrow's needs, they entered the inn.

"We'll get a snack now," said Harrison Smith, "and after that take a look round and make a few inquiries."

The schooners of ale provided by mine host to wash down the simple country fare were entirely agreeable to Freddy Dirk's parched palate. It had been a long day and, as he pointed out, refreshment had been all too scarce. Harrison Smith might be and undoubtedly was an excellent fellow, but he did not understand the urgent need for beer, without which no good man was ever at his best. It was all very well going out and asking questions and poking one's nose into this, that and the other, but far greater advantage was to be won by poking one's nose into deep, foaming tankards of beer. Closing hour came all too soon, and it would be time enough to seek fresh diversion after that unhappy event.

Wishing to remain in the good graces of his companion, Harrison Smith shrugged his shoulders and sallied forth alone in the direction of the quay. The tide was out, and from the mud and sand came the pungent, ozonous smell of rotting sea vegetation. Dazzling white gulls wheeled and hovered in the air or noisily disputed the possession of fragments of fish and the offal of the market. In the pool a dozen trawlers, green striped and numbered, with furled brown sails and slackened rigging, rode sweetly at anchor. A knot of seamen leaned against the outer stone wall of the pier, smoking pipes and gazing idly across the pale opal-colored sea. A couple of artists were wrestling valiantly with the thousand subtle difficulties of the scene—trying to transmit to canvas the changing lights upon the water, the pink blush on the whitewashed houses and the dull gray shadows on the mud. It was a scene calm and sweet enough to awaken gentleness and set romance astir, but in Harrison Smith's mind it inspired no more than a sense of doubt and disappointment. Surely this tiny harbor was an unlikely landing for a man to choose who carried in his pocket the key to millions. No decent-sized vessel would ever put into such a port. The place was asleep, dead almost.

A blasting conviction that the marks in the guidebook had no connection whatever with the business in hand came over him. Barraclough might have put them there expressly to deceive the girl. He was subtle enough to employ such a device. What if, after all, the others were right and it was indeed Barraclough they had kidnaped? A pretty fool he would look then.

Shaking himself out of these melancholy forebodings Harrison Smith approached an old seaman with the offer of a good evening and a fill of tobacco.

"Pretty quiet hereabouts," he remarked.

The old man nodded.

"Still, I dare say you get steamers and such like popping in every day to liven things up."

"Bearn't draft enuff for steamers. They doan't bother us much, steamers doan't."

The reply was not encouraging.

"I see the fishing fleet is at anchor. Weather too calm?"

"Couldn't say thaat."

"Going out to-night?"

"Med-do."

"And how do you get rid of your fish?"

"Us sells 'er."

"I mean, do you send it up by road?"

"Naw!"

"Steam trawler comes in to connect it?"

"Doan't come in—not very often it doan't."

Harrison Smith turned away with a sigh, leaving the old man sucking at his pipe and spitting reflectively. There was no illumination to be had from that quarter.

More than ever doubtful of success he passed slowly through the village to its inland outskirts and there he paused to study the map. It might be worth while taking a casual glance at the group of three cottages marked by Barraclough with the pencil point. They were easily located, but their outward appearance suggested little enough connection with the mystery. They were fashioned of gray Cornish granite, with slate roofs and the inevitable fuchsia bushes in the front gardens. One of them boasted a small stockyard roughly cobbled, an open cowshed and, alongside, a stable with a heavy double door.

As a mere matter of form Harrison Smith determined to take a glance inside, but on approaching the door he found it was fastened by an iron crossbar secured to an eyelet by a large and well-made padlock. The door fitted closely into its architrave, and there was no crack through which a man might see into the stable. Once more Harrison Smith's excitement revived. With a quick glance over his shoulder to satisfy himself no one was about, he scrambled over the shale wall of the stockyard and passed to the rear of the building. High up under the gable a few pieces of stone had been removed for ventilation. A broken horsetrough placed against the wall served him as a ladder,

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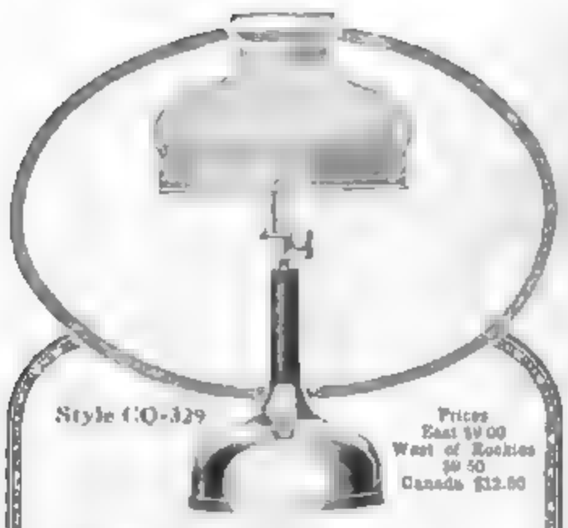

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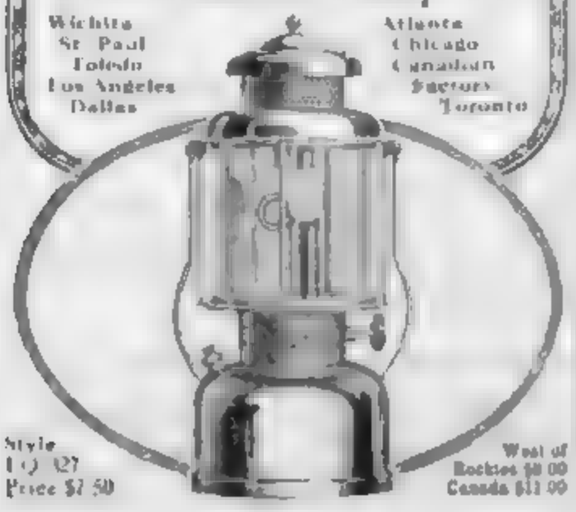

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and a moment later Harrison Smith was peering through the gap into the inky darkness of the stable. Nothing could be seen, so with some difficulty he struck a match and dropped it into the space beyond. It extinguished itself in the fall, but in the brief space while still alight it revealed the bright parts of a long, low racing car.

Harrison Smith dropped silently to the ground and his breath came short and sharp.

"I was right! I was right!" he gasped. "Shouldn't have much chance against that outfit."

Naturally enough he resolved that it would never do to allow Barraclough to get as far as the stable. On the other hand, it would be a wise precaution to disable the big automobile in case of accident. But between him and the carrying out of this resolve were an iron bar and a padlock of formidable appearance. To attempt violence against the door would surely attract attention from the house. And all at once a simple and effective alternative suggested itself. If he himself were unable to enter the stable he would take measures to prevent the entrance of any other person. There was no difficulty about that, and when five minutes later he strolled down the road toward the inn it was with the comforting reflection that the keyhole of the padlock was entirely filled up with clay and grit in such a manner that no key could ever again force its way in.

He found Dirk already settling himself down for the night and Harrison Smith smote him boisterously on the back.

"A red-hot scent, my son," said he. "We're on the winning side. Success, my boy—success!"

Freddy Dirk smiled beatifically through a fog of beer.

"Goo' ni'," he murmured.

"It's up with the dawn for you and me—and then success."

Curious how success will react even on the best-balanced brain and obliterate the most obvious considerations. Harrison Smith entirely forgot the second blue dot on the map—the one situated a mile outside the village where a little footpath converged with the highroad.

XXII

THE steam trawler Felice out of Cherbourg was not much to look at, but none the less she was a lady of virtue and of good intention. Her engines had lost the enchanting voice of youth through long argument and bitter contest with the stern affronts of life. Where once they had hummed and purred, now they racketed and nagged, but they got through the work none the less well on that account. The existence of a fishwife hardens the temperament and loosens the tongue, and the Felice was no exception to the rule.

A plain, strident, powerful old woman bucketing through calm and trouble with the same reproach for either. The Felice wore rusty black—coarse and patched. She had long ago forsaken her girlish waistband of royal blue, esteeming such fallals better suited to the children of the fleet.

She was a no-nonsense lady, one of the up-and-doing-and-you-be-damned sort, but she boasted at least one unusual feature, the pride and envy of her fellows. She was fitted with an aërial, the relic of an age when small vessels went forth to sweep up big mines, very often to be swept up themselves while so engaged, and to mention the fact by wireless in the short interval between being struck and sinking.

Anthony Barraclough, wrapped in a suit of borrowed oilskins, leaned against the deckhouse and grinned at the breaking day. Like a fire opal the sun rose out of the sea, its first rays dissipating the ghostlike wisps of fog that drifted over the water. The Felice was shouldering her way up channel against the slap of a running tide and the greeny-black waves, as yet undyed by the morning blue, spumed and spattered over the bows and wetted her decks with a sharp salt rain.

"O Lord!" said Barraclough, dashing the spray out of his eyes. "O Lord, it's good to be alive!"

His hand traveled to an inside breast pocket and stayed there, his fingers lovingly caressing a case of morocco leather.

"And it's good to have brought it off. Damned good!" His eyes looked aloft to the sagging wires of the aërial.

"Wonder if I dare send 'em a message? Better not, perhaps. Besides, I want the fun of springing it on 'em myself. Still, I might give 'em a hint—something to set 'em thinking."

He puzzled for a moment, then broke into a fresh grin, for a dainty little code had suggested itself. It would be rather amusing to talk to a group of financiers in the language of flowers. A memory of Isabel's last words put the idea into his head when she had given him the dog rose on the evening of his departure.

"It means hope, Tony"; and "Hope it is," he had replied.

He turned to the little companion ladder and shouted into the dark beneath:

"Oh, Jean Prevost! Half a minute."

And in answer appeared the head and shoulders of a short, thick-set, twinkly eyed, unshaven man who gruffly demanded "*Quoi?*"

Jean Prevost, skipper of the Felice, was not an oil painting to look at, but he was just as reliable as the craft he commanded. He and Barraclough had had dealings together during the war and they respected each other. If Jean Prevost were proud of anything it was of his acquaintance with Barraclough and the knowledge he esteemed himself to possess of the English tongue.

"Fizz me off a message on the wireless, there's a good soul."

"Hah!"

"Gerard, Regent Street, W. Deliver immediately single dog rose to Lord Almont Frayne, Park Lane Mansions."

Jean Prevost nodded and repeated the message verbatim.

"That's it. Quick as you can."

"I send 'im now, I blerdy will. We find ze trawlers blerdy soon."

Jean Prevost showed a regrettable liberality in the use of this popular adjective, which he firmly believed lent vitality and refinement to any sentence.

"That'll set them thinking," said Barraclough as he turned away with a smile. "Ha, the Eddystone!"

In direct line with their course, rising like a thin twig out of the sea, showed the silhouette of the lighthouse, while between it and the now faintly discernible mainland tiny dots of brown showed upon the water.

Your true Englishman is an absurd creation, for he cannot return to his native land even after the shortest absence, he cannot see the faint familiar landmarks, the nestling villages, the rolling downs, the white chalk or gray granite of her battlements—without a throb of honest grateful pride. An imperial singing sounds in his ears, tuned to the measure of breaking surf—such a song as lovers sing whose simple words are no more than this, "I am yours and you are mine."

"To-night," he said, "to-night I shall see her again."

There was the appointment at his rooms at eleven o'clock, when he would place the concession in Mr. Torrington's hands. That would be a big moment. He could imagine Cranbourne's unbridled enthusiasm; Lord Almont's congratulations in the style of P. G. Wodehouse; and Cassis, that person of dry ashes and parchment, unbending to the greatness of the occasion. He, Barraclough, was a made man; every newspaper in the country would send its reporters to clamor at his doors, every charity seek his aid when the story and the magnitude of his find became known. From an ordinary commonplace individual he would be transformed into a figure of the age, the observed of all eyes, the target of every tongue. And yet, the world at his feet, the wealth, the prominence, the power, the achievement, faded and dwindled into nothing at all beside one absurd but adorable longing. It was the thought of Isabel sitting on the floor, hugging her knees, resting her chin upon them, looking at him with great wide-open eyes, smiling at him with moist, trembling lips.

Overhead the aërial fizzed and crackled as his message voyaged forth into space. The tiny dots between the Eddystone and the land took form and detail, and became the brown sails of a fishing fleet lolling idly in the bay.

A hand on his shoulder aroused him from his reverie and he turned to find Jean Prevost standing beside him.

Barraclough pointed to the northeast.

"Number Fifty-seven," he said.

The old skipper focused a pair of binoculars and steadied them against a stay of the funnel.

"Zere," he said, and pointed at a solitary sail to the west of its fellows. "Here. You see?"

Barraclough nodded. "Diamond's a reliable chap. Always as good as his word. How long shall we be?"

"Quarter hour—ten minute."

Nothing more was said until the Felice came alongside the solitary fishing boat, from the bows of which a tall bronzed seaman gave them a welcoming hail.

"Good-by and good luck, Jean Prevost," said Barraclough. "You'll hear from me in a day or two."

"And blerdy good luck to you," said the Frenchman, gripping the extended hand.

Barraclough dropped over the side and landed on the stern sheets of Number Fifty-seven. A bell clanked and the Felice lurched away, ruffling the glassy water with her screw.

"Be ye right?" demanded Diamond, drawing up the cable of his anchor.

"Sure thing," said Barraclough. "Let her go."

The anchor came out of the water with a plop, the brown sail was twisted, and a little auxiliary oil engine began to snort.

"Wind's settin' just right," said Diamond, the sheet in one hand and the tiller in the other. "Ye 'ad a good time?"

"First rate. Tell you all about it one of these days."

A friendly puff of wind from the southeast filled the canvas and drove them shoreward at a slant, the water lapping gently against the bows. It seemed a very little while before they rounded the headland and entered the narrow funnel of cliffs leading into Polperro. Not a soul was to be seen in the breakwater, a circumstance Barraclough noted with satisfaction, although he had no reason to expect opposition. They lowered sail at the harbor mouth and came alongside a slippery wooden ladder stapled into the stone wall of the pier.

"Ye'll take a bite o' breakwus?"

"Not this journey, Jack. I'm getting off as fast as I can. Here, you'd better freeze onto these oilskins. No good to me." He stripped off the coat he was wearing, shook hands and mounted the ladder.

"Thanks awfully. I'll be down this way for my honeymoon. Good-by."

With a cheery wave and a smile he started down the jetty at a brisk walk.

XXIII

ANYONE who is acquainted with the village of Polperro knows the stone jetty which runs parallel with the horizon line of the sea. In length it is perhaps eighty or a hundred yards. At its western end it turns at right angles past a terrace of old houses whose foundations are washed by the tide. Barraclough had almost arrived at this point when two men turned the corner and came toward him. One was presentable enough, but his companion was a person of low class. They were obviously in the heat of altercation, for the words "You fill yourself up with beer like a blasted barrel" preceded their appearance.

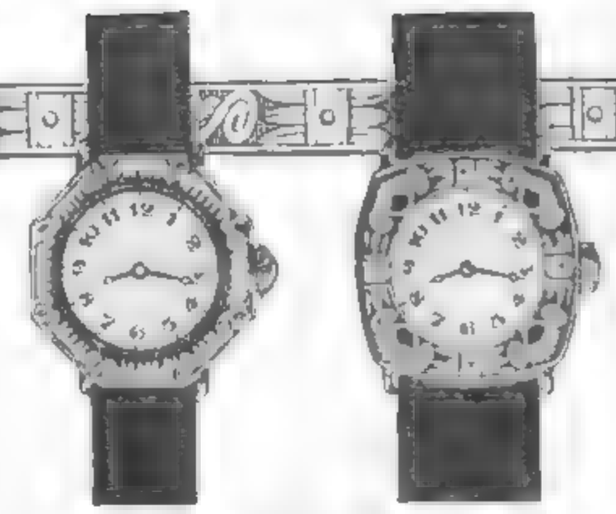
Now there was one thing Barraclough never forgot—a man's voice—and as the words came to his ears he stopped dead. The moment of mutual recognition was almost instantaneous, but Barraclough had precisely one second's start to recover from his surprise.

Behind him was the jetty washed by the sea, and the narrow passage in front was blocked by enemies.

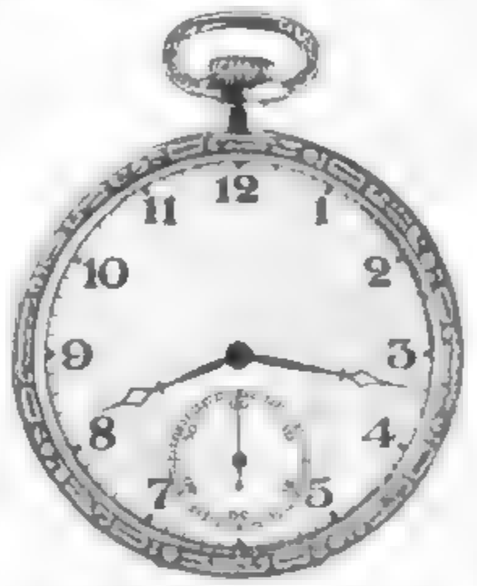
Harrison Smith wasted a fraction of time crying out the name "Barraclough!" Dirk fell back a pace, fumbling for the pocket in which he kept his mascot. It was a fatal mistake. Running down the length of the jetty between the two men was a fisherman's net, and as Harrison Smith sprang toward him, pistol in hand, Barraclough ducked, seized the net and raised it in the air.

It was the barest fluke that the maneuver should have worked so well. Harrison Smith stumbled heavily, grabbed at Dirk and missed him. Barraclough's foot just above his waistline destroyed the last of his equilibrium, and over the edge he went into the shallow water below. Unquestionably the beer was responsible for Dirk's failure to win the engagement. His quarry was before him in an open position. He should have used his mascot, and used it hard. It was sheer criminal stupidity to have looked over the edge at his fallen commander. Maybe the angry scarlet of Dirk's complexion provoked Barraclough's attack, and before the poor man had recovered from his surprise a heavy lobster pot came

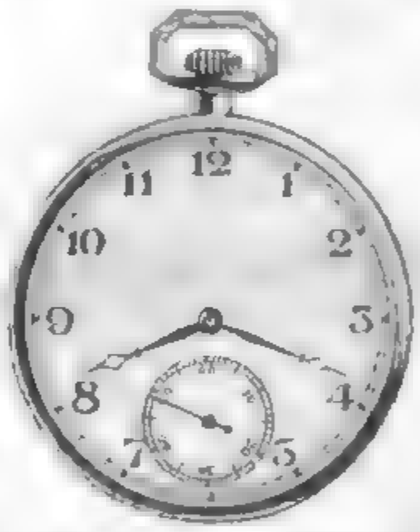
Continued on Page 60



Wadsworth creations which reflect the consummate artistry of avant Parade



A Wadsworth case that carries the tale of the fall of the Inca kingdom



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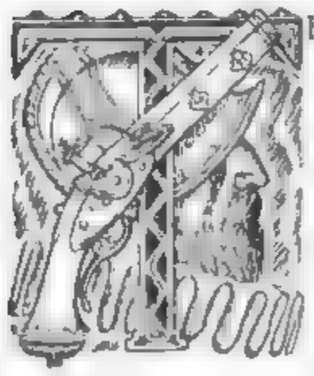
The mighty Inca's golden ransom suggests ornament for Wadsworth Cases

Portraying the Wadsworth art of fashioning Cases for the leading movements



THREADING the tortuous passes of the Andes with a handful of ragged adventurers, Francisco Pizarro, indomitable warrior of old Spain, penetrated to the heart of the mighty Inca empire. There, face to face with the flower of the Indian army, he seized Atahualpa, unvanquished monarch of the Incas, and at one stroke brought the whole of Peru under the power of the Conquistadores.

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The Bankers Supply Company

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NEW YORK CHICAGO DENVER
ATLANTA DES MOINES SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 58)

smashing down over his face with agonizing force, the splintering basketwork playing havoc with his features. Then he, too, experienced the unique sensation of gliding downward through space, a delight somewhat marred by the rudeness of its finish.

Barraclough did not stay to behold the result of his offensive, but picked up his heels and ran. Just beyond the open fish market he saw a neglected car and hesitated an instant to debate whether or not he should appropriate it. At the time he did not connect it with the two men wallowing in harbor waters. Had he done so he would certainly have driven it over the edge of the quay into the mud. His own car was waiting less than a quarter of a mile away—built for speed—and the sense of speed ran through his own veins.

As he raced up the narrow twisting street the good wives of the village turned on their doorsteps, open-mouthed, to watch him pass.

He scarcely bothered to glance over his shoulder, satisfied that he had gained an easy five minutes' start. Coming abreast of the three cottages he vaulted the stockyard wall, threw open a gate and made for the stable door, fumbling in his pocket for the key of the padlock.

And suddenly an oath broke from his lips—crisp, concise and covering. The first trick had been scored by him, but undoubtedly Harrison Smith had won the second. The blocked-up keyhole told its own tale. He knew the door very well and it would be half an hour's work to break it down; also he knew the padlock, having bought it himself. The speedy car would have to be abandoned.

He did not waste time cursing, but instead leaped the shale wall and took to the fields. A little footpath lay among the trees at the meadow end and Anthony Barraclough made for it with all possible dispatch, jumping a brook and forcing his way through a fringe of thorn and bramble. There had been no rain for some weeks and the going was dry, a circumstance he noted with satisfaction, for your average Cornish footpath is as much a waterway as a thoroughfare for pedestrians. It was half a mile to his destination, a spot where the path converged with the highroad, and as he ran Barraclough covered his face with his hands to avoid the swinging branches. A gap in the trees gave a view of the village, and as he flashed across it, increasing speed to avoid the risk of being seen, he had a momentary glimpse of a car with two men in it stopping at the gate he had recently opened.

"How in blazes they found out beats me!" he gasped.

A sickening fear assailed him that his second line of escape might also have been blocked, and at the thought he put out every ounce of speed he possessed. It was better to know the worst at once. The path widened out into a cart track and through an aisle of trees the white patch of the highroad came into view.

A casual passer-by would never have noticed the low-built pigsty that butted onto the hedge, its roof and sides being almost completely masked with brushwood and bramble vine.

Barraclough could not resist an exclamation of joy as he noted that the big piles of carelessly thrown kindlings were apparently untouched. He kicked away great bundles of them with his foot, produced a key and opened a small solid door. The relief was almost unbearable, but he did not linger to offer up prayers of thanksgiving.

The motorcycle flashed bravely as he dragged it out into the sun, turned on the petrol and set the controls. He shoved the gear lever into second, lifted the exhaust and pushed, and the willing little twin fired its first spluttering salvo as he bumped out of the rutted lane into the main road.

Concentration on the single object of getting away had dulled his ears to other sounds, for normally he could not have failed to hear the chuff-chuff of the approaching car. As he swung into the saddle he saw it out of the corner of his eye and ducked. The vision of two men—an excited yell and an oath—they were almost on top of him when the twin took a healthy dose of the mixture and got away. Another second and they would have ridden him down. Barraclough swerved to the left to cut a corner and opened up. Harrison Smith did likewise, choking his engine with too wide a throttle and losing a dozen yards in half that number of seconds.

"Shoot, blast you! Shoot, you blasted fool!" he roared at Dirk.

Barraclough heard the order and swept over to the right to disturb the aim as a couple of leaden hornets buzzed angrily past his ear, striking the macadam a hundred yards ahead and whining away into the distance.

Freddy Dirk's execution with an automatic was below the quality of his mascot work. He cursed fluently as the shots flew wide and tried to steady his aim by resting the revolver on the iron crosspiece of the wind screen.

"Take the wheel—take the wheel, damn you!" cried Harrison Smith, snatching at the pistol with his left hand. "You can't shoot that way."

Somehow they contrived to change places. A sharp rise in the ground had perceptibly slackened the speed of Barraclough's mount and he reduced his lead still further by hanging to the top gear a couple of seconds too long. The car, on the other hand, was beginning to improve, and leaped at the hill eagerly. No more than fifty yards separated pursued from pursuer.

Harrison Smith sat on the back of the driving seat and bided his time. A glance ahead showed him the road winding up interminably, at the very incline at which his car developed its greatest efficiency and went sailing past nearly everything else on the road.

"Got him," he said; "got him cold."

This comforting reflection awoke in his breast a sporting fancy. After all, it was more fun to shoot a man than to ride him down.

The little twin in front was laboring bravely at the hill, but its muffled exhaust was pleading unmistakably for still another change down. Barraclough knew very well that were he to accept this invitation he would be lost. The only hope was to keep in second and pray hard that the engine wouldn't conk out. A glance over his shoulder revealed the car bounding up the hill toward him. Then it was that Harrison Smith fired. Barraclough saw the flash out of the tail of his eye and simultaneously his motorcycle seemed to leap forward with a noisy roar. The bullet had struck the exhaust pipe, cutting it clear of the silencer and making him a clear gift of five miles an hour.

A new life seemed to run through the veins of the machine and the hill flattened out before him like a level track. As he realized the charity of fate, Barraclough lifted a gladsome "Yoicks!" and waved his right hand above his head. Again the pistol cracked and a red-hot knitting needle seemed to pass through the palm of his hand. As he brought it back to the handle bar he saw a pale blue circle between his first and second fingers bubble into scarlet and black.

"You scum, you dirty scum!" he cried. "But it'll take more than a bullet through the hand to bring down my flag."

He jerked the gear lever back into top and shot full bore at the down grade before him. As the car breasted the top of the hill its passengers were rewarded by the sight of a tiny speck of dust tearing along a ribbon of white in the valley below.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM

(Continued from Page 9)

up your record faithfully to the usual bogy for this life's course—I think to go around in about seventy is right, isn't it? Well, anyhow, if you want to keep your pep, keep thin, and zinc the notion that pie is the basis of vigor.

You can diet strictly and thinningly, and have more pep than you ever possessed before. Neither haggardness nor loss of vitality need be feared. You can get as slim as you want to and stay that way and be well; and to attain this glorious estate but two things are required of you—two little eenty-weenty things: Self-control and intelligence. These two qualities, combined in a single individual, have been known, on good authority, to grab off a kingdom. Why, then, should they not grab off a good figure? However, remember that although I can put the facts before you I can't make you live up to the schedule. I did live up to it and I am thin—well, anyway, I am thin enough. But if you read this magazine and then complain that mere words didn't do the trick you put me in the very awkward position of the man who led the horse to water and the horse turned out to be in with the brewers' interests.

Having said this much I will now proceed to tell you where you get off, gastronomically. The information given herewith is derived from sauces which we believe to be reliable, and I am going to begin with a sentence which, though short—for it contains but two words is, nevertheless, calculated to inspire mirth on the part of those who think the country is that way, and chagrin in the bosoms of those who know darn well it's not.

No alcohol. That's the sentence and the sentence. We might just as well fight it out here as later. If you want to get thin you must not drink any beers, wines, ales, liquor or home-brew, including the Scandinavian. You might keep every other rule which follows, and, breaking this one, keep the rest in vain. For everyone knows that alcohol is in itself fattening to all people who already have a tendency in that direction; and what is even worse, it creates an uncontrollable abnormal appetite for food. If you have had even one drink before a meal you will consume at least twice as much food as you need. Of course I am not insulting you by supposing that you have broken the law of the land by providing yourself with anything stronger than one-half of one per cent. I merely lay down this hard-and-fast rule in case you are a plutocrat with a prewar cellar, or are on your way to Europe, or in danger of being motored up to Canada or down to Mexico. Don't drink alcohol is the first rule; and don't drink anything much with your meals is the second.

You Must Learn to Say No

Now this anything-much line is where self-control, that rare and beautiful quality of yours, comes into the menu. To be specific, don't drink for half an hour before or after your meal, and don't drink more than half a tumbler of water or one cup of tea or coffee at the table. On the point of drinking a wee drop of moisture and no harm done, I disagree with the author of the most popular and justly famous book on the subject of getting thin that has ever been published. That author, I am convinced, is unnecessarily severe. Don't make your meal a torture of thirst; disperse half a glass of water throughout it. After the meal, as often as you conveniently can, stand up for twenty minutes on end. I mean on your end—your two feet. Between meals make a point of drinking all the water you can remember to. But no soda-fountain drinks except lemon, lime or orange ade, made with fresh fruit only. No sirup drinks for you until the pounds roll by, Nellie. And by that I mean none.

But it is not until we come right down to foodstuffs that the really courageous work begins. At our Eaton of the Eats our college yell, as has often before been pointed out, is "A-r-r-r-a-a-rough! Don't eat enough!" Which, interpreted on our campus, means "Hungry as a dog, but never eat your fill." Always feel that you could do with another little snack, and then do—without it! I don't mean that you should actually cultivate hunger pains. As a party to the use of Putnam's Perfect Panacea hunger pains are unnecessary. Just go around feeling a little peckish. You know—as if you could pounce on the dog biscuit if you were sure the dog wasn't looking.

Here follows a list of what you positively must not eat. These things are *verboten*—with qualifications. I'll kill off all hope first, and then hand you out a ray of light. It seems silly to have to tell anyone the most obvious of these forbidden fruits, yet you won't mind my mentioning them, will you? For I'm sure that you must realize what boobs pretty nearly everyone except us are or is, and that it is not for you that I head the list with potatoes, but for the idiot public which has to be told and told and told.

A List That Makes You Listless

Once a potato lover has steeled himself to look the beloved spud in the eye and tell it to go to hell, the rest of the list of the dead and missing will not be so hard to face. Here is the bad news, comrade. Over it let us weep together, who have discovered the great, the sublime truth that vanity is stronger than gluttony!

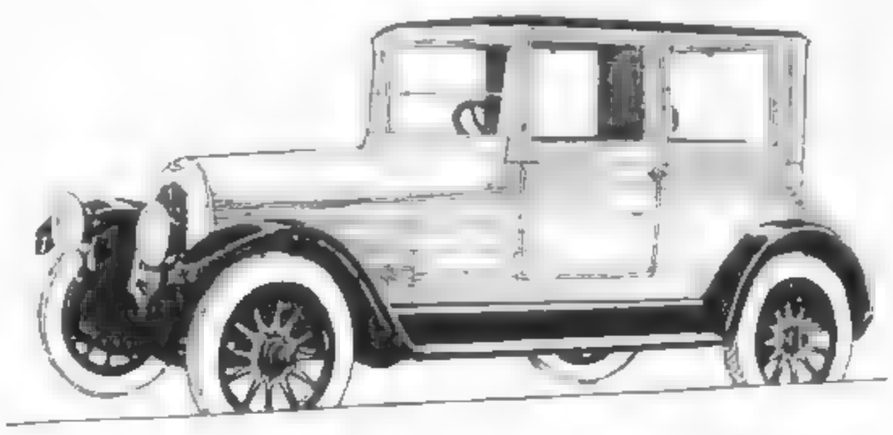
VERBOTEN

Potatoes—even soufflé potatoes or chips.
Rice, barley, cereals of all kinds, macaroni, spaghetti, vermicelli.
*Soup.
Bread, or cake, or pie in any guise.
Pastries, puddings, ice cream, pies.
Nuts, absolutely.
*Butter or cheese.
Corn on the ears, whether your ears or its own, or off of either.
Ripe olives.
Grapes.
Bananas.
Mayonnaise dressing.
*Thickened gravies or sauces.
*Milk or cream.
*Sugar.
And of course that means candy is also out.

Now I know that looks to you as if you were not going to eat. That list resembles the diet that the horse died on—one-straw-a-day stuff, eh? I myself have often wondered why they gave him the straw. Why not have simply omitted it? So much less trouble for all concerned! But this time the horse is on you. Because, even with the aforementioned rich relations cut from your bowing acquaintance, you are still going to put on the old feed bag and eat almost heartily, and certainly with enjoyment. For although I have in a previous paragraph incautiously made use of the word "comrade" I am no socialist. I have no intention of attempting to sovietize your meal ticket or put you on one of those diets consisting of two blades of grass, one square inch of secondhand shoe leather and half a pint of sweet spirits of larkspur, which diet is so fashionable in socially free Russia just now. Not but that it is a thinning diet, all right, but somehow it doesn't strike me as appetizing. And why punish oneself when this world is full of people who will see that you get yours anyhow?

Yet I know that as you read your list a certain listlessness will come over you; in other words, a feeling that the list is something you could very well do without. You will read it again, even more doubtingly, and decide that life is too short, if I get you right; and I am with you, kid; I know just how you feel because that's how it looked to me when I first figured it out.

I can understand your agony of mind, for I, too, have suffered. There have been times when the sight of a potato—a stalwart baked potato, a chic little candied sweet potato, or even a humble but honest plain boiled potato—has brought tears of longing to my eyes! Times, too, when I have reached out a trembling hand and surreptitiously patted the soft cheek of a Parker House roll—yet withdrawn the hand, leaving the little young roll unharmed. There have been moments when the odor of frying bacon stung my senses to madness, and made me feel that for one hour alone with a double rasher, crisply done, I could abandon all the rest of the world. Fortunately during the climax of what I might call the bacon frenzy there was a mirror handy—a long, cruel, truthful mirror, which showed me in time just how much too broad I was for my length, and so saved me on the very brink of falling from grace. I mean literally. So you see, no matter what you suffer when you start to



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RAG JAZZ

Piano Rolls by the Christensen Schools, 22 E. Jackson Boul., Chicago

eat at our *table d'ont*, you have nothing on me. And I will tell you face to face, back to back, or over my own rubber-stamp signature, that the suffering I experienced was nothing—absolutely nil, when stacked up against the subsequent heavenly, sublime joy of discarding my best tailor-made suit because it was hopelessly too big all over!

Incidentally, I do not, as I have hinted, intend that your gastronomic life shall be one long dry crumble of bran. I don't even intend to sever you utterly from the forbidden foods. Perhaps you noticed a star attached to some items on the list? Well, each time it occurred it was a star of hope. And in granting these exceptions I am again disagreeing with our leading ex-fat man and his most excellent booklet.

Let us then begin with butter, that most mellifluous fruit of the cow. The asterisk which stands against it does not stand for eating butter with your meals. It does not mean that butter with great discretion and very thinly may be spread upon your breakfast toast. To begin with, you are not going to have any toast to spread it on. What the asterisk does mean is that, contrary to the other authorities, you may use a little butter on green vegetables. Not any excessive amount, but just what would ordinarily be put on by the cook. Not drawn butter, *comprenez vous*, but the ordinary dab which goes on as a climax along with the black pepper. Butter may be melted on your steak or chop; but you must not eat the fat of any meat. You must Jack Sprat it thoroughly. So it's only a little glimpse of heaven, after all.

The second star, touching on and appertaining to gravies, means this: No gravies thickened with flour or cornstarch; no white sauce, no paper hanger's handy helper over the asparagus. But you can eat tomato sauce, chutney and vinaigrettes. Also, curiously enough, what is known as boiled dressing—the fake mayonnaise—if used sparingly. I mean one large tablespoonful on meats, vegetables or salads.

Asterisk Number Four means this train runs Sunday only—er, I beg your pardon, what I mean to say, that a little milk or cream in your tea or coffee will do no harm. In point of fact, it's rather a good thing. And very occasionally a couple of spoonfuls of cream on fresh figs or figs cooked without sugar does more good than damage.

A Straight and Narrow Path

The no-soup sign means the same thing as the one about no water with your meals. A little clear consommé, very strong, is O. K. if you call it a lunch; not otherwise. And as for sugar, I am inclined to root for sugar in tea or coffee, with a wartime limit of two lumps per cup. Sugar is a great energy maker—I must admit that pep and sugar have more than a bowing acquaintance. And so to eliminate it utterly is a bad, even a dangerous thing. Also, too much saccharin, sugar's natural and obvious substitute, is not a healthy habit. But don't, for your own sweet sake, take sugar in the form of candy, pastry or dessert. Sneak in half a teaspoonful sprinkled on something now and then. Make "now" Monday, and "then" occur about Thursday. No oftener. If you slip over a little something Tuesday and Wednesday, the charm won't work.

The cheese star means fresh cottage cheese only. You see they take the fat out in the cottage, or something, and so cottage cheese is O. K.

Another warning: Don't pull any of that well-I-believe-I-will-take-a-little-just-this-once stuff. It is the exception which proves the rule in Banting far more surely than in any other line of which I know. It is the little piece of cake, the two peppermint drops, the one glass of milk which on the morrow you are going to make up for—that will keep you fat. There is no such thing as making up for a slip in dieting any more than there is in ethics or true religion. You can't make good unless you do make good, and the scales are on to your bluff just as quickly and surely as the Recording Angel is.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, having told you the worst, I will point out the few bright spots in your future life, and let you see that dieting to grow less is by no means all hardship. Having broken down your table structure with one sweeping radical blow I will prove I am no Bolshevik by actually offering you a substitute for what I propose taking away.

Would madame care for a little relish to-night? A bit of fish? We have some delicious *pied de cochons vinaigrette! Non?* A little steak, nicely broiled, *pour m'sieur?* But of a surety! A salad of cold cooked celery and a tomato stuffed with cottage cheese? A chicken broiled? *Mais wee! Garçon! Didon! Hitchy coo!*

If you can't cower the haughtiest of waiters with a portion of the following permission list, plus one sneering eyebrow, you are not deserving of the triumph of cowering any waiter whatsoever. But it won't be easy. Waiters have a set notion about bringing bread and butter, and a mania for thinking up new ways to serve potatoes.

On the Free List

It goes against some very deep, earnest, ethical conviction of theirs to omit these items from any meal, and the only way to avoid their sneering eyebrow is to sneer yours first and sneer it harder. Beat them to it. If you do, you can command one order of cold pig's foot served for two and nothing else, and still have the waiter cringe in that soul-satisfying manner which should be compulsory for all waiters. Just keep this little trick in mind when dieting in public. You can then order any of the following with impunity, and best of all, you can eat what is brought, secure in the knowledge that not an ounce is being added to your personal check-weighing account.

PERMISSIONE

Steak.
Chops.
Roast beef, lamb, veal, pot roast.
Broiled kidneys—not fried or stewed.
This also applies to liver, but what's liver without its wicked partner, the bacon?
Turkey, chicken, or birds of any feather, except the fat domestic duck.
Broiled pork tenderloin.
All kinds of fish, except codfish cakes or creamed fish, or fish fried in batter.

Of the vegetable kingdom, the following are among the elect:

Spinach, chard, lettuce, asparagus, tomatoes, cucumbers, if you have the courage, onions, string beans, fresh peas, summer squash, new Lima beans, kohl-rabi, French or Jerusalem artichokes, vegetable marrow, cabbage, Brussels sprouts. But alas, alackaday! No corn, no pumpkin, no baked beans or Hubbard squash or carrots. Beets may be taken pickled—well, I mean the beets should be pickled, although there are folks who would never eat them sober. As for parsnips, I don't have to tell you not to take 'em: the chances are already so much in favor of your refraining of your own free will.

Then when it comes to dessert you are not so badly off as you might be—nay, in jail—at that! Here is what we may have:

All kinds of fresh fruit or fruit lightly stewed with very little sugar. Water ices. Stewed dried prunes or figs. Apple sauce. Any canned fruits; not preserved, but canned. Prune or fig whip if prepared with very little sugar. And that's about all, unless a piece of highly flavored chewing gum is any comfort to you.

Now, no matter what your selection from the above list be, there is one as yet unmentioned article of diet which cannot, must not, be omitted. We come at this point to the painful consideration of breadstuffs. You never know how much bread you eat until you don't eat it. Several years ago the full realization of bread's filling qualities dawned upon the generic mind of hotel and restaurant keepers throughout the country and they at once instituted that covert charge the cover charge. Previous to the institution of said price on bread and butter it was possible to make a very satisfactory meal out of a half portion of chicken salad and three free baskets of bread. You may perhaps remember that the noted exception to this rule was once incorporated in a famous song with a refrain which ran something as follows:

The waiter shouted through the hall,
"We don't give bread with one fishball!"

Nowadays they don't even give it with mallard duck! A very good thing for the would-be slim. And it's no real deprivation, for the truth is that bread as a form of nourishment has been popularly overrated. White bread, in particular, is very low in nutritive values and a recent Federal experiment with pigeons showed that the birds fed on white bread and water alone drooped and nearly died in very short order. But, my by this time probably far from gentle readers, to get through a meal wholly without bread, or something which at least resembles bread, is not easy. And besides, I don't want you to do it. I desire, nay, I insist, that you eat bran three times daily.

This is perhaps the most important single rule of diet which I have laid down, for it contributes directly both to the loss of flesh and to the general betterment of your entire physical condition.

The very nicest way to use bran is to put a heavy percentage of it into homemade bread or muffins, but of course every big biscuit manufacturer in the country now makes a bran cracker or cookie of some sort, and even if they are a trifle sweet you may have them. If you can go the straight health-food type, six a day will be about right—two with each meal. This is not a suggestion, it is an order. And I'll bet anything your doctor will back me up.

Incidentally, I would remark that any person about to enter upon the great adventure of becoming slender should first check up with an M. D. He will tell you not to do it. All doctors are like that. They just naturally can't understand why, if you are healthy, you should want to be beautiful. But don't let the doc buffalo you out of it. If he O. K.'s your health, go to it and get thin; the line I have recommended can't do more than kill you.

As far as I myself am concerned, I can swear to this statement of what the regimen described did for me. In 1907 I weighed ninety-eight pounds, and was declared tubercular. I followed my physician's instructions carefully, and during the following two years my weight jumped eighty-nine and a half pounds, the tubercular condition utterly disappearing. Then I began to wonder if I was going to be obliged to stay fat all the rest of my life. I decided against any such fate, and although there was some outcry on the part of friends and family I inaugurated the diet I have described, and took off fifty pounds in seven months, without any return of my illness. Since then I have several times put on weight, but it has always been easily removed by the same method.

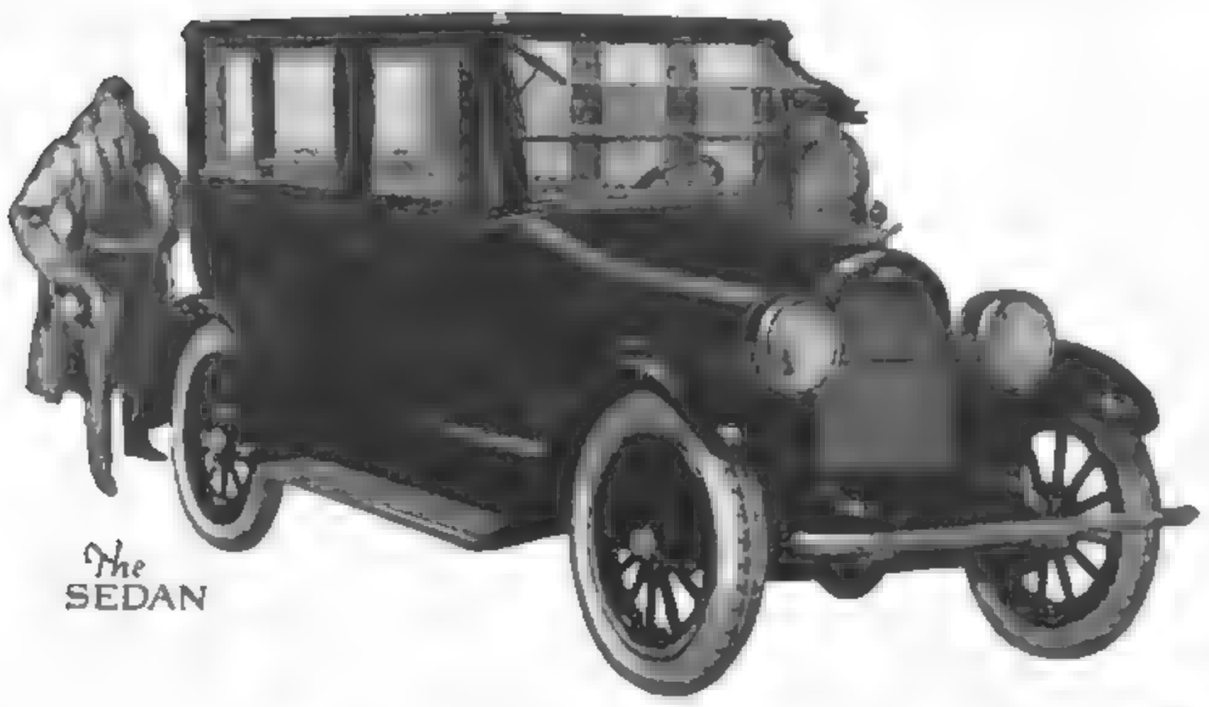
Don't Hope for Quick Results

As for results of the diet for yourself, this is what you may fairly expect: If you have been really fat for a long time, the diet will make no impression at all on your weight for the first thirty days. It's discouraging, but that is what usually happens, or rather, doesn't happen. Weigh yourself when you start the diet, of course. And repeat the performance once a week thereafter. It is pretty discouraging to see the scales chase around and stop at the same old place for four consecutive weeks. But after the first thirty days you should and probably will lose five pounds a week. The reason for this is that you have a vast store of fat which you have been unnecessarily feeding, and not until the elimination of the supply of new foreign fats does your system call upon your natural reserve. When it does you begin to lose weight. In other words, you start to get thin when you begin to live on your own fat. And this condition often takes a month to achieve, although of course the time varies with different individuals.

A very natural and anxious last question is: "But must I keep this dreadful diet up forever?" Answer: Yes and no. Once you are down to your normal weight you can loosen up on the rigid rules a bit. After my first return to slenderness I ate and drank absolutely anything I wanted for two years without affecting my weight in the least. Then the old scales began to warn me, and I had to try, try again. The plain truth of the matter is that most of us eat too much, too often and too stupidly. To accomplish anything worth while in this life it is absolutely necessary to know what you want and be willing to sacrifice lesser things in order to get it. I want to be slender more than I want to eat custard pie. So I give up the pie. And to stay slender I shall always be obliged to go easy on the pie question. So will you. Always.

The only debatable question is: Is it worth while? Activity, prolonged youth, lightness of foot, the ability to wear ready-made garments without alteration, to dance without looking absurd, to be rid forever of that overstuffed feeling—all this stacked up against a stack of pies and a few bushels of potatoes! Which do you choose?

Rather one year of slimness than a cycle of parfaits!



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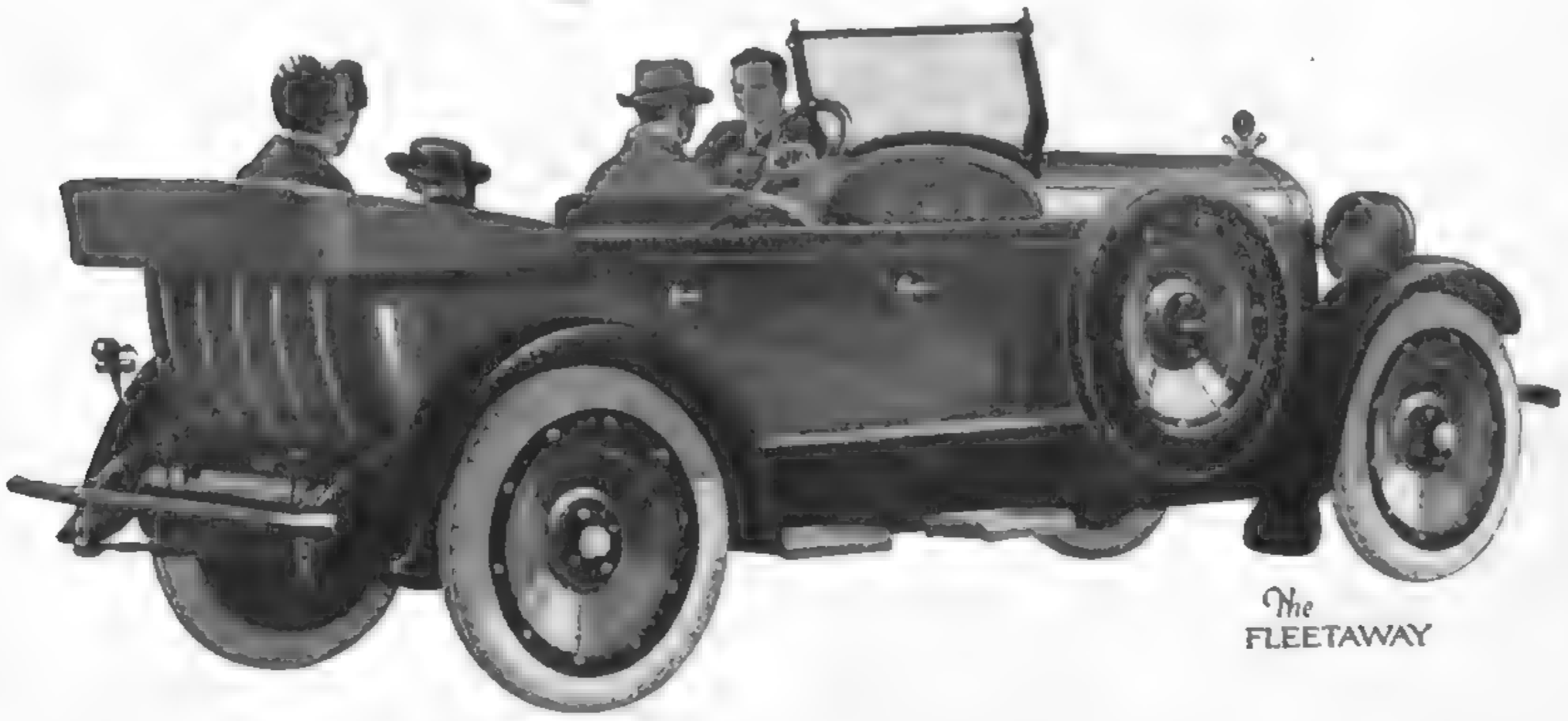

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YOU AND YOUR BANK

(Continued from Page 16)

place. It is set forth in considerable detail because it offers an excellent illustration of the importance of knowing what rules govern your relations with your bank—on the one hand what your obligations as a depositor are, and on the other, what you are entitled to demand. The rule applied in Mr. Dalton's case is simply an application of the general principle that where a depositor's own act, or failure to act, has made possible a loss which he would not otherwise have suffered, he cannot hold his bank responsible for that loss.

Another illustration is found in cases where the amount of a check is fraudulently raised and the bank pays the raised amount. In such circumstances, if the check has been written with ordinary care the bank must make good the depositor's loss. But if it has been so carelessly drawn as to invite alteration—as, for example, if a space is left before the words or figures indicating the amount of the check so that another word or figure can be easily inserted—the one who wrote the check has only himself to blame if the check is raised. He must bear the loss, and his bank will not be liable to make it good.

The actual physical transaction of opening a bank account usually consists in your giving the bank a sum of money and writing your name on a signature card, in return for which you receive a neat check book and a nice new pass book in which is written the amount you have given the bank. But what has happened in the eyes of the law is this: You give up the ownership of the money deposited, for it no longer belongs to you but to the bank. The bank admits that it owes you that amount, which it promises to repay at any time you may ask for it; and the bank further promises that in the meantime it will pay that money only in accordance with your written orders. You on your part promise that you will prepare these orders—your checks—with ordinary care, to prevent their fraudulent alteration, that you will keep track of payments made from your account and will promptly notify the bank if any forged checks are paid.

Not Your Money

It seems at first thought somewhat startling that money deposited in a bank thereafter belongs to the bank and is no longer the property of the depositor. This, however, is really a distinct benefit to the depositor. If your bank were merely the custodian of your money, and that money should be lost, destroyed or stolen without the fault or negligence of the bank, you could not require the bank to make good the loss, whereas when the bank owes you the money it must pay that money unconditionally on your demand; and loss, destruction or theft will not excuse a failure to do so.

This rule applies only to deposits of money or of checks drawn on the bank in which the deposit is made. When you deposit checks drawn on other banks these remain your property until they are collected by your bank, and until then your bank does not owe you the amount represented by those checks. If in the interval the checks are lost or destroyed without the fault of your bank, or if the banks on which they are drawn refuse for any reason to pay them, you cannot hold your own bank responsible for the amount of such checks, although you may have a claim against the persons who drew them.

From this rule it follows that you cannot require your bank to repay the identical money deposited, or even money of the same kind, any more than you could require any debtor to do so. During the recent war, when gold was much sought after, a business man of Philadelphia opened a bank account by a deposit of $1000 in gold. Ten days later a sudden change in his business plans led him to close the account. He asked for the return of his gold, and was intensely indignant when his bankers said they were unable to give it to him and offered him perfectly good bank notes instead. No, he wanted gold and wanted it right away, and it was not until he had consulted a lawyer that he realized the futility of his demand.

When we go to cash checks we are so used to having the teller ask "How will you have it?" that we are apt to think it is our right to specify the kind of money we will accept. As a matter of fact a depositor's only right is to have his checks paid in legal tender, which means in any medium that a creditor may lawfully be compelled to accept in payment of a debt. Not all money in common use is legal tender. If when you read this article you will look at the paper money in your pocket—assuming that you are fortunate enough to have any—you will probably find that it consists of either United States notes, gold or silver certificates, Federal Reserve notes or national bank notes. Of these five, only United States notes and gold certificates are legal tender for the payment of ordinary private debts; they are also legal tender for all public dues, taxes, and so on, except duties on imports and interest on securities issued by the United States. Silver certificates and Federal Reserve notes are legal tender for all public dues, taxes, interest and customs duties, while national bank notes are legal tender for public dues, taxes, and so on, to the same extent as United States notes.

So if you have that kind of disposition you may, the next time you go to the bank to cash a check, refuse to take any kind of bills except United States notes or gold certificates. However, if you are thus captious the teller may retaliate by paying you in gold coin or massive silver dollars, for both of these are legal tender for all purposes and to any amount; or if your check is for ten dollars or less he may insist that you take it all in dimes, quarters or halves, which are legal tender up to that sum. So perhaps it would be better not to try it.

Certified Checks

Nothing but money is ever legal tender for the payment of a debt of any kind. A creditor cannot be compelled to accept even a bank draft or a certified check, although in the great majority of cases either of these is just as good as cash. However, the nature of a certified check and the protection afforded by it are not quite what many people think.

If John Smith offers you his own check, which he has had certified, and you deposit it with reasonable promptness, you may feel certain that the money represented by the check will be paid, except in the unlikely event that Smith's bank should fail in the meantime; and in that case you would have the right to compel Smith to make payment over again. If, however, he offers you the check of a third person, Mr. Jones, drawn to Smith's order and indorsed by him, and you, knowing nothing of Mr. Jones, insist on having the check certified before you will accept it, a different situation arises. By your act in requiring certification you release both Smith and Jones from all further responsibility for payment of the check, and express your willingness to look only to Jones' bank for payment; and if that bank should fail before the check is paid you must take your chances with its other creditors. Moreover, if it should turn out that the amount of the check had been fraudulently raised before you had it certified the bank could compel you to refund the difference between the original and the raised amount, and you would have to look to the forger for restitution—if you could find him.

In certifying a check a bank guarantees only these things: That the signature on the check is genuine; that the person who wrote the check has money enough in the bank to pay it; and that the bank will set apart the necessary money to pay it and will not allow that money to be used by the writer of the check for any other purpose. The bank does not guarantee that the amount of the check has not been raised.

Banks usually certify checks by stamping on their face the word "Certified" or "Accepted," with the name of the bank, the date, and the signature of one of the bank's officers. However, certification can be accomplished with equal validity in other ways. It was ignorance of this fact that a few years ago kept a man honest in spite of himself.

Jacob Pringle, during a commercial career of some twenty years, had engaged in many different lines of business, in all of which he had been technically honest—that is, although by nature addicted to and an adept in trickery and sharp practices of every sort, he had never been guilty of any act that could result in his actually going

to prison. Whether because or in spite of this trait in his character, he had not prospered to any marked degree; and he finally became convinced that the wealth he craved could be obtained only by a bolder and more unscrupulous use of his particular talents. At this time he was the proprietor of a small general store in a village not far from Cleveland. While still undecided as to what his first step should be on the path of more venturesome activity which he had marked out for himself, two events occurred almost simultaneously which seemed specially designed to aid him.

The first of these was making the acquaintance of a traveling oil-stock salesman who, doubtless recognizing a kindred spirit, became very intimate and confidential with Pringle, and finally disclosed an eminently safe and profitable stock-swindling—pardon me, stock-selling—scheme which he had devised and which he proposed that they should carry out as partners in a certain Southern state. The suggestion appealed strongly to Pringle; but if he accepted, it would be necessary for him to put in $2500 in cash. He kept a bank balance of only about $500, which, together with his little store, comprised his entire assets. While he was considering the problem of how to raise the necessary money, a second helpful occurrence took place—namely, an offer of $1000 cash for his business from a storekeeper in a neighboring village. This offer, which he determined to accept, would give him $1500 in all, but how to raise the other $1000 which he needed bothered him for some days.

A Surprise for Mr. Pringle

Finally he devised this scheme: About twenty miles from Pringle's village lived a prosperous farmer, Elmer Hopkins by name, who was an occasional customer of Pringle's and with whom he was fairly well acquainted. Hopkins had an auto which he was offering for sale for $1000. Pringle was familiar with the car and was convinced that it was an excellent purchase at that price; that in fact a certain dealer in Cleveland whom he knew would probably pay as much or more for it. Pringle accordingly planned to close the deal for his store and get his $1000 on a Friday. This he would deposit and then call on Hopkins that same afternoon just before bank-closing time and buy his car, giving him his check for $1000 in payment. If Hopkins had any doubt about the check he could phone Pringle's bank, from which he would of course learn that it was all right. The next morning—Saturday—Pringle would draw out his entire bank balance of $1500, drive to Cleveland in his new car, sell it to the dealer for $1000 or better and depart for the far Southern city, where he and his stock-selling friend had agreed to meet. Hopkins would doubtless deposit Pringle's check in his own bank on Saturday, but it would not be presented to Pringle's bank for payment until Monday, by which time the latter would have forty-eight hours' start.

It appeared that the scheme was going to work beautifully. Hopkins was perfectly willing to turn over his car at once in exchange for Pringle's check, and declined the suggestion that he verify its validity by telephone, saying that if Pringle was willing to have him do so the check must be all right. Pringle accordingly drove off in the car, and the next morning as soon as his bank opened, called there and told the paying teller, who was also the vice president and cashier, that he was going to close his account as he had an opportunity to buy a business in Cleveland for $1500 cash. "Let's see," he added; "that's just the amount of my balance, isn't it?"

"No, your balance is $500," replied the teller.

"Why, that's impossible!" protested Pringle. "I had $1500 here yesterday afternoon."

"Yes, but you forget that check for a thousand that you gave Hopkins. He had it certified," answered the other.

"How could he have it certified? I didn't give it to him till three o'clock, and he couldn't have been here this morning!" exclaimed Pringle, in his surprise blurting out what it would have been wiser to keep to himself.

"This is how he did it," said the teller rather coldly.

He produced from a drawer and handed Pringle copies of two telegrams, both dated the day before. The first, which was addressed to the bank, read: "Will you pay Jacob Pringle's check No. 1133 on you for one thousand dollars? (Signed) Elmer Hopkins." The second was a reply to the first, addressed to Hopkins and signed by the teller of the bank. It read: "If signature is genuine we will pay Jacob Pringle's check on us for one thousand dollars."

"That's just as good a certification as if we had stamped it on the face of the check," continued the banker. "But look here! Suppose Hopkins hadn't had that check certified? How would you have paid it after drawing out your whole balance to-day?"

"I was going to make another deposit on Monday," Pringle muttered.

"After closing your account to-day, to buy a business in Cleveland with the money? That may be true, but it sounds fishy to me. I guess you'd better close your account anyway. I don't think we care to do any more business with you."

So Pringle departed for Cleveland, not with $1500 and an illegally acquired auto, but with $500 and an auto to which he had an absolutely flawless title. His stock-selling friend was unwilling to wait longer for him to raise the necessary cash, and in default of other plans for the future he put his new auto to use as a taxicab in Cleveland.

In the foregoing episode the teller was quite within his rights in demanding that Pringle close his account, for a bank is under no obligation to accept or continue anyone's account and may at any time and for any reason, or for no reason at all, require an account to be closed. Likewise there is no obligation on a bank to certify its depositors' checks, even though the depositor may have ample funds to pay them. Certification is purely an accommodation on the part of your bank, and should be so regarded.

It may also be noted that if Pringle's bank had told Hopkins over the phone that his check was good, instead of by telegram, this would not have constituted certification of it, for certification must be in writing in order to be valid.

The two principal classes of fraud from which banks and their depositors suffer are forgery and the passing of worthless checks. Forgery by imitating the signature or indorsement on a check and forgery by raising the amount of the check are about equally common. If the indorsement is forged the depositor who wrote the check probably could not discover that fact by examining the canceled check when returned to him by his bank, and therefore his failure to notify the bank of the forgery would not relieve the latter from liability to make good subsequent forgeries of the same kind, as it would in the case of a forged signature on the face of the check. If a bank pays a raised check it can get back the excess from the person to whom it was paid—if he can be found—even though that person did not commit the forgery; but the bank can charge the maker of the check with only the amount for which it was originally written.

Technical Forgery

Forgery may sometimes be committed quite innocently, as was demonstrated in Colorado a few years ago. A Mr. Jorgenson received from a fellow townsman named Rutherford a check in payment of a bill, which check was drawn on a bank that we may call the A—— Bank. Jorgenson deposited the check in his own bank, and in due course it was returned by the A—— Bank, marked "Insufficient funds." Previous bills rendered by Jorgenson to Rutherford had been paid by the latter with checks drawn on another account in the B—— Bank, and it occurred to Jorgenson when the check was returned that the financial tide might be higher in the B—— Bank. So he scratched out the printed name of the A—— Bank on the check, wrote above it the name of the B—— Bank, and again deposited the check. This time it went through without any trouble, and Mr. Jorgenson felt not a little proud of his happy thought.

A few days later, however, Rutherford had occasion to draw another check on his account in the B—— Bank, which was promptly returned unpaid, his balance there having been depleted by payment of Jorgenson's check. Inquiry by Rutherford disclosing what Jorgenson had done, the former went straightway to the police, and poor Jorgenson was arrested and subsequently indicted for forgery. Technically his criminal intent was clearly apparent,

What's Wrong in This Picture?

It's so easy to make embarrassing mistakes in public—so easy to commit blunders that make people misjudge you. Can you find the mistake or mistakes that are being made in this picture? Can you point out what is wrong? If you are not sure, read the interesting article below, and perhaps you will be able to find out.

IT is a mark of extreme good breeding and culture to be able to do at all times exactly what is correct. This is especially true in public where strangers judge us by what we do and say. The existence of fixed rules of etiquette makes it easy for people to know whether we are making mistakes or whether we are doing the thing that is absolutely correct and cultured. They are quick to judge—and quick to condemn. It depends entirely upon our knowledge of the important little rules of etiquette whether they respect and admire us, or receive an entirely wrong and prejudiced impression.

In public, many little questions of good conduct arise. By public, we mean at the theatre, in the street, on the train, in the restaurant and hotel—wherever men and women who are strangers mingle together and judge one another by action and speech. It is not enough to *know* that one is well bred. One must see that the strangers one meets every day get no impression to the contrary.

Do you know the little rules of good conduct that divide the cultured from the uncultured, that serve as a barrier to keep the ill-bred out of the circles where they would be awkward and embarrassed? Do you know the important rules of etiquette that men of good society must observe, that women of good society are expected to follow rigidly? Perhaps the following questions will help you find out just how much you know about etiquette.

Do You Know—

- how to introduce men and women correctly?
- how to answer a dinner invitation?
- how to greet a man or woman acquaintance in public?
- how to plan church and house weddings?
- how to use table silver properly?
- how to word invitations and acknowledgments?
- how to avoid blunders at the theatre and opera?
- how to do at all times the thing that is absolutely correct and cultured?

At the Dance

How should the man ask a woman to dance? What should he say to her when the music ceases and he must return to his original partner? Do you know the correct dancing positions?

How should a woman accept a dance and how should she refuse it? How can the embarrassment of being a wall flower be avoided? How many times may a girl dance with the same partner without breaking the rules of etiquette? Is it considered correct, in social circles, for a young woman to wander away from the ball-room with her partner?

Very often introductions must be made in the ball room. Is it correct to say, *Miss Brown, meet Mr. Smith* or *Mr. Smith, meet Miss Brown?* Which of these two forms is correct: *Bobby, this is Mrs Smith* or *Mrs. Smith, this is Bobby?* When introducing a married woman and a single woman should you say, *Mrs. Brown, allow me to present Miss Smith* or *Miss Smith, allow me to present Mrs. Brown?*

In the Street

There are countless tests of good manners that distinguish the well-bred in public. For instance, the man must know exactly what is correct when he is walking with a young woman. According to etiquette, is it ever permissible for a man to take a woman's arm? May a woman take a gentleman's arm? When walking with two women, should a man take his place between them or on the outside?

When is it permissible for a man to pay a woman's fare on the street-car or railroad? Who enters the car first, the woman or the man? Who leaves the car first?

If a man and woman who have met only once, before encounter each other in the street, who should make the first sign of recognition? Is the woman expected to smile and nod before the gentleman raises his hat? On what occasions should the hat be raised?

People of culture can be recognized at once. They know exactly what to do and say on every occasion, and because they know that they are doing absolutely what is correct, they are calm, well poised, dignified. They are able to mingle with the most highly cultivated people, in the highest social circles, and yet be entirely at ease.

The Book of Etiquette

There have probably been times when you suffered embarrassment because you did not know exactly what to do or say. There have probably been times when you wished you had someone to whom you could turn for advice regarding certain problems of conduct, when you wondered how you could have avoided a certain blunder.

The Book of Etiquette is recognized as one of the most dependable and reliable authorities on the conduct of good society. It has solved the problems of thousands of men and women [illegible] dignity. [illegible] them to do and say and write and wear at all times only what is entirely correct.

In the Book of Etiquette, now published in two large volumes, you will find chapters on dinner and dance etiquette, chapters on the etiquette of engagements and weddings, chapters on teas and parties and entertainments of all kinds. You will find authoritative information regarding the wording of invitations, visiting cards and all social correspondence. From cover to cover, each book is filled with interesting and extremely valuable information.

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for had he not deliberately induced one bank to pay a check which was drawn on another? By the advice of his own lawyer and on the assurance of the public prosecutor that he would not be punished, he pleaded guilty to the charge—there was really nothing else to do—and the judge before whom he pleaded released him with a suspended sentence, after delivering a severe and highly moral lecture on the iniquity of tampering with other people's checks.

Under certain circumstances it is possible to commit forgery by signing your own name. For example, if a check to your order comes into your possession which is really intended for some other person of the same name, and you indorse and deposit or cash it, that is forgery just as much as if you had written on the back of the check some name other than your own. In such case you are really using the name of the true owner to enable you to collect the proceeds of the check, and the mere coincidence that his name is the same as yours will not absolve you from guilt. Therefore if you ever receive, through the mail or otherwise, a check which is apparently for you but which you cannot identify, do not regard it as a gift from the gods, but make very sure that it is really meant for you before using it.

An Ingenious Defense

Every business man knows that if in his eagerness to obtain a loan from his bank he submits a financial statement wherein his assets are tinged with a certain rosy optimism while his liabilities are to some extent treated with that contempt which is indicated by ignoring them, he is committing a fraud on the bank. It is not so generally known that in many states, including New York, he is also committing forgery, and that he may thereby earn as much as five years' imprisonment in which to repent his misplaced optimism.

Before leaving the subject of forgery we might consider for a moment what is probably the only case on record where forgetfulness of dates kept a man out of prison. Some dozen years ago one Tate Johnson became under various aliases well known to the police and banks of most of the cities of the Middle West as a forger of unusual ability, excelling not only in the production of artistic though bogus checks but also in evading punishment for his acts. As is almost always the case he gradually became overconfident, then careless, and was eventually arrested and indicted in a Michigan town, charged with having forged and cashed a check for $500. This time the authorities had a practically perfect case; the evidence against him was conclusive, and it seemed as if his wisest course would be to take a plea—that is, plead guilty—and trust to the judge to lighten his sentence in consideration of his sparing the county the expense of trying him.

In examining the meager possibilities of a defense his attorney had noted that the date borne by the alleged forged check fell on a Sunday. At the conference at which he and his client decided that the latter should plead guilty the attorney commented on this, and Johnson admitted that it was an error on his part, his intention having been to date the check on a Saturday. Thereupon the lawyer remarked that it seemed particularly hard to go to prison for having forged a check which, because of its date, would in any event have been entirely worthless even if genuine. As the words left his lips they suggested to him the possibility of a novel but effective defense. Telling his client there was still one hope, he hurried away to prepare and file an application to dismiss the indictment against Johnson. His argument in support of the application ran somewhat in this wise:

"Under the laws of Michigan a check dated on a Sunday is wholly null and void. But it is a well-settled rule that a document which on its very face shows that it is worthless and has no legal efficacy—as does such a check—cannot be the subject of forgery. Hence it follows that to sign another person's name to a check dated on a Sunday is not forgery, and my client has therefore committed no crime at all."

Logically and legally this reasoning was perfectly sound, unsatisfactory as it is from the moral standpoint. The court was duly impressed by it, and Tate Johnson was promptly released, thanks entirely to his carelessness about dates. It may be added that the statutes of Michigan have since been amended so that a similar defense would not now avail there.

One of the commonest crimes connected with banks and banking is the passing of worthless checks. Most of us have at one time or another been victims of this species of fraud, which will probably continue to flourish as long as credulity is a more prominent characteristic of the human mind than caution. When a man deliberately obtains cash for a check drawn on a bank in which he has no account he obviously intends to commit a fraud. Suppose, however, that the maker of the check has an account in the bank on which it is drawn, but there are not sufficient funds in that account to meet the check. Does he then commit a crime if he induces someone to cash the check for him? If that were the law, and if overdrawing your bank account were a crime, many estimable citizens would become criminals at some time in their lives. On the other hand, where should the line be drawn? How is it to be determined whether the writer of a check made an innocent mistake as to the amount of his bank balance or whether he deliberately perpetrated a fraud by passing a check which he knew to be worthless?

This question troubled the courts for a long time, and in their reluctance to punish an innocent man for an honest mistake they ruled in many cases that in order to convict a person on such a charge the prosecution must prove a fraudulent intent. As may be imagined, this was often impossible, and as a result many rogues escaped punishment and passing bad checks became increasingly popular among a certain class of swindlers. Gradually, however, and largely through the efforts of the American Bankers Association, one state after another adopted laws providing that the mere passing of a worthless check should in itself constitute evidence of an intent to defraud, thus placing upon the accused person the burden of proving that he in fact acted innocently and in an honest belief that he had funds on deposit to meet the check which he drew.

These laws have had a salutary effect in lessening the amount of bad-check swindling. There is one variation of the game, however, that still flourishes to some extent. In perpetrating this fraud two persons work together. Number one writes a check, drawn on any bank whose blank checks he is able to obtain, to the order of number two for such amount as they may agree upon. Number two then takes the check, indorses it and proceeds to exchange it for the cash of any gullible person who can be influenced by a plausible story and a pleasing manner.

Sorry, but Penniless

In due course the victim learns that the check is worthless, and he at once becomes filled with an urgent longing for the scalp of swindler number two. Perhaps number two is caught, but then, behold, an obstacle in the way of what seems his just punishment. He has not committed any crime! He maintains vigorously that the check which he cashed was received by him in good faith from swindler number one, who gave it to him in payment for a debt, and that never for a moment did he suspect that the check was worthless. Perhaps he exhibits a letter from number one, purporting to have accompanied the check, substantiating his story. He asserts further that he has taken the matter up with number one, who has promised to make good on the check, and that in view of this promise and number one's evident contrition he—number two—has decided not to prosecute. He assures the victim that he will recompense him for the money which he advanced, but at the moment he has not funds to do so.

And there you are! Suspicion of the truth of number two's story may be plentiful, but evidence of its falsity is wholly lacking. The only criminal disclosed by the transaction is swindler number one, and if number two does not wish to prosecute him no one else is in a position to do so. Of course the victim can bring a civil action against either swindler for the money which he paid for the check, but gentry of that class rarely have any property out of which a judgment can be collected.

From the point of view of the operators this is an excellent way to make money, because it is so safe. However, it cannot be perpetrated so often as some other forms of swindling, for the reason that although the number of people who will cash a stranger's check is surprisingly large, the number of those who will cash the check of a third person drawn to the order of the stranger who seeks to cash it is comparatively small.

Precisely the opposite situation arises when a bank for one reason or another refuses to pay a perfectly good check. This happens now and then, for banks after all are made up of human beings—despite the impression to the contrary which they sometimes give—and therefore do occasionally make mistakes. Those of us who have experienced the humiliation of having a bank refuse to pay their perfectly good checks because through some bookkeeping error the bank believed there was not enough money on deposit to meet them know the irritation which such an action engenders. They know, too, the profuse apologies which were forthcoming from the bank when the error was discovered; and they may have shared the general belief that these apologies were inspired, in part at least, by the fact that the refusal of a bank to pay a valid check entitles the maker to exact heavy damages from the bank because of the injury to his credit which is apt to result.

The Law Merchant

Like many general beliefs, this one is partly true and partly false, for the law here makes a curious distinction between different classes of persons in awarding them compensation. Our present laws relating to banks and banking represent a gradual development through the centuries from the law merchant of the Middle Ages. The law merchant at first consisted, not of any written statutes, but of the unwritten customs adopted by merchants and traders residing in different countries, for their mutual convenience and the fair and equitable handling of their business with one another. There was in the Middle Ages a sort of freemasonry among merchants which tended to surmount differences of race and nationality for the sake of promoting their commerce with other lands. Having thus a common interest, it followed that the rules and usages of commercial intercourse which aided the English merchant in carrying out his ventures were equally helpful to the merchant who lived in France or Italy. Through general observance these rules and customs gradually crystallized into law—the law merchant—which was peculiar to no one country but was substantially the same in all European nations, and thus became a part of the common law which we inherited from England.

Since the law merchant grew out of the practices and customs of those engaged in trade it was natural that it should favor that class whenever possible. This is the probable explanation for the curious distinction which our law still makes in respect to the redress which one may demand from his bank for wrongfully refusing to honor his checks. If the depositor who is the victim of the bank's error is a merchant or trader the law presumes as a matter of course that his credit has been injured by the bank's action; and since credit is essential to the successful conduct of his business he may recover substantial damages from the bank without proving that he has actually suffered any specific loss or injury.

On the other hand, if the depositor whose check has been dishonored is not a merchant or trader—if, for example, he is a salaried man or an artist or a physician—he has not, in the eyes of the law, sustained such a serious injury. True, a technical legal right of his has been violated, and he is entitled to compensation for such violation; but if that compensation is to be more than a merely nominal amount he must prove that some actual, definite injury to him has resulted from the bank's mistake. As a rule, that is almost impossible to prove.

In addition to forgery there is one crime connected with banks which may be committed quite innocently. As the plea that you didn't know your act was illegal is a rather poor defense, it is just as well to know what this crime is. In many states, including New York, it is a criminal offense punishable by either fine or imprisonment to originate or repeat rumors reflecting upon the financial soundness of any banking institution, if such rumors are in fact false, even though the person who utters them may honestly believe them to be true. Those who revel in gossip would therefore do well to avoid the subject of banks.

$1,000 in prizes for the best titles to this picture

NORMAN ROCKWELL painted it for the 1922 Save the Surface Calendar. You can get it in the original colors, by asking your local paint and varnish dealer or painter for this free calendar. Do it soon, before they are all gone. If you cannot get the calendar locally, send 10c. (to cover cost of mailing) direct to the Save the Surface Campaign.

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The names of prize winners will be announced in *The Saturday Evening Post* of May 13th, 1922. The judges of the contest are: Edward Bok, Norman Rockwell, and Ernest T. Trigg.

Read carefully the conditions of the contest.

1—No contestant shall submit more than two titles.

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3—Write your name and address plainly.

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5—Contest closes February 1st, 1922

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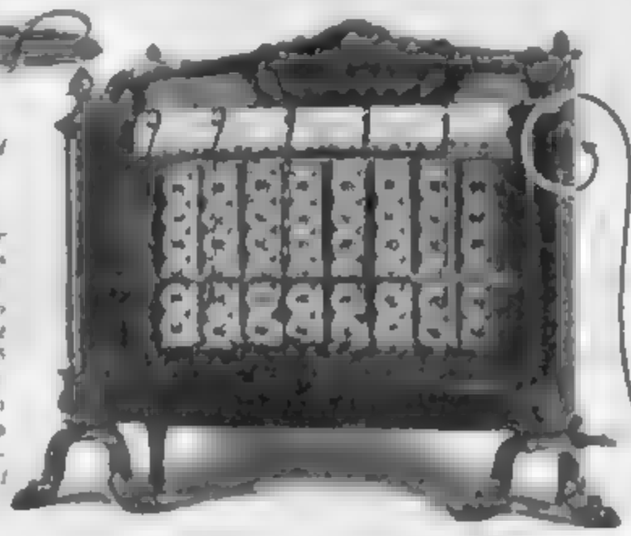
Others connect the 6 Glower Welsbach Heater before the ordinary mantel-piece, or simply in a corner of the room—and enjoy the effects of a real open fire.



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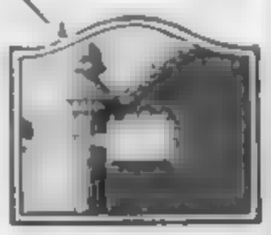

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THE DRIVER

(Continued from Page 19)

Once the peace of the world was shattered by this absurd question: Was the male or the female faculty the first cause of the universe? There was no answer, for man himself had invented the riddle; nevertheless, what one believed about it was more important than life, happiness or civilization. Proponents of the male principle adopted the color white. Worshipers of the female principle took for their sign and symbol the color red, inclining to yellow. Under these two banners there took place a religious warfare which involved all mankind, dispersed, submerged and destroyed whole races of people, and covered Asia, Africa and Europe with tragic ruins. Then someone accidentally thought of a third principle which reconciled those two, and human sanity was restored on earth. All this is now forgotten.

Since then people have been mad together about a number of things—God, tulips, witches, definitions, alchemy and vanities of precept. In 1894 they were mad about money, not about the use, possession and distribution of it, but as to the color of it, whether it should be silver—that is to say, white, like the symbol of those old worshipers of the masculine faculty; or gold—that is, red inclining to yellow, as was the symbol of those who in the dimness of human history adored the feminine faculty.

And as people divided on this question of silver or gold they became utterly delirious. Either side was willing to see the Government's credit ruined, as it very nearly was, for the vindication of a fetish. They did not know it. They had not the remotest notion why or how they were mad, because they were unable to realize that they were mad at all.

I have recently turned over the pages of the newspapers and periodicals of that time to verify the recollection that events as they occurred were treated with no awareness of their significance. And it was so. Intelligence was in suspense. The faculty of judgment slept as in a dream; the imagination ran loose, inventing fears and phantasies. That the Government stood on the verge of bankruptcy or that the United States Treasury was about to shut up under a run of panic-stricken gold hoarders was regarded not as a national emergency in which all were concerned alike, but as proof that one theory was right and another wrong, so that one side viewed the imminent disaster gloatingly and was disappointed at its temporary postponement, while the other resorted to sophistries and denied self-evident things.

Nor does anyone know to this day why people were then mad. Economists write about it as the struggle for sound money (gold), against unsound money (silver), and that leaves it where it was. Money is not a thing either true or untrue. It is merely a token of other things which are useful and enjoyable. Both silver and gold are sound for that purpose. Their use is of convenience, and the proportions and quantities in which they shall circulate as currency are rationally a matter of arithmetic. Yet here were millions of people emotionally crazed over the question of which should be paramount, one side talking of the crime of dethroning silver and the other of the gold infamy.

All other business having come to a stop while this matter was at an impasse, a truce was effected in this wise by law: Gold should remain paramount, nominally, but the Treasury should buy each month a great quantity of silver bullion, turn it into white money, force the white money into circulation, and then keep it equal to gold in value. Now, the amount of precious metal in a silver dollar was worth only half as much as the amount of precious metal in a gold dollar. Yet Congress decreed that gold and silver dollars should be interchangeable, and put upon the Treasury a mandate to keep them equal in value. How? By what magic? Why, by the magic of a phrase. The phrase was: "It is the established policy of the United States to maintain the two metals at a parity with each other by law."

Naïve trust in the power of words to command reality is found in all mass delusions.

The Coxeyites were laughed at for thinking that prosperity could be created by phrases written in the form of law. Congress thought the same thing. It supposed that the economic distress in the country could be cured by making fifty cents' worth of silver worth one hundred cents' worth of gold, and that this miracle of parity could be achieved by decree.

Anyone would know what to expect. The gold people ran with white dollars to the Treasury and exchanged them for gold and either hoarded the gold or sold it in Europe. In this way the Government's gold fund was continually depleted, and this was disastrous because its credit, the nation's credit in the world at large, rested on that gold fund. It sold bonds to buy more gold, but no matter how fast it got more gold into the Treasury, even faster came people with white money to be redeemed in money the color of red inclining to yellow, and all the time the Treasury was obliged by law to buy each month a great quantity of silver bullion and turn it into white money, so that the supply of white money to be exchanged for gold was inexhaustible.

Wall Street was the stronghold of the gold people. It was to Wall Street that the Government came to sell bonds for the gold it required to replenish its gold fund. The spectacle of the Treasury standing there with his hat out, like a Turkish beggar, was viewed exultingly by the gold people. "Carlisle's Bonds Won't Go," said the New York Sun in a front-page headline on one of these occasions. Carlisle was the Secretary of the United States Treasury, entreating the gold people to buy the Government's bonds with gold. They did it each time, but no sooner was the gold in the Treasury than they exchanged it out again with white money.

This could not go on without wrecking the country's financial system. That would mean disaster for everyone, silver and gold people alike; yet nobody knew how to stop. The silver people said the solution was to dethrone the gold token and make white money paramount; the others said the only way was to cast the white-money fetish into the nearest ash heap and worship exclusively money of the color red inclining to yellow.

Delusions are states of refuge. The mind, unable to comprehend realities or to deal with them, finds its ease in superstitions, beliefs and modes of irrational procedure. It is easier to believe than to think.

The realities of this period in our economic history, apart from the madness, were extremely bewildering. For five or six years preceding there had been an ecstasy of great profits. The prodigious manner in which wealth multiplied had swindled men's dreams. No one lay down at night but he was richer than when he had got up, nor without the certainty of being richer still on the morrow. The golden age had come to pass. Wishing was having. The Government had become so rich from duties collected on imported luxuries that the Treasury surplus became a national problem. It could not be properly spent; therefore it was wasted. And still it grew. This time for sure the tree of mammon would touch the heavens, and human happiness must endure forever.

Then suddenly it had fallen. Speculation, greed and dishonesty had invisibly devoured its heart. The trunk was hollow. Everything turned hollow. People were astonished, horrified and wild with dismay. They would not blame themselves. They wished to blame one another without quite knowing how. The casual facts were hard to see in right relations. Popular imagination had not been trained to grasp them. The whole world was dealing with new forces, resulting from the application of capital to machine production on a vast scale, and there had just appeared for the first time in full magnitude that monstrous contradiction which we name overproduction. This was a world-wide phenomenon, but stranger here than in European countries, because this country was newly industrialized on the modern plan and knew not how to manage the conditions it had created; could not understand them, in fact.

"We are a giant in swaddling cloths," exclaimed Mordecai, the banker, who was one of the directors of the Great Midwestern. He said it solemnly at every directors' meeting.

Just so. Still, it was incomprehensible to people generally, and as the pain of loss,

chagrin and disappointment unbearably increased, the conglomerate mind performed the weird self-saving act of going mad. That is to say, people made a superstition of their economic sins and cast the blame for all their ills upon two objects—gold and silver tokens. Thus what had been an economic crisis only, subject to repair, became a fiasco of intelligence.

The Europeans, all gold people, who had bought enormous quantities of American stocks and bonds, said: "What now! These people are going crazy. They may refuse ever to pay us back in gold." Whereupon they began hastily to sell American securities.

"After all," sighed the London Times, "the United States for all its great resources is a poor country."

In the panic of 1893 confidence was destroyed. People disbelieved in their own things, in themselves, in each other.

Important banking institutions failed for scandalous reasons. Railroads went headlong into bankruptcy, until more than a billion dollars' worth of bonds were in default, and in many cases the disclosures of inside speculation were most disgraceful. United States senators were discovered speculating in the stocks of corporations that were interested in tariff legislation.

The name of Wall Street became accursed; not that morality was lower in Wall Street than anywhere else, but because the consequences of its sins were conspicuous.

All industry sickened. A scourge of unemployment fell upon the land, and labor as such, with no theory of its own about money, knowing only what it meant to be out of work, assailed the befuddled intelligence of the country with that embarrassing question: Why are men helplessly idle in this environment of boundless opportunity?

The Coxeyites thought it was for want of money. So many people thought. They proposed that the Government should raise money for extensive public works, thereby creating jobs for the workless; but the United States Treasury, which only a short time before contained a surplus so large that Congress had to invent ways of spending it, was now in desperate straits. The Government's income was not sufficient to pay its daily bills. However, neither the curse of unemployment nor the poverty of the United States Treasury was owing to a scarcity of money. The banks were overflowing with money, idle money, which they were willing to lend at one-half of one per cent, just to get it out of their vaults. In one instance a bank offered to lend a large amount of money without interest. But nobody would borrow money. What should they do with it? There was no profit in business.

So there was unemployment of both labor and capital.

IX

AT THE time of my arrival in Wall Street conditions were already very bad. They grew worse. There was the shocking disclosure after bankruptcy that one of the principal railroads had deliberately falsified its figures over a period of years.

European investors were large holders of the shares and bonds of this property, and naturally the incident caused all American securities to be discredited abroad. Foreign selling now heavily increased for that reason, and as the foreigners sold their American securities on the New York Stock Exchange they demanded gold.

The United States Treasury had survived two runs upon its gold fund, but its condition was chronically perilous and began at length to be despaired of. Gold was leaving the country by every steamer. The feud between the gold and silver people grew steadily more insane and preoccupied Congress to such a degree that it neglected to consider ways and means of keeping the Government in current funds. Labor, which had been clamorous and denunciatory, now became militant. Reports of troops being used to quell riots of the unemployed were incessant in the daily news. Wheat fell to a very low price and the farmers embraced populism, a hot-eyed political movement in which every form of radicalism this side of anarchy was represented. Then came the disastrous American Railway Union strike, bringing organized labor into direct conflict with the authority of the Federal Government. The nation was in a fit of jumps. Public opinion was hysterical.

As I understood more and more the bearing of such events I marveled at Galt's solitary serenity. He was still buying Great Midwestern stock, as we all knew. Each time another lot of it passed into his name word of it came up surreptitiously from the transfer office. Some of the directors at the same time were selling out. This fact Harbinger confided to me in a burst of gloom; he thought it very ominous, nothing less than an augury of bankruptcy. I felt that Galt ought to know, yet I hesitated a long time about telling him. My decision finally to do so was sentimental. I had by this time conceived a deep liking for him, and the thought that he was putting his money into Great Midwestern stock his own, gra'ma's and Vera's—while the directors were getting theirs out, bothered me in my sleep. But when I told him he grinned at me.

"I know it, Coxey. They didn't know enough to sell when the price was high, and they don't know any better now."

That was all he said. The ethical aspect of the matter, if there was one, apparently did not interest him.

Now befell a magnificent disaster. One of the furnace doors came unfastened in the heavens, and a scorching wind, a regular sirocco, began to blow in the Missouri Valley. More than half the rich, wealth-making American corn crop was ruined. This was a body blow for the Great Midwestern. It meant a slump in traffic which nothing could repair. On the third day the news was complete. We received it in the form of private telegraph reports from the Chicago office. They were on my desk when Galt came in.

I called his attention to them but he looked away, saying, "The Lord is ferninst us, Coxey. Maybe—he—is."

That night I went home with him to dinner. He was in one of his absent moods and very tired. Natalie overwhelmed him as usual in the hallway, and when he neither grumbled nor resisted she put off her boisterous manner and began to look at him anxiously. At dinner everyone was silent. He communicated his mood. Vera was there at her mother's left. Efforts to make conversation were listless, Galt participating in none of them. There was a sense of something that was expected to happen; that was gra'ma's remorseless evening question.

"What is the price of Great Midwestern stock to-day?" she asked, speaking very distinctly.

"Five and a half," said Galt, in a petulant voice.

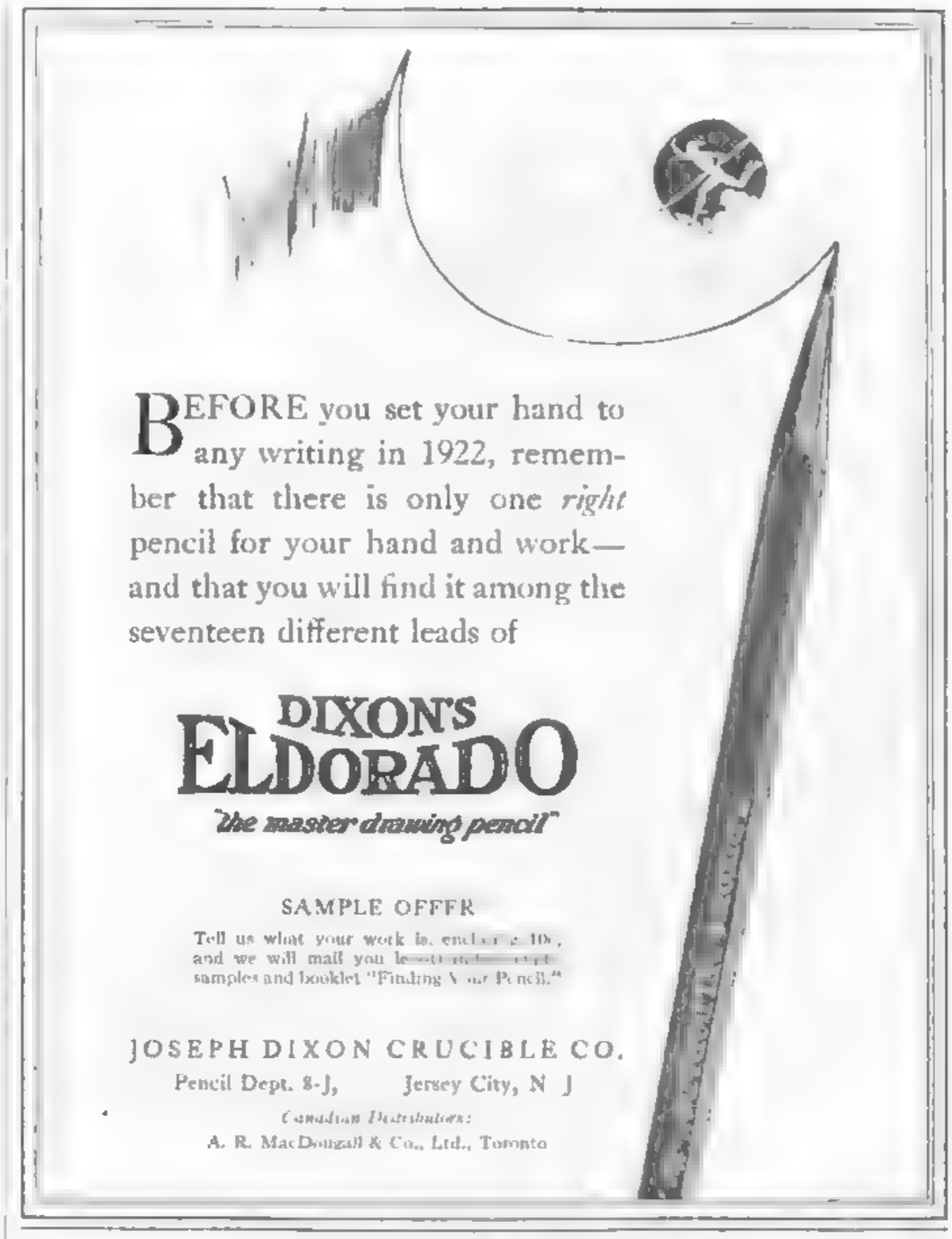
The announcement was received stoically, with not the slightest change of countenance anywhere, though that was the lowest price at which the stock had ever sold and represented a serious loss for the house of Galt. However, the state of feeling made itself felt without words. It became at last intolerable for Galt.

He threw down his napkin, shouted three times "Wow! Wow! Wow!" and each time brought his fist down on the table with a force that made the china jump. With that he got up and left us. We heard him unlock the door of his room and slam it behind him.

"What has happened?" asked Vera, looking at me.

I told them of the disaster to the corn crop and how for that reason there had been heavy selling of Great Midwestern shares.

Vera shrugged her shoulders. Later in the evening when we were alone she looked about her at the walls and ceiling, as one with a premonition of farewell, and said bitterly, "A pretty shipwreck it will be this time."



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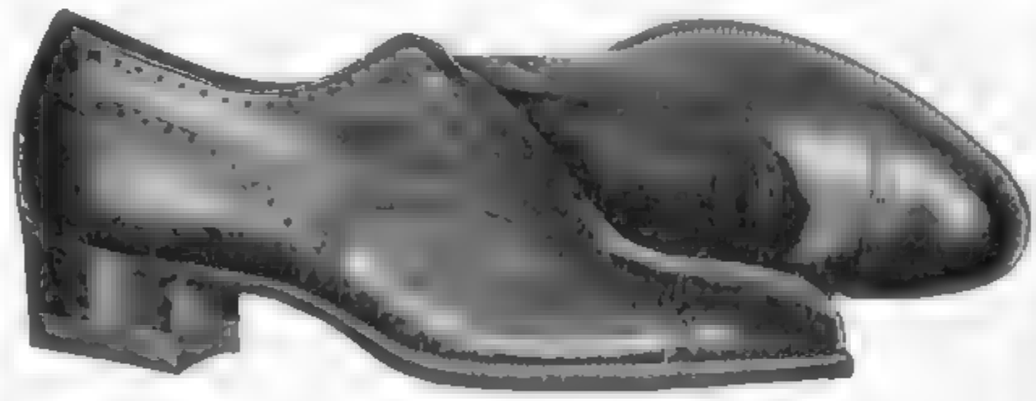

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"Has your money gone into it too?" I asked.

She nodded and said, "Now he wants to mortgage the house."

By this time I had become a frequent visitor in the Galt household. A summer had passed since my first appearance there. The second time I came to dinner Vera presented herself, though tardily. As she entered the dining room Galt rose and made her an exaggerated bow, which she altogether disregarded.

"All got up this evening!" he said, squinting at her when she was seated.

That she disregarded, too, looking cold and bored. She wore a black party gown of some very filmy stuff, cut rather low, with an effect of elaborate simplicity. A small solitary gem gleamed in her blue-black hair and a point of light shone in each of her eyes. She was forbiddingly resplendent, with an immemorial jewel-like quality. She derived entirely from her mother and in no particular resembled her father. He tried another sally.

"Isn't it chilly over there by you, Vera child?" he asked, ironically solicitous.

Instantly she replied, "Yes, father dear. Won't you bring me my scarf, please?"

After that he let her alone.

No dinner passed without some glow of the feud between Galt and Vera. They seldom saw each other at any other time. Her habits were luxurious. She never came down to breakfast. He delighted to torment her and always came off with the worse of it. Perhaps he secretly enjoyed that too. She was more than a match for him. Their methods were very different. He taunted and teased, without finesse. She retorted with cold, keen thrusts that left him sprawling and helpless. In a pinch she turned upon him that astonishing trick she had of looking at people without seeing them. The experience, as I knew, was crushing. It never failed to make him fume.

Gradually I perceived the nature of their antagonism. Natalie was her father's playfellow, but Vera fascinated him. He admired her tremendously and feared her not a little. She baffled, eluded and ignored him. The only way he could get her attention was to bully her, which he did simply for the reason that he could not let her alone. But there was something on her side, too, for once I noticed that when he had failed to open hostilities she subtly provoked him to do so. Probably both enjoyed it unconsciously.

Between the sisters there was a fiercely repressed antagonism. Natalie was four years the younger and much less subtle, but in the gentle art of scratching she was the other's equal. Both were extremely dexterous and played the game in good sportsmanship.

"I saw Mr. Shaw at the matinée to-day," Natalie announced one evening. After a slight pause she added: "He seems miraculously recovered. I never saw him looking so well."

I happened to catch a twinkle, where, of all places, but in the eyes of gra'ma! She looked for an instant quite human. But it was too late to save me, for I had already asked, "What was he ill of?"

"Something that's never fatal, apparently," said Natalie demurely, fetching a little sigh.

Then I understood that what a person named Shaw had miraculously recovered from was an infatuation for the elder sister. And for my stupidity I got a disdainful glance from Vera.

Another time Natalie said to Vera: "I shall see the handsome Professor Atwood to-morrow. May I tell him you are mad about him?"

"Yes, dear," said Vera. "He will draw the right conclusion."

The barb of that retort was hidden, but it did its work. Natalie blushed furiously and subsided.

Mrs. Galt surveyed the field of these amenities with a neutral, mind-weary air. She never took part, never interfered, would not appear to be even listening, though in fact she missed nothing, and never failed in the embarrassing after moment to provide a lightning conductor, a swift bridge or a rescue raft, as the need was. She seemed to do this mechanically, with not the slightest effort. And although her topics were commonplace, that was not necessarily an indication of what her mind was like. The want at those moments was for easy, thoughtless conversation, and therefore trite subjects served best. Her own interest in them was never sustained. Having cleared the air she retired within herself again. One wondered what she did with her mind the rest of the time. Lost it perhaps in wonder at life's baroque, uncontrollable projections.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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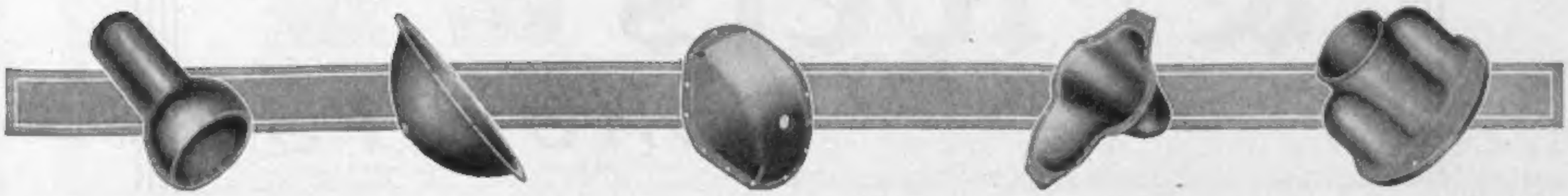

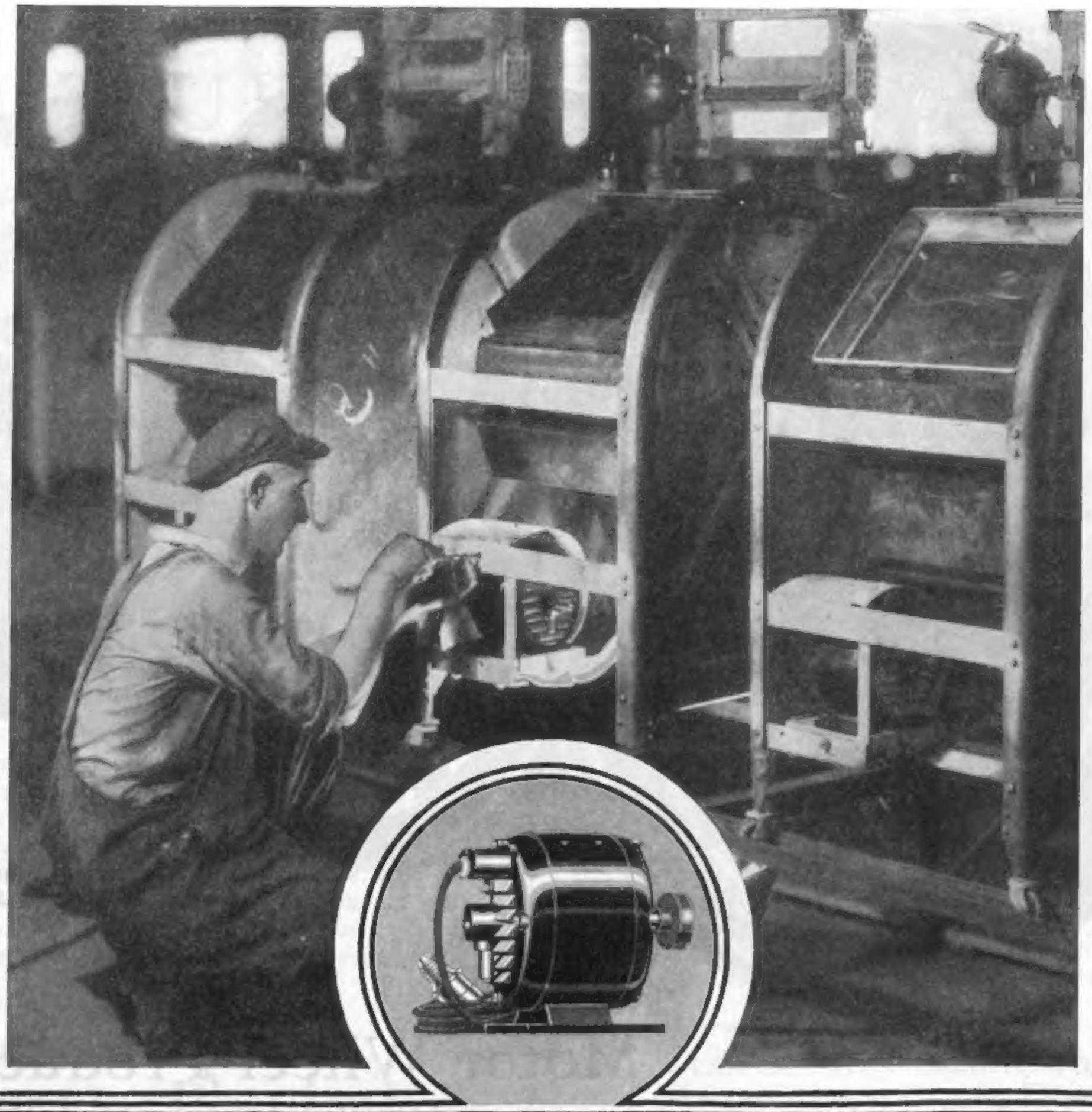

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